LM

A Newsfield Publication
JANUARY 1987
COMPLIMENTARY COPY

- SUPERMAN IV FX
- BOWIE
- IAN RUSH
- BIG COUNTRY
- DEATH STARS
- THE STRANGLERS
- SKIING HOLIDAYS
- THE FALL
- WINTER COATS
- LP/VIDEO/BOOK REVIEWS
- JOYSTICK ROUND—UP
- WIN A VID!
- WIN A TOMATO!
- WIN A CURRY!
- REVIEW OF THE YEAR

Coca-Cola
Coke is it!
Enjoy Coca-Cola
Enjoy Coke

'Coca-Cola' and 'Coke' are registered trade marks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola Company.

A Newsfield Publication

LM

the Lively Magaz

OLIVER FREY

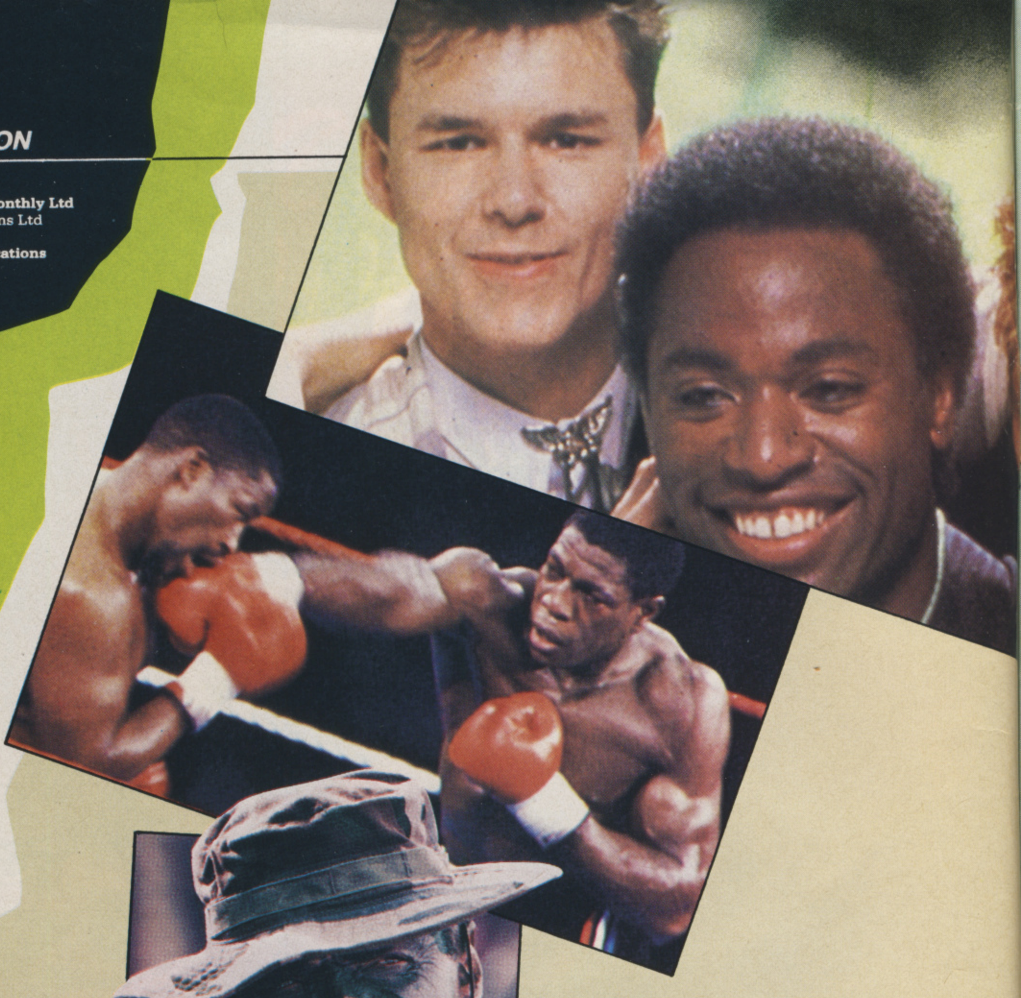
- SUP
- BOWIE
- IAN RUS
- BIG COU
- DEATH S
- THE STR
- SKIING IDA
- THE FA
- WINTER ATS
- LP/VIDEO/BOOK REVIEWS
- JOYSTICK ROUND—UP
- WIN A VID!
- WIN A TOMATO!
- WIN A CURRY!
- REVIEW OF THE YEAR

NP A NEWSFIELD PUBLICATION

Joint Publishers Franco Frey, Oliver Frey, Roger Kean
Editor Roger Kean
Deputy Editor Paul Strange
London Editor David Cheal
Features Editor Curtis Hutchinson
Sub-Editor Barnaby Page
Staff Writers Sue Dando, Richard Lowe, Lloyd Mangram, Simon Poulter
Editorial Assistants Sally Newman, Mary Morris
Art Director Oliver Frey
Assistant Art Editor Gordon Druce
Production Controller David Western
Production Matthew Uffindell, Mark Kendrick, Jonathan Rignall, Nick Orchard
Group Advertisement Manager Roger Bennett
National Sales Executive Barbara Gilliland
Advertising Assistant Nick Wild
Circulations Manager Tom Hamilton
Subscriptions Manager Denise Roberts
Editorial Offices
47 Gravel Hill, Ludlow, Shropshire
SY8 1QS
☎ 0584 5851/5852
Fax: 0584 6044
London Office Advance Works, 44 Wallace Road, London N1 1PQ
☎ 01-359 9345/6750
Fax: 01-359 9332
ADVERTISING
Information/bookings ☎ 0584 4603
OR
01-226 4558
Printed in England by Carlisle Web Offset Ltd, Newtown Trading Estate, Carlisle, Cumbria CA2 7NR — Member of the BPCC Group; Colour separations by Scan Studios, London; Typesetting by The Tortoise Shell Press, Ludlow.
Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7QE.

Published by **Leisure Monthly Ltd** for Newsfield Publications Ltd

© 1986 Newsfield Publications Limited



LM Contents

FEATURES

26 SUPERMAN IV FX
Curtis Hutchinson (LM's answer to Max Hastings) strings along with the FX men behind the latest Superman movie.

31 BOWIE
As *Labyrinth* opens in Britain, LM collars the Goblin King in LA. Plus reviews of the film, the computer game, and a chance to win an *Absolute Beginners* video. Phew!

22 IAN RUSH
LM's Richard Lowe swills some Boddies and then tackles Ian Rush, Liverpool's finest striker. Furious stuff, Jimmy.

48 BIG COUNTRY
LM's curry king David Cheal sinks a few drams with the leaping Scotsmen.

37 THE JOY OF FLECKS
Great title, huh? It's all about the latest winter coats from the high street shops. Beezer's the geezer on this one while Richard Lowe does his poser bit. Cheers, big ears . . .

JANUARY 1987

69 THE STRANGLERS
Hugh Cornwall's into computer games and weird Aboriginal concepts. Do it, Dep Ed.

20 LET US SPRAY
Up against the wall with Delge, the boss graffiti artist in Bristol. Beezer in action again. The big DC did some words.

24 THE FALL
Mad raving Mark E Smith drags Richard Lowe down Cruiser's Creek. Magic.

SPECIAL BITS

51 1986 — THE YEAR THAT WAS
The last 12 months pinpointed, picked out, persecuted and appraised (dig that alliteration) Music, sport, video, films, fashion, TV, current affairs and a special report on the Grand Prix season. Terrific Terry.

62 XMAS — THE BIG ONE
Turkey time again. Ranting Richard Lowe slags the whole thing off, while Martin Sutton suggests you go down the flicks.

14 SUBSCRIPTION OFFER
A free £19 joystick is yours free (really, absolutely free) with every subscription to LM. Accept no substitutes, LM's the real fling.

REVIEWS

39 Hot videos
(*Annhilator*, *Back To The Future*, *Under The Cherry Moon*, *Rocky IV*, hot platters Pet Shop Boys, Paul Young, Spandau, China Crisis, The Stranglers, Billy, etc), and some great golden turkeys. Strong stuffing.

REGULARS

8 UPFRONT
Where it's at, the lowdown, and new bits. This month: How We Began (Lloyd goes potty), Death Stars, Christmas Walkmans and ghetto blasters, Win A Tomato, Word Up (Lloyd's letters col) . . . the list is endless.

16 STATION TO STATION
Around Britain with LM's intrepid team of stringers. Includes reports from Dublin, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Norwich, Newcastle-Under-Lyme and Watford. Critical.

30 NIGHTLIFE
Hot disc spinner Simon Goffe on the trail of London's best night clubs. Essential.

66 TRAVEL AND HOLIDAYS
The Rough Guide men slope off for a spot of skiing in Europe. The LM expenses budget gets stretched.

74 CONSUMER GUIDE
The big boss man RK gets to grips with loads of joysticks. We know where he's coming from.

72 MONDO BIZARRO
Hunter S Minson with tales of the unexpected in Hollywood. A novel idea.

76 HASSLES
Lloyd Mangram (LM's resident agony uncle) in action. Informative.

78 PRIZE CROSSWORD
The first in a long line. This month: win a curry! Hot stuff.

78 UMQUAT THE ALIEN
Strewth! LM's crazy cartoon caper rolls into print with a not-too-distant relative of Jetman. Amazing.

LM – ONE OF YOUR BETTER DECISIONS

NEXT MONTH: WE ASK, IS THE PRICE OF VEGETABLES WORTH ADRIAN EDMONDSON?

MAN IN A SUITCASE packs his toothbrush and heads for the fair city of Birmingham.
RANTING RICHARD LOWE boots American Football and other silly sports.
LM TUNES TO 208 and finds Radio Luxembourg on the crest of a new wave.
THE VIDEO CHEAPIE SCENE.
PIERCE BROSNAN chats about his role in the new British spy movie *The Fourth Protocol*.
LLOYD ANSWERS MORE of your questions, there's competitions-a-go-go and . . . oh, it'll be a lot easier if you buy the damn thing.

ISSUE 1 of LM is on sale from 15 January in all good news agents. People caught not buying their copy will be sentenced to three months of listening to Paul Strange go on about Heavy Metal music. Believe me, Siberia's the better choice.

THE RING OF CONFIDENCE GROWS WIDER — LM
LM — IT'S THE REAL THING ALL OVER AGAIN
WHITES ARE EVEN BRIGHTER WHEN YOU USE LM
AND YOU THOUGHT YOUR BREATH WAS FRESH BEFORE LM
I THOUGHT WAN-KING WAS A CITY IN CHINA UNTIL I READ LM
IT'S PROVEN — LM READS AT LEAST TWO MILES LONGER THAN ANY OTHER COMPARABLE MAG

THIS IS LM

WELCOME to this 80-page first issue of **LM**†.

You've probably been reading Newsfield computer mags for some time now, but you'll find **LM** is quite different. Different, because it has an aggressively personal approach; different because it is setting out to cover the widest imaginable range of life's aspects.

LM's strength lies in the outlook and attitude of its writers, who have come together because they share similar views on life.

However, sharing a general view is one thing — agreeing on the detail is another, especially when the specific covers such a generality of subject material. In fighting to 'get their own way', contributors' elbows and shoulders have been rubbed raw in the conflict. The battle bodes well. I wanted to create a lively, opinionated, even brash magazine, jammed with ideas and the sense that it was getting 'inside' what it talked about, and I think you'll find this first edition of **LM** — issue zero — is certainly packed with personal feeling and opinion.

LM is NOT a style magazine. We don't pretend to know what you'll like (or should like), even though we'll have a damned good go at telling you we do! Well, that's not strictly true — we're only human — we **do** think we know what's best, but we expect to be put down, argued with, shouted at and occasionally, no doubt, we'd like some agreement. **LM** won't be preaching from a platform of 'knowingness'. Our job is to bring forward items that interest us as an editorial team and hope those subjects and our ways of looking at them interest you too.

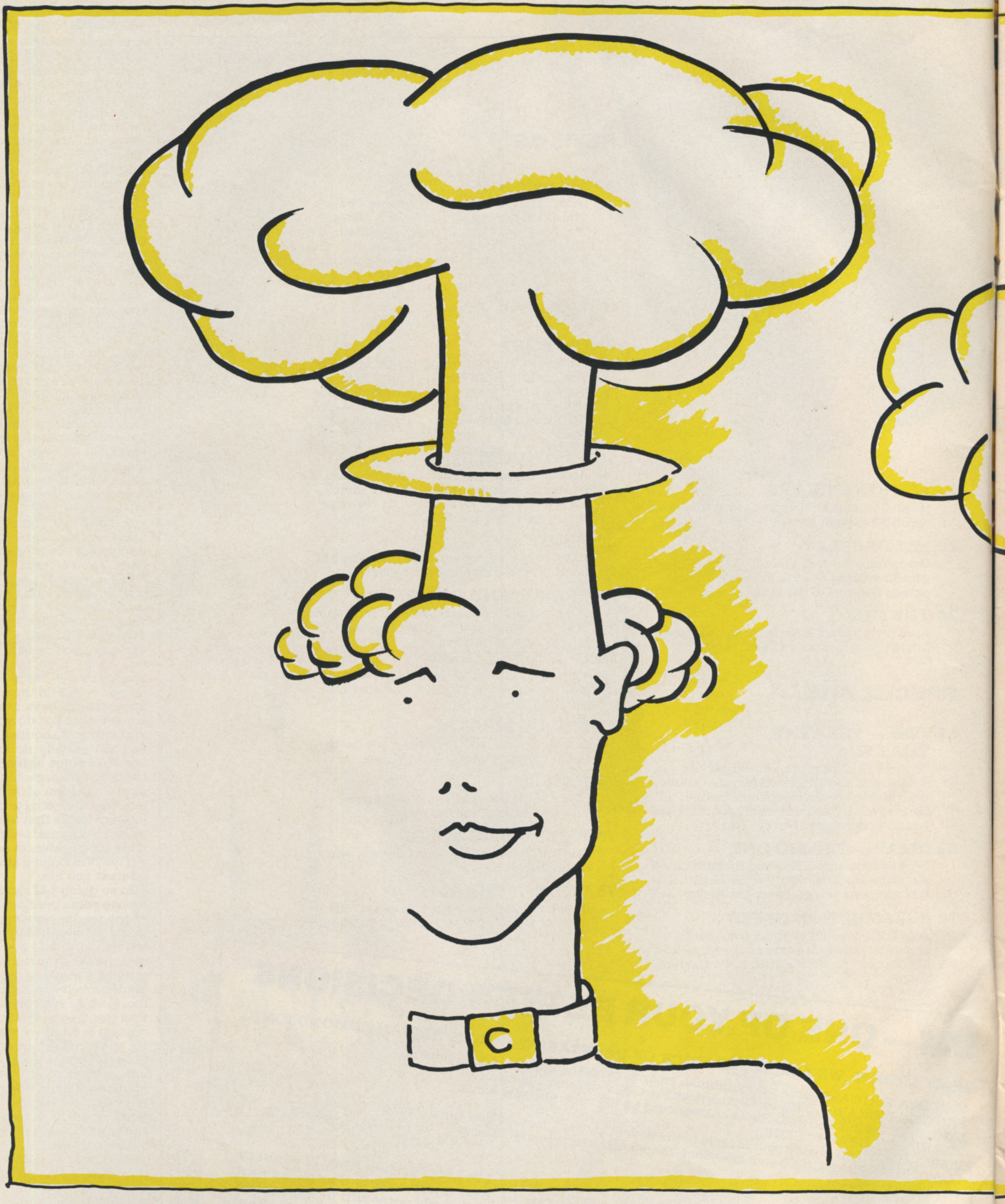
In so doing **LM** should arouse some passions and, as the reader, you can join in the debate through the letters pages and by writing counter-arguments as articles. There are other reader-involvement areas too, such as STATION TO STATION (see page 16). Cross-opinion is what we want, so, as with the computer titles, wherever it's practicable, reviews carry the opinions of more than one critic — there you may well witness the flesh wounds caused by the clashing of individual wills!

But above all, **LM** is intended to be a packed, damned good read. I hope you find it so.

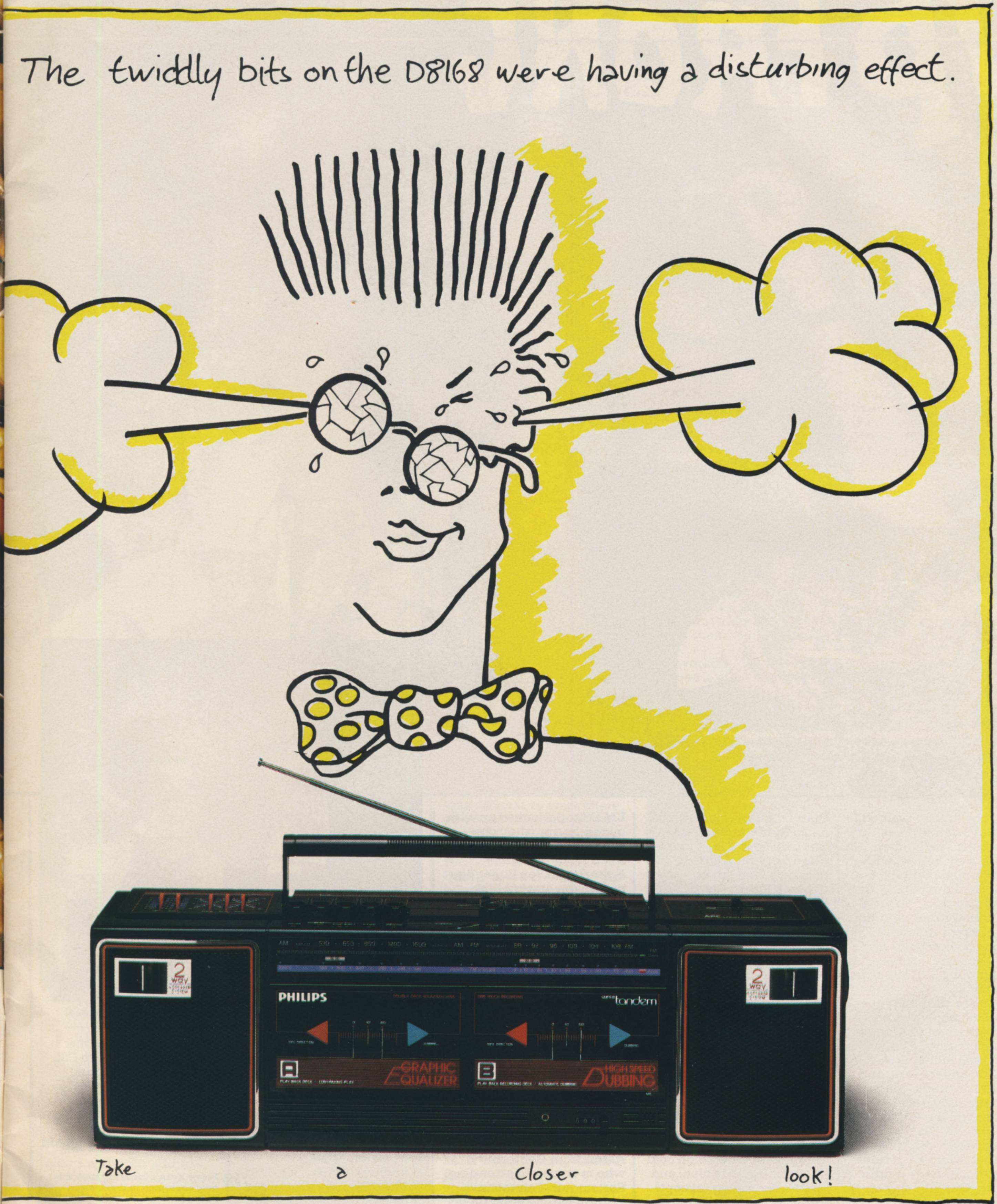
ROGER KEAN

---

† **Normal issues of LM** will be between 112 and 124 pages.

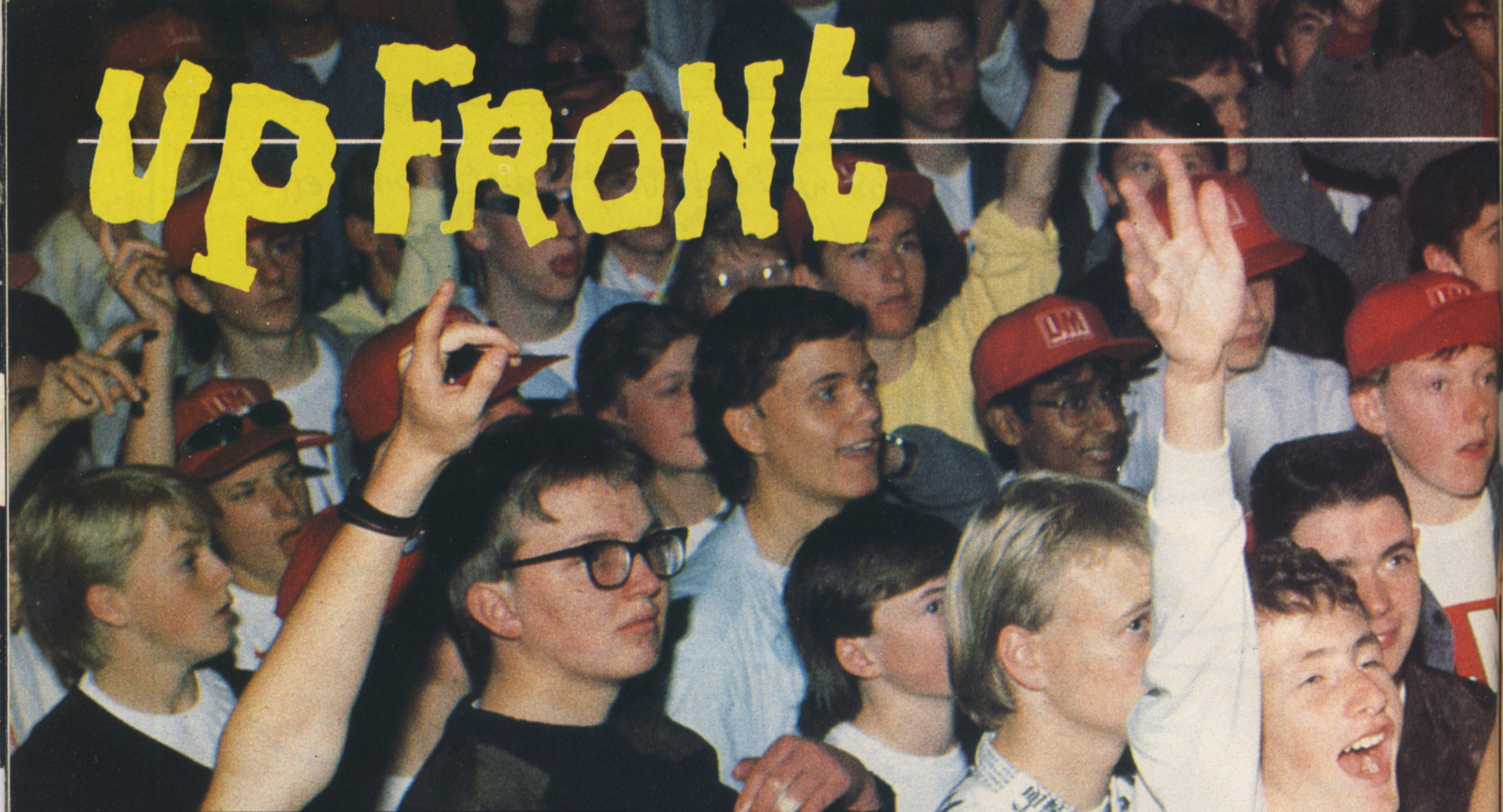


PHILIPS


The twiddly bits on the D8168 were having a disturbing effect.
PHILIPS
super tandem
2 way
A
GRAPHIC EQUALIZER
B
HIGH SPEED DUBBING
Take a closer look!

PHILIPS

UP FRONT



Three from the crowd improvise a 'vignette' (whatever that is) telling everyone how wonderful LM is going to be.

Camd
LM
Konica MR70

Gaz Top with David Aston, winner of the Konica MR 70 camera.

'TELL 'em how we started,' said Paul Strange. 'Tell them about The Launch.'

Those very words, with their enforced capital letters, inspire dread. For six months you think about a magazine, then for another six you plan it in more detail, and then suddenly there's no time left for thinking, for The Launch is upon you.

There are various types of launch (some float on water, others push things into water), but **LM**'s launch was aimed at would-be advertisers, and at the trade media-moguls who ultimately decide whether you'll be pigeon-holed with *Q*, *The Face* or the *Daily Mirror* for the sheer convenience of referring to you in their erudite columns. Our launch happened on 18 September.

Being very different from your average Face In The Daily Mirror, the **LM** Editorial Team decided to have a rave up, and where better than London's fashionable disco the **Camden Palace**? But a disco is a formidable place without a crowd, so pressure was put on Graeme Kidd's Renta-CRASH-ZZAP!-AMTIX!-mob to get some readers along for the event, and some 200 turned up.

To get things moving, **Gaz Top**— of *Get Fresh* fame — was hired and, as those who were there will know, he dashed about the place like a man possessed — moving things.

Downstairs on the disco floor, the Kidd Rentamob gyrated, banged heads and consumed burgers, while in the remoter eyries of the Palace's upper circle, the invited media mob watched and dined on cold buffet (it's a tasty dish) and sipped champers (except for Mr Minson, who gulps the stuff energetically in case it goes flat before he reaches the bottom of the glass).

The gathered forces of **LM** Editorial looked on with mixed-horror (they don't like launches) as first Roger Kean (your erstwhile Editor) and then Roger Bennett (even ersterwhile Advertisement Manager) made prats of themselves at the microphone. Kean's speech was very inspiring (at least **he** looked pleased with himself afterwards). Bennett's was more down-to-earth — an attempt to drag money from advertisers' pockets.

During the course of the event, Gaz Top gave away loads of prizes for all sorts of silly competitions. Top prize of the day was an **MR 70** compact camera, kindly offered by **Konica UK Ltd**. The winner was **David Aston** from Canterbury, who is currently attending Portsmouth Polytechnic. We don't know what David is studying, but no doubt the camera will come in very useful. A neat device — it's fitted with 38mm and 70mm lenses, stepped auto-focus, motorised film advance and re-wind, and automatic electronic flash.

LM readers who would like to own a Konica camera may be interested to know about the Konica Competitions we're running for the next six months — look elsewhere in UP FRONT.

The day ended at around three-thirty with the disco banging decibels at a barely bearable level — great stuff. Thanks are due to the staff of the Camden Palace for their tremendous efforts, to Hugh for the sounds and lights, to CSL for arranging it all, and especially to Gaz, who moved so many things there weren't any **LM** T-shirts or caps left me.

LLOYD MANGRAM

Roger Kean's inspiring speech is now enshrined in the British Museum. Roger Bennett's is being serialised next year on cable TV. Hunter S Minson's champagne glass has been donated to the Muswell Hill Temperance Society, and Paul Strange's spectacles can be heard on radio every day after the news.

Your Editor, Roger Kean, addresses the faithful. they are.

WIN A TOMATO!

KETCHUP on the latest in 35mm compact technology with this saucy new Konica Tomato camera. Thrill to the built-in electronic flash, rave over the attractive grey shoulder-pouch and save yourself £49.95 by telling us:

a) Which photographic band is fronted by Roddy Frame?

b) Which 1934 cartoon strip hero was brought to life by Sam J Jones in a 1980 SF film?

c) *Freeze Frame* was a hit single for which band?

Send your answer — along with your address and details of your favourite three items in this issue of **LM** — on a postcard to Win A Tomato, **LM**, *47 Gravel Hill, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1QS*. Entries must reach us by 22 December.

Konica
TOMATO

She won a Tomato with **LM**!!

ON THE BUSES

Danny Kishon's new board game, 'September', looks set to become a Christmas best seller. DAVID CHEAL — our man in Wilsden with a passion for cheap curries — discovers how Danny did his market research on the back seat of a bus.

FOUR-and-a-half years ago, Danny Kishon had just left university. Fearful of settling down to a lifetime of drudgery in his chosen field, physiology and biochemistry, Danny took off to America on a cheap Laker flight and bought a Greyhound bus pass for £99. It's the cheap way to see the States: you sleep on the bus at night, and do your sightseeing during the day. There's only one snag. Because it's a cheap ticket, you can only travel on certain, often very circuitous routes; if you use the more direct 'A' routes, you have to pay extra.

Danny was frustrated, but intrigued. 'It was as though they were playing a game with me,' he says, 'trying to block off all my routes.' The germ of an idea for a new game was born.

'Most games,' he says, 'are based on chasing and killing. I thought it would be interesting to develop a game which was based on blocking your opponent.'

He came back from the States broke, on the dole and determined to develop the idea. The flat where he was staying was cold and it was difficult to work there, so Danny's girlfriend Ann bought him a monthly bus pass for September (hence the name of the game). Danny could now sit in the warmth of the bus, work on his game and test it out on passengers who sat next to him on the back seat.

'It was the ideal market research, because I played the game with everyone from kids on their way to school to old ladies out doing the shopping. I reckon I tried it out on about a thousand people.'

None of the 35 games companies to whom Danny subsequently sent the game was impressed; some of them returned it unopened. The banks were lukewarm, too. 'It's impossible,' says Danny, 'to find people to invest in a good idea. A hundred years ago things were different; that's why we've now got things like the light bulb and the motor car. But today banks and investors are only really interested in buying and selling from each other.' So Danny spent four gruelling years raising the £25,000 he needed to launch the game himself.

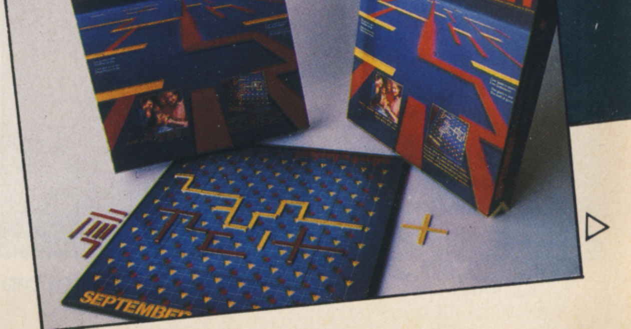
Lucky for Danny, then, that he met people like the dinner party guest who played the game with him and was so impressed he wrote out a cheque for £5,000. He was one of the larger investors; many were friends who chipped in with a few quid. Then came the retailers. They, too, were sceptical at first. But Danny, still convinced that his idea was marketable, spent hours — sometimes days — in their reception foyers until the exasperated buyers finally agreed to see him. And when he did get an appointment, Danny didn't try to sell them the game; he just asked them to play it with him.

It worked. Today **September** is stocked by virtually all the major retailers (price **£5.99**) and has clocked up advance orders of 110,000 — the largest advance sale ever for any game.

The game consists of a board and a set of shaped plastic pieces (which stick to the board thanks to a new chemical process called plastic migration). There are two players. One tries to map a route from the top of the board to the bottom; the other does the same from left to right. Both players also try to block off the opposing player's route. It's simple, stimulating and *very* addictive.

Danny is currently negotiating with Activision and Virgin on the rights for a computer version of **September**. He's wary, however, of computer games — they depend on reflexes. There are some excellent computer games around, but with many of them there's no thought involved. I prefer something which makes you think. And in general I prefer board games because they're social — you have to sit down with someone to play them.'

For Danny Kishon, the astonishing success of **September** comes after years of hard work. Now he's finally seeing the rewards. 'It was like being pregnant for four-and-a-half years,' he says, 'and now I've finally given birth. It's a great relief.'



▷

WALK LIKE A MAN

Clad only in a graphic equalizer, SIMON POULTER reports on personal stereos.

WHETHER you're into personal earache, Sony-style, or large-scale peace-shattering, there's something on the Christmas personal-stereo market to suit both your wallet and your shoulder-muscles.

Toward the bottom of the very wide price-range, **Sony's WM-33** will probably be successful, going for the same as the popular WM-22 (**£29.95** — the manufacturer's recommended price, like all in this guide) but with the extra feature of a five-band graphic equalizer. For the same price, **Aiwa's HSG-35** comes second with a mere three-band equalizer.

Going up a few sovs we find the **Sony WM-31FS (£34.95)**, which attaches a basic Walkman to a speaker package; this one will make you really popular in an early-morning commuter train.

Sony continue their master plan to take over the world with portable entertainment. Following their successful Sports Walkman, the Floating Walkman (the WM-35) and the Watchman, they have the **Sony CFS-950 (£129.95)**, a splashproof version of their other popular new launch, the **£49.95 Sony CFS-230L** (which entertains your fearless listener day and night). The CFS-950 comes in yellow and white.

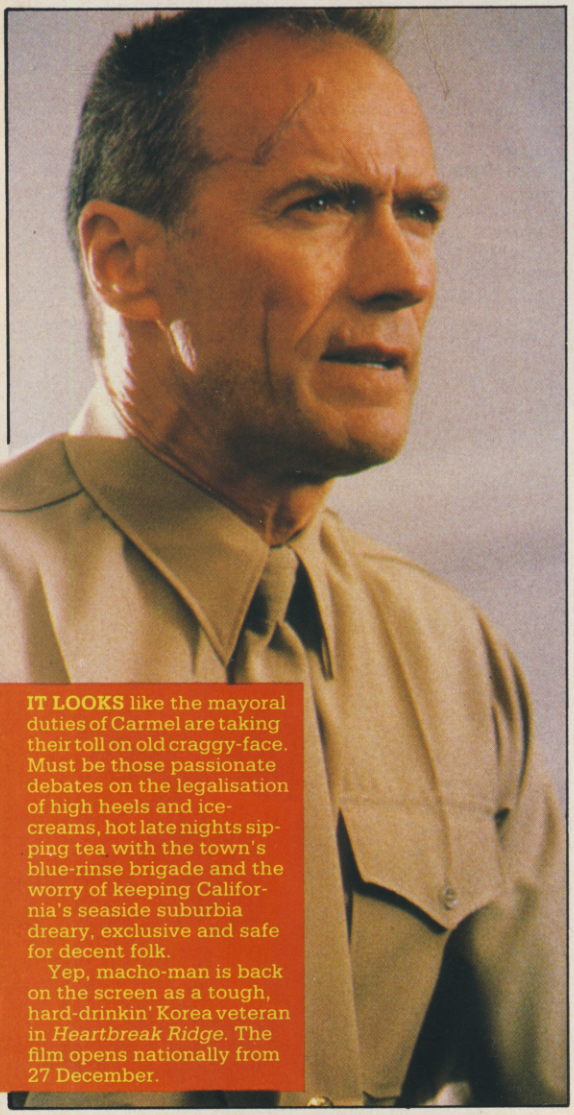
JVC offer two versions of their personal stereo, the **JVC CX-5K** and the **CX-5FK**. Both these models feature auto reverse, Dolby B, metal-tape compatibility and earphones; the CX-5FX also has a built-in FM radio. The JVCs are the most compact of the new personal stereos (not much larger than a cassette and only 185g), but at **£65** and **£98** respectively they may be a bit pricey.

The range of ghetto-blasters looks more like the Battersea Dogs' Home resident list — woofers and super-woofers everywhere. Hitachi are the chief perpetrators, blasting ghettos like there's no tomorrow with an extensive range of musical juggernauts. Most likely to cause hernias is the **Hitachi TRK-3D8** at **£129.99** and 6.9kg — and that's including eight, yes, *eight* batteries. This colossus also has the unique 3-D feature — two three-watt speakers and one eight-watt speaker for that extra dimension. Arf, arf.

JVC's ever-expanding range of portable stereos moves into alternative design with the oddly attractive wedge-shaped **JVC PC-25 (£69)**. Its Sony equivalent, the **Sony CFS-4000L**, goes for **£99**, but the five-band graphic equalizer, auto reverse and automatic search function are worth the extra £30. The **JVC RC-20** is another new addition to the catalogue — but it looks like a hurriedly-produced version of the Sony CFS-230L, and it's a cheeky **£55**.

Finally, with Aiwa's **CA-W30 Carry Component System** you get a value-for-**£99.95** package: a four-band radio, a twin cassette deck with high-speed dubbing, detachable two-way speakers and a five-band graphic equalizer.

Stick *that* in your deck and play it.



IT LOOKS like the mayoral duties of Carmel are taking their toll on old craggy-face. Must be those passionate debates on the legalisation of high heels and ice-creams, hot late nights sipping tea with the town's blue-rinse brigade and the worry of keeping California's seaside suburbia dreary, exclusive and safe for decent folk.

Yep, macho-man is back on the screen as a tough, hard-drinkin' Korea veteran in *Heartbreak Ridge*. The film opens nationally from 27 December.

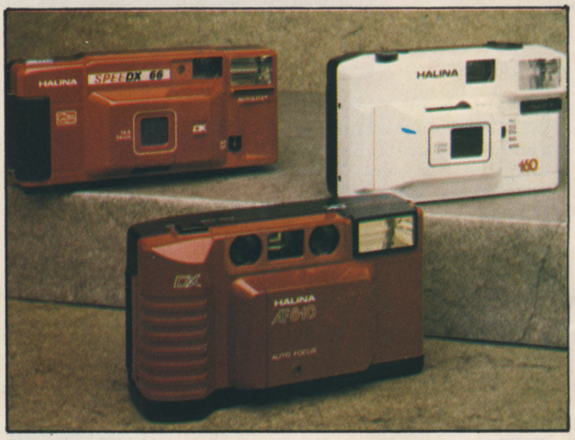
HALINA ZOOM INTO COLOUR

CAMERA colours used to have as much variety as the Ford motor company — you could have any colour you liked as long as it was black!

Market research has convinced Japanese manufacturers that younger photographers want gear that's a bit more stylish. As a result there's been a flood of compact-type cameras in every conceivable hue during the past year or so, and Halina is the latest company to catch on to the idea that brighter colours make for bigger sales.

Their excellent little 160 compact — featuring built-in flash, a lens protection blind and a fixed-focus shutter — has just been made available in red, with a classy white version due to follow in November. It costs a very reasonable £22.95.

Rather more up-market, and with a whole host of extra gadgets, (automatic film loading, film rewinding, and 'DX' coding sensors that automatically pick up which type of film is being used), the Halina SPEEDX 66 costs £49.95. Originally available just in black, it's now been relaunched in red just in time for Christmas.



Finally there's the AF 810, priced at £59.95. This has all the features of the other two, plus auto-focus. Launched earlier this year in black, a red version has just come onto the market, due to be followed by a model in burgundy, rumoured to be the most successful colour scheme of all.

Halina reckon that half their camera sales are coloured models, and it's a figure that's bound to rise.

TERRY HOPE

THE No1 MUSIC STATION ON THE PHONE.

NO.1 SINGLE	0898 12 13 01
NO. 2 SINGLE	0898 12 13 02
NO. 3 SINGLE	0898 12 13 03
NO. 4 SINGLE	0898 12 13 04
NO. 5 SINGLE	0898 12 13 05
TOP 10 RUN DOWN	0898 12 13 11
TOP 3 SINGLES MIX	0898 12 13 12
DAILY HITLINE	0898 12 13 13
LIVEWIRE GUIDE	0898 12 13 14
CHATBACK LINE	0898 12 13 15
SINGLES REVIEW	0898 12 13 16
COMPETITION LINE	0898 12 13 17
RM DANCE LINE	0898 12 13 18
KERRANG METAL LINE	0898 12 13 19

Presented by Mike Smith and Janice Long

If you want a direct connection to the latest chart sounds, Livewire puts you straight through to the best in music on the phone.

It's great for keeping up to date with the top singles. Music news. New releases.

And DJ's Mike Smith and Janice Long keep it all going every day with news, reviews and guests.

So get on the Livewire line any time day or night. And dial the number you want for the music you want to hear. No hang-ups.

LIVEWIRE

0898-121314

A call to Livewire costs between 41p per minute peak and standard rate, and 26p per minute cheap rate

TRASHTOWN ROCK

LOOKING for some unusual entertainment in London around Christmas? Try the **Half Moon Theatre** in Mile End, where you can experience an authentic Jamaican pantomime, *Flash Trash*, written by **Barbara Gloudon**, with music by **Felix Cross**.

When Jamaicans first started performing pantomimes, they stuck to the format of the traditional English panto, with principle boys, dames, ugly sisters and so on. but during the last 50 years they've developed their own distinctive form of show. Aimed as much at adults as at children, it's one of the most popular forms of entertainment in Jamaica, as well as being an enormous tourist attraction.

'The kids go along for the music,' says director **Yvonne Brewster**, 'but it's really an adult affair.'

The plot of *Flash Trash* is an uncomplicated story of the poor people of Trashtown, their struggle for survival, and how they come into contact with their oppressors, the rich inhabitants of Ready Heights, where King Nuff is looking for a suitable suitor for his horrible daughter.

The production bears many similarities to English panto, but it's based, says Yvonne, more on folklore than on nursery rhymes. 'It's a morality play,' she says, 'with none of the vulgarity of the English pantomime.'

Flash Trash was first performed in Jamaica last Christmas, and features a cast of 20 plus a live four-piece reggae band. And don't be put off by the title; in Jamaica, 'trash' means rough, but good.

Flash Trash is at the Half Moon Theatre, *213 Mile End Road, London, E1 4AA* (tel: 01-790 4000) from 16 December to 24 January.

DAVID CHEAL

STAR CRA

The DH Martial Arts Centre in London's Carnaby Street: only one of many shops in Britain now selling potentially lethal weapons.

Despite a new code of conduct, 'death star' weapons appear to be freely available to anyone who wants to buy them. Most of these weapons have a legitimate place in supervised martial arts training sessions, but in the wrong hands they could be extremely dangerous. MARK EDMONDS investigates. Pictures by BEEZER.

ON a chilly Saturday in October, 13-year-old Max Fluckiger strolled into a shop in central London and emerged with a carrier bag full of lethal weapons.

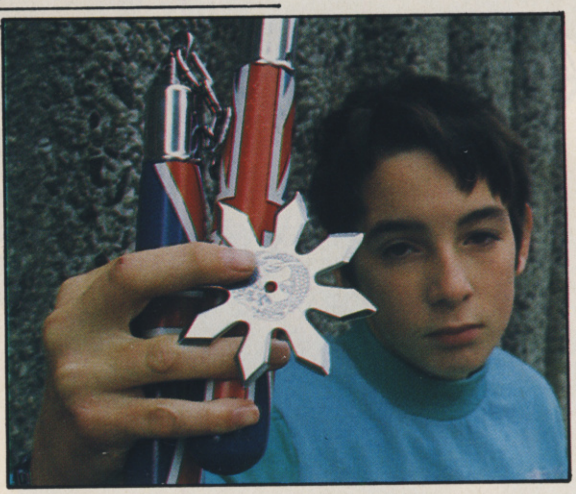
In the shop, DH Martial Arts of Carnaby Street, no attempt was made to ask Max his age or to find out what possible use a north London schoolboy would have for a selection of sharp metal throwing discs and a Chinese rice flail—despite recent Home Office attempts to ensure that such weapons are only sold to bona fide martial artists over the age of 18.

Prompted by reports that the easy availability of these so-called 'death stars' was likely to lead to an outbreak of violent street crime, the Home Office drew up a voluntary code of conduct for retailers in January.

The code stipulates that weapons should only be sold to over 18s who belong to a recognised martial arts club (membership cards should be shown at the time of purchase).

But Max's shopping trip (**LM** asked him to buy the weapons for the purpose of this article) indicates that the code of conduct needs toughening up.

A Home Office spokesman told **LM**: 'We find it very disappointing that some traders appear to be ignoring the guidelines we have drawn up. We will follow up any evidence of this happening with the trader concerned. We are keeping the matter under review.'



13-year-old Max Fluckiger with the rice flail and 'death star' he should never have been allowed to purchase.

In the hands of a lout the rice flail, or *nunchaku*, can be very dangerous indeed, while the 'death star', or *shuriken*, can do appalling damage when thrown, even if the blades are not fully sharpened.

The Code of Conduct was drawn up by the Home Office after consultation with the Martial Arts Commission, the sport's governing body in this country, and retailers. Richard Thomas, a member of the MAC's executive, thinks legislation is necessary. He was appalled that Max had been able buy such weapons.

'I find it amazing that anyone could be so irresponsible. DH Martial Arts should know better. If the guidelines we have prepared with the Home Office had been met, there would be no need for legislation.'

Neither the Home Office nor the police keep detailed statistics on crime relating to offensive weapons, so it's impossible to find out exactly how many attacks have been committed by people using martial arts equipment.

Certainly MPs, civil servants and the MAC are concerned that as the martial arts become more popular, more people are buying the weapons. Martial arts shops, usually set up by enthusiasts, are increasing in number and the mail order market for these weapons is also buoyant.

It's easy for mail-order companies, in particular, to get round the code of conduct. Anyone can buy a martial arts magazine and send off for weapons (ranging from swords, blowpipes, steel claws and rice flails to the highly dangerous death stars which young Max found so easy to obtain). Some mail order companies insist that a martial arts club membership card should be sent with the order, but others are less exacting.

Bruce Ayling, publisher of *Fighters* (a magazine which carries a number of advertisements for martial arts weapons), maintains that his advertisers are responsible, but some of the ads in the magazine make no reference to the code of conduct.

'We can't make it mandatory,' he says, 'because that would be an infringement of the Restriction of Trade Act, but the majority of advertisers in *Fighters* would not be prepared to sell dangerous weapons to people who are not genuine martial artists.'

Heather Croft, of Giko Martial Arts, a Birmingham-based company, regularly advertises her firm's wares in magazines such as *Fighter*. She says that Giko carries out the code of conduct to the letter: 'For one thing, our shop is very close to a police station so anyone who walked out of the shop openly carrying a rice flail or death star would probably get picked up for having an offensive weapon. We get a lot of 15-, 16- and 17-year-olds coming into the shop and we refuse to serve them.'

Much of the controversy in the press over martial arts weapons has centred

ZY

around the death stars, or shuriken, partly because they are available so easily and cheaply. A death star can cost as little as £1.

Although many of the weapons on sale in this country have a legitimate place in the training sessions run by recognised clubs, Richard Thomas says that *shuriken* are rarely used by genuine martial artists. 'Only one or two people in this country know how to use these stars properly. A death star, like any projectile, can be highly dangerous. You could easily take out a person's eye, even if the death star's edges weren't particularly sharp. The majority of death stars are bought by people with no interest in martial arts.'

The martial arts are currently enjoying a boom — more than 4,000 clubs in this country are registered with the MAC. Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the current boom is the *ninja* craze.

In medieval Japan, the ninja were a secret society of assassins, willing to bump off anyone — for a price. They would operate at night, clad in a menacing black uniform which included a full-face hood. Ninja traditions are said to have survived Japan's turbulent history and rumours abound that units of ninja were attached to the Japanese Imperial Army in the Second World War. James Clavell's novel *Shogun* and the TV series *The Master* (Lee Van Cleef played a ninja chief) have also contributed to the ninja's notoriety.

Many of the weapons on sale in martial arts shops are replicas of those used by the ninja. Richard Thomas of the MAC is convinced that the mystique surrounding them has led to more people (under-18s included) wanting to ape ninja activities.

'The ninja fantasy appeals to Walter Mitty types,' he says. 'We don't recognise any groups which practise ninjitsu, but we're certain that a lot of people like to dress up in black hoods, arm themselves with shuriken and rice flails and lurk around the woods when it's dark.'

The £6.99 rice flail, or *nunchaku*, which Max bought from DH Martial Arts is also a ninja weapon, though the one he chose was painted with a Union Jack — a symbol which seems to have little connection with ancient martial arts. Recognised clubs teach the use of the flail in martial arts systems such as karate, but in the hands of a lout the flail can be a very dangerous weapon indeed.

The *nunchaku* is similar in design to the implements first used centuries ago by Chinese peasants to grind rice. Their flails doubled as handy weapons with which the peasants could defend themselves against rival gangs. It looks like a double truncheon, joined in the middle with a robust metal chain.

LM approached the assistant who sold Max the weapons to find out DH's policy on selling to those under 18. The assistant pointed to a notice on her counter which said that under 18s would not be served. She said the manager was away; we welcome his comments.

Whether or not Max's shopping trip will have any bearing on the politicians and mandarins at the Home Office remains to be seen. Labour Home Affairs spokesman Clive Soley MP told **LM** he was not convinced that legislation was the answer.

'Before any legislation, I think it's important that we have an intelligent debate about these weapons. Unfortunately, it's impossible to legislate against real criminal behaviour, and if someone wants to assault someone else they will probably do so, irrespective of the weapons available. Bread knives are good for cutting bread. They shouldn't be banned just because some people use them for stabbing their granny.'

As we went to press, the Home Office said that they were in the process of approaching DH Martial Arts with **LM**'s evidence. The Department of Trade and Industry's Trading Standards Officer may also decide to pay the shop a visit.

Word up

My cup runneth over. Before long I'll be running all of Newsfield. Only AMTIX! escapes my grasp, but the egregious Saffron Trevaskis seems to have it sewn up. Never mind, I've got LM. Let's be having your letters as fast as you can, otherwise Roger (who moves from mag to mag) Kean will make me redundant. And you won't lose out either. I'll be picking out a letter of especial merit each month and that will earn its writer the princely sum of £19.99 — just like the letter which follows . . .

ALL CHANGE

Dear Lloyd,
Following the recent introduction of the pound and two-pound coins, isn't it time the Government introduced the 99p coin? With so many shops charging anything from 99p to £199.99 for their goods, a 99p coin would dispense with the need for the nation's hard-pressed shopkeepers and assistants to hand out a penny change on every purchase.

Penny Dreadful, Church Lane, Tunbridge Wells

Yes, but just think how boring life at the checkout would become. No more hanging around, chatting to the other waiting customers while the cashier tries to work out how much change you're expecting from eight purchases each costing something and 99p. However, Penny, your £20 note (I lied at the top) is on its way.

■ LM

DADDY SHORT LEGS

Dear Lloyd,
I'm thinking of starting a new organisation and I'm hoping that some of your readers will be interested in joining it. Essentially it's a pressure group which will make clothing manufacturers more aware of the need to produce clothes in a wider variety of sizes than at present.

It's particularly hard to get jeans to fit if you're a small person. Jean manufacturers seem to think that everyone has an inside leg measurement no smaller than 32 inches, but of course there are thousands of people around with shorter inside legs.

I've taken up the legs on all my jeans (normally I use that iron-on stuff), but when I've paid between £15 and £20 for a pair, I *don't* expect to have to make alterations. For that price the things should fit first time, around the waist, around the bum *and* on the leg.

I would like to see certain manufacturers boycotted, letters sent to managing directors and demonstrations staged outside their factories. Perhaps there will be some action once the public and manufacturers are aware of the situation.

Matthew Smale, Erridge Road, London SW19

Britain's always been a bit behind when it comes to trousers. In New York you can buy jeans of almost any length in each waist size. LM welcomes your pressure group, Matthew, and more power to your inside leg, I say.

■ LM

SHAME ON YOU

Dear Lloyd,
I thought you'd be interested to know that I saw the first issue of your magazine back in September. On the front cover it said 'Dummy Issue'. Is that the way to refer to your loyal readers, the people who pay for your bread and Marmite?

I hope that in the future, to redress the balance and to compensate for this appalling slur on the intelligence of the British public, you'll be having an 'Intellectual Issue', with features about why Marcel Proust liked cake and why Roget's Thesaurus became extinct all those millions of years ago.

Gordon Bennett, Cowdenbeath

Your prayers are answered, Gordon. Feast your eyes over this very issue which even now you hold in your sweaty palms. Revel in its essential, intellectual qualities, devour its Proustian angst, swim in its Precambrian lakes of mythical beauty, feed with the Thesaurusses in their pre-Roget state of innocent bliss, deep in the primeval swamps of unmitigated culture.

■ LM

UNSMART

Dear Lloyd,
If I had my way, the following charter would be enforced on all youth-culture magazines:
1) No politics.
2) No smart-arsed Julie Burchill.
3) No smart-assed letter replies.

For some reason these seem to be trendy neccessities for 'pop' rags, and it don't wash. **LM** is young and apparently 'upfront'; don't let it become the same as the rest.

Martin Fossy, on the dole in Basildon

It's simply not in my nature to give what you quaintly refer to as 'smart-assed' replies. If by 'politics' you mean Mr Hattersly, have no fear; and when we've got Richard Lowe on the editorial team, who needs Julie Burchill?

■ LM

FUN BOY THREE

Dear Lloyd,
Why don't you have a column on word associations in your magazine? It's great fun boy three bags full on the hill street blues woke up this morning has broken the silence is golden wonder of Woolies bully for you and me and a dog named boo to a goose that laid the golden egg, sausage, chips and beans on toast rack and ruin.

What do you think?

Brian Cell, Stockton-on-Teesmaid

It's the sort of thing that sticks in your throat swallow antiperistalsis puke throw up and catch the ball by the bearings starits dire in trouble pain agony aunts and cousins relativity equals mc square old fashioned and generally boring.

However, what do other readers think brain?

■ LM

You wanna write, right? Well write to LLOYD MANGRAM's WORD UP, LM MAGAZINE, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB. I'm open to almost anything except smart-assed letters. There I agree.

SUBSCRIBE TO BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST

AND GET A FREE SPECTRAVIDEO JOYSTICK WORTH UP TO

What you are holding is the promised free 80-page 'taster' issue of LM, Newsfield's new general interest magazine. It should give you a good idea of what your 124-page regular issue will be like, and we hope you enjoy it!

As a reader of our computer titles, CRASH, ZZAP! 64 and AMTIX!, you will be interested to learn that you can subscribe to LM for one year AND get a free joystick all for the normal subscription rate* of £15 (post included) — a deal worth as much as £34.95 !

Just choose between the two latest Spectravideo joysticks shown on these pages — the QUICKSHOT IX 'JOYBALL' (normally worth £19.95) or the QUICKSHOT II 'TURBO' (normally worth £13.95) — and whatever your choice, it will be despatched to you entirely free of charge when you take out a 12-issue subscription to LM costing £15.**

What do you get for your £15 (apart from a free joystick)?

LM is an entirely new type of magazine, not just computers, not just music, not just sport and so on, but a fresh outlook on the entire range of life's activities. **LM** promises a damned good read every month with informative, helpful and very opinionated articles and interviews. Like CRASH, ZZAP! and AMTIX! we expect you to take part with surveys on all sorts of subjects and to air your feelings in Lloyd Mangram's letters pages. We want to know what you think of the music you play, films and videos you watch, television programmes, computer games, holiday resorts, politicians (just about everything in fact) as well as voting in the various reader charts.

And all this comes in 12 action-packed issues a year for £15 (post included). Your monthly copy will be posted to you direct from the printer so you get it before it appears on the street.***

WHAT IF I DON'T WANT A FREE JOYSTICK?

You don't huh? Perhaps you're not a computer owner, or perhaps you have ten already stacked away somewhere. Okay then, here's another offer: For the price of your £15 annual subscription, **LM** will throw in an **LM** T-shirt and **LM** baseball-style cap. The T-shirt is 100% white cotton with the bright red-and-black **LM** logo large on the front. The 'fit any head' baseball-style caps are in bright red or grey with the **LM** logo picked out on the front in white. Both items will be despatched free of charge** when we receive your £15 subscription payment.

QUICKSHOT IX 'JOYBALL'
(Normally worth £19.95)

- Large Spherical X-Y Controller with pivoting action
- LED Indicators display status of fire buttons
- Two Enlarged Fire Buttons for left or right-handed play
- Auto-Fire Switch toggles between single or continuous fire
- Left/Right Fire Selector Switch
- 5-Foot Sleeve Cable with standard Atari D connector
- Subject to normal Spectravideo warranties

---

* UK Mainland, Northern Ireland and Eire subscription rate only. Europe normal subscription rate is £22 (post included). For other overseas subscriptions please write and request prices.

** The 'completely free' offers apply to UK Mainland, Northern Ireland and Eire only. Although Lm will make every effort to despatch the free offers as fast as possible, please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

*** **LM** and Newsfield Ltd cannot accept liability for late delivery in the event of any disruption to normal British postal services, or for the normal or disrupted services of other countries.

NEW MAGAZINE

£19.95 INTO THE BARGAIN !

AMAZING VALUE!
A FREE JOYSTICK WITH EVERY LM SUBSCRIPTION
Up to £34.95 worth of goodies for only
£15

QUICKSHOT II 'TURBO'
(Normally worth £13.95)
6 Micro-Switches for the stick action and fire buttons
2 Fire Buttons for thumb or 'trigger finger' control
New Improved grip, ergonomically designed
Auto-Fire Switch
Stabilising Suction Cups for single-handed table use
Subject to normal Spectravideo warranties

THE GREAT LM INTRODUCTORY SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

I would like to subscribe to **LM** for 12 issues starting with issue 1 (on sale from 15 January 1987) and take advantage of the FREE JOYSTICK or FREE T-SHIRT & CAP offer.

Please tick the box next to the freebie you would like (one box only):

☐ **QUICKSHOT IX 'JOYBALL'** ☐ **QUICKSHOT II 'TURBO'**
☐ **LM T-SHIRT & CAP**
Please state T-Shirt size: ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L

☐ I enclose £15 cheque or P/O (UK, Northern Ireland and Eire)

☐ I enclose £22 (Europe, not subject to free offers)
Please make cheques payable to NEWSFIELD LTD

Place this coupon and your payment in an envelope (a photocopy of the form will be acceptable if you do not wish to cut the coupon out) and send it to:

LM SUBSCRIPTION OFFER, PO BOX 10,
LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB

Name ....

Address ....

....

.... **Postcode** ....

STATION to STATION

LM's regular monthly round up of what's happening, what's on, who's doing what, what's hip and what isn't, and the best places to visit around the country.

BIRMINGHAM

More to Brum than brmmm brmmms

IT'S hip to live in Birmingham again. Okay, so it's still got a slum problem, high unemployment areas, low wage sweatshops and riot zones, but things are starting to move.

The city is adapting to a changing environment: new ideas and directions are being explored in many areas, some more visible than others.

The cleared slums and industrial waste lands are now no longer eyesores to moan about over a pint of mild in the Dog And Colostomy. The land has become a valuable opportunity to add something fresh and smart to the new Birmingham.

Brummies themselves are changing their outlook. They have traditionally combined a quiet stoicism and grudging acceptance of their shabby environs into a paranoic self-deprecation, but a younger and more positive approach is now starting to make an impression on the affairs of the city. The result is that Brummies are beginning to assign more worth to themselves and their city.

Brummies don't burn with the fierce local pride that can light up even the most down-trodden Geordie or Scouser. Instead they have adopted an almost apologetic approach to the outside world; never fully convinced of their heritage, not wanting to sing the praises of living in Birmingham, because in the eyes of the average Brummie there is nothing to sing about.

And yet actually Birmingham has a lot going for it. The city has the best exhibition complex in Europe;

Photograph by Bryn Jones

A few mechanics from The Garage.

the International Arena (the UK's premier large live music venue) is part of this complex, while the city also has some of the best art galleries, theatres and orchestras in the country.

Birmingham is at the heart of an impressive and improving communications network, now boasting a top class international airport. Recent events such as the Super Prix motor race and the well-orchestrated bid for the 1992 Olympic Games have begun to restore the citizens' faith in themselves and their 'hometown'.

Birmingham is becoming an exciting and vibrant place to live . It's coming to life, shaking off its former drab self-degrading image and proclaiming its prowess as a sparkling centre of social innovation and exploration; a living, breathing entity undergoing an exciting and dynamic reformation.

STEVE KNIGHT

NOTTINGHAM

Myths, legends and the real truth

IT'S a cast iron certainty.

Say 'Nottingham' to anyone not fully conversant with the more northern outposts of the M1, and they'll say 'Robin Hood'. Like a conversational equivalent of the knee jerk reflex, Robin Hood is normally quickly followed by 'Brian Clough', 'Torville and Dean' and a recitation of the old myth 'seven girls to every bloke'.

People know very little about Nottingham. neither north nor south, east nor west, and queueing up meekly behind Birmingham for the honour of being 'conveniently central', Nottingham is to England what the Liberal Party is to politics.

But don't let that put you off — get out your 'things to do' list and put Nottingham about fifth.

If you're coming for a drink, come early. Nottingham pubs *always* close at 10.30. (This makes for pretty wild New Year celebrations)! So just as the old four pint finger tingle is creeping up on you — or more importantly just as your mate was finally going to get his round in — you are gently (!) cajoled on to the cold Nottingham streets.

But as one pub closes, so two clubs open. And if you're prepared to dive into the piranha pool of activity that is Nottingham at night, picking your way over newly New Delhi decorated pavements and through gaggles of girls clip-clipping to the bus stop, the choice of clubs is astounding.

There are yer clean cut, aftershave and advocaat clubs (**Madisons**, **Easy Streets** and **Libertys**), but Nottingham's claim to fame is **The Garage**. A labyrinthine collection of dingy bars and low-ceilinged, low life dance floors, there's hip hop and funk upstairs, be-bop and punk downstairs with five bars in between. There's also a bizarre door policy based entirely on footwear. I've not yet worked out which shoes they especially object to, but to play safe I'd pack your trusty, dusty DM's.

Nottingham is bursting out of a nutshell. And not a mention yet of **Forest**, **Rock City** or **Yates Wine Lodge**. You'll have to see for yourself, but don't mention Robin Hood!

PAUL TUCKER

NOTTINGHAM's music scene has been in dire straights for years, but has recently been given a much needed kick up the backside by the appearance of Phil, old guard promoter and manager of **Russell's Bar**. Russell's is minutes from the city centre but far enough away to keep the weekend thugs out of the picture. Thanks to Phil's live music policy it's now possible to see a band nearly every night, free.

Photograph by Maria Bestwood

Clint Bestwood And The Mescal Marauders in action.

Many new bands have crawled out of the woodwork: The Dinosaurs, The Joints, Charnel House, Suicide Dance, Fairground, Shave Tail Temptation, Clint Bestwood And The Mescal Marauders, Apache Dance, Lipstick Killers, Big Bandit, That Sucker Punch, Marcel Marceau Sound, Dream, Every New Dead Ghost, Scarehunters, Roads To Rome, Animals Of Leisure, Sic Boy Federation, The Legendary Dolphins and The John Noakes Experience to name but twenty.

As is often the case, many of these bands are a good argument for euthanasia, consisting of ageing musos desperately trying to up-date their act. Even some of the younger groups feature that despicable Trans-Atlantic bland sound which carries the power of a non-alcoholic punch and is an ideal beverage for major label A&R men.

Of the better groups, **Apache Dance** appear to be U2-derived drivel, while **Shave Tail Temptation** are an unholy alliance between Sigue Sigue Sputnik and George Formby. **Fairground** have recently dropped their Talking Heads' affliction, trading it in for some second hand Doors and Bunnymen albums. This makes them slightly less pretentious but still not very original.

Clint Bestwood And The Mescal Marauders are currently talk of the town. A ten-piece comprising ex-Howdy Boys, The Media, Perfect Party, One Million Fuzztone Guitars, Infant Crocodiles, etc, they've been in more bands than a hot AC30. They like a drink or 12 and it shows in their shambolic performances verging on genius: The Marauders make The Pogues look like a Temperance band. They play C&W covers almost adequately and their spiritual reference points are the three giants of country music — Johnny, Jack and Jim (Johnny Cash, Jack Daniels and Jim Beam). Together they provide a sour mash that kicks like a cowgirl at her first dance.

Catch them soon, there's a hefty reward to be had.

PAUL EDMONDSON

WATFORD

Filling in the gaps

WATFORD has been the butt of many a Londoner's joke for years. Some consider it a fringe part of the capital, while others prefer to believe that Watford inhabits its own cosmos and marks the last signpost to nether regions.

In truth Watford is 20 minutes from Euston (by train), and is just a step or two from mega-city hustle. A large proportion of the population is young and affluent, and almost every bar is sculptured to appeal to a youthful patronage.

The young swarm around modern pubs, clubs and bistros such as **Paradise Lost** (a glitzy, sterile meat market of the Hippodrome mould), **PJ's** (*Cheers* reincarnated), and **Crowns**.

Saturday sees a regular ritual march to and from the Vicarage Road football ground to support a prime example of community spirit. It's all very civilized with family outings, lots of scarves etc, and (perhaps not entirely due to the heavy police markers), no trouble whatsoever.

Watford has its heroes — Elton John, of course, who must be one of the best public relations icons the town has ever had. There's also the 'I went to school with/cut the hair of/once got drunk with/saw him with his trousers down/George Michael' syndrome.

Despite traces of the London ice, The Watford Zone is often a void of indifference, although a relatively safe and often mildly stimulating place to live.

DAVID CURRIE

▶

DUBLIN

All cold on the Irish front

Courtesy of the Irish Tourist Board

Trinity College, Dublin.

THE climate has never been as cold in Ireland as it has been this winter; mind you, the weather hasn't been so good either.

Socially, politically and financially, the climate has been rapidly deteriorating, and looks set to continue this way.

The Government are about to fall from office, the social calendar is almost empty, and with a new budget on the way the hard earned wage packet is about to become even less meaningful. The constant Irish media obsession with the 'despondent Irish youth doing little or nothing to help themselves or the country', looks set to boom.

As the popularity of Premier Garret FitzGerald diminishes daily, (both with the electorate and his own party members), and the present balance of power held by the Fine Gael/Labour coalition is just one seat, the Irish people are assured of an election during the next couple of months. It could take place in January. A change of government, in favour of Fianna Fail and their leader Charles Haughey, looks imminent.

Just as certain and casting a dark shadow over the country is the daunting fact that a new government will bring along a new budget. Most likely to be hit are the usual necessities — drink, cigarettes, petrol (for which we are already paying £3 per gallon), and of course a hype of the taxes on such items as records and concert tickets.

Apparently the Government are under the impression that it's the young people of the country who have all the wealth. A sobering thought, considering the £1.50 plus that we pay for a pint of beer today will probably rise just when the holiday season is coming along.

On the entertainment front, December and January are no different to any other years . . . empty. With only two sizeable theatres in Dublin, the choice of entertainment is extremely limited. The **Olympia Theatre** (capacity 1,800), is presenting the childrens' musical *Bugsy Malone*, while the **Gaiety Theatre** (capacity 1,500), sees Maureen Potter (Ireland's leading female satirical comic), starring in her 21st pantomime.

Rock and pop fans, familiar with Dublin's lack of concert venues (and only one of these capable of holding crowds bigger than 8,000), have very little to look forward to. The main attractions are (wait for it) **A-Ha**, **Joan Armatrading**, **Suzanne Vega** and **Huey Lewis And The News**. Fans of a heavier brand of sounds can get their denim and leather out for **Magnum** and **Trojan**, who appear in January.

A much awaited announcement is the line-up of acts to appear at Ireland's premier rock festival in Slane village next year. There's tremendous speculation surrounding the line-up, with hints that **David Bowie**, **Dire Straits** or **The Rolling Stones** could headline. The one day event should draw 85,000 people; an offical announcement of the line-up is expected in late January.

Cinema-wise, there are very few new releases expected in December, although there will be a large number of titles left over from the Dublin Film festival which finished in November.

By the first bells of 87, or even at the end of January, Ireland will know who's to govern them for the next four years. There again, maybe they won't. Either way, it's not going to bother most youngsters, for Ireland has a very low vote count with under 25-year-olds.

The silly season will come and go, the climate will remain cold, the bars, price increases and all, will remain full and the mood for the best part will be as jovial as any other bleak winter. We've grown well used to them.

JOHN O'CONNER

NORWICH

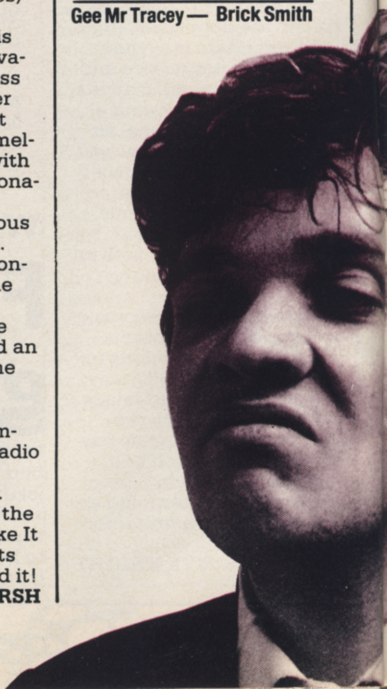
The boomtown bats on. . .

NORWICH is fairly busy during December, with a mass of events taking place at the **Norwich Arts Centre**.

Housed since 1978 in a converted church, the NAC was formerly known as Premises and was originally a haven for hippies and veggies. The name change has signalled some startling innovations (meat on the menu and CD-generated muzak!), but whether this is more than cosmetic surgery, designed to give the place a higher profile, remains to be seen. Nevertheless, the NAC is always worth a visit.

Forthcoming NAC events include the **New Portrait Photography** exhibition (1 - 23 December) featuring top photographers covering the spectrum from *Vogue* to *I-D*, while **News Review** (6 December) are a quick fire satirical company. Celebrate (or obliterate) the approach of Christmas at one — or both — of the NAC parties (19, 20 December).

NAC also provides local bands with an accessible venue. Newcomers — like **Dig Those Heels**, **Giant** and **Browning Version** — look set to join established names like **Gee Mr Tracy** on the Norwich music scene. Wide-eyed and sometimes


Gee Mr Tracey— Brick Smith

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME

Stoking up the Smellies

Radio Stoke's Mark Stewart.

Principal Photographics

NIGHTLIFE doesn't abound in Newcastle—Under—Lyme. Most of the hot-spots are to be found above sewer drains and outside chip shops, but if you're desperate you can try **The Place** (which has been around for ages), or **Shelleys**, a relatively new and alternative night-spot in Longton. **Fuzzbox** are having a Christmas Fancy Dress Ball at Shelleys on 2 December.

Other gig highpoints are **Spear Of Destiny** (Hanley Victoria Hall, 20 December) and the return of **Gary Glitter** (Hanley Victoria Hall, 22 December).

The town has a friendly atmosphere, best appreciated on its market days (Monday, Friday and Saturday). A few years back the place abounded with Fribbs (nee Hippies) from the University Of Keele, but sadly Keele is now full of very conservative foreign and business students. The few latter day Fribbs that do exist have been re-named 'Smellies' and they mingle with the mish-mash of fashionable-adolescent-peer groups who adopt various poses around the town.

Despite the town's conservative air, there's the odd hint of innovation. Newcastle-Under-Lyme College has just started an intriguing course on The Beatles, while Radio Stoke's **Mark Stewart** presents a highly recommendable alternative radio show, 'Stoke It Up', on Tuesdays, 6pm to 7pm. Compared with most of the local radio muzak, 'Stoke It Up' is like a dose of salts and by gum do we need it!

GARY MARSH

legless, GMT specialise in songs full of painful puns and pleasurable word play — nonsense rhymes containing an off-centre insight.

For national bands look no further than the **University Of East Anglia**, the best gig in Norwich. In December UEA present a superb reggae package headlined by **Sly and Robbie** *(2)*, plus the **Human League** *(3)*, **Hawkwind** *(5)* and **Gary Glitter** *(12, 13)*.

NAC and UEA aside, smaller venues (in the form of pubs and clubs) also promote an irregular supply of gigs with the emphasis on rising indie bands.

Meanwhile, the spirited Norwich Venue Campaign (supported by a six figure grant), forges ahead with building a major social and musical centre. The building has a projected opening date of September 1987 and some observers — notably the arts listings magazine *City Wise* — have detected a trend in all this activity: Norwich as the East Anglian boomtown powered by commercial expansion and improved communications.

To get a proper perspective however, you need to set this swell of optimism against the steady decline in job prospects. A quick look at the city's graffiti says it all: I spotted a pavement drawing entitled *Something To Brighten Up Your Day* while nearby daubed on a wall was 'Buskers demand double money on Saturday. Pay up or else'.

A sign of the times: one unwilling to stand and wait, the other content to be walked over. The writing is on the wall (or on the pavement).

PAUL CARPENTER

LIVERPOOL

Santa's sack and Cilla's back

Margi Clarke and Alexander Pigg in 'Letter To Brezhnev'.

Liverpool's Half Man Half Biscuit.

Photograph by Brian Maher

ALL right, here we go: Santa is on his way with the usual sack of goodies and should just about arrive at the usual time, provided the police don't stop him for shooting up . . .

It's the old familiar routine, you spend 360 days avoiding certified gheks, and what happens? They all end up starring in the Xmas panto. Pull back the screens and cue **Cilla** ***Blind Date*** **Black** rubbing her enormous shoulders against Aladdin and his wonderful lamp at the **Empire** for six weeks from 18 December. And to add insult to injury, **Lindisfarne** (ask your Dad) bring their Christmas show into the Pool on 9 December.

'And what did you get for Christmas little boy?', asked Santa.

'Well I got Derek Hatton by the balls, and I'm putting them somewhere safe 'til after the General Election,' replied Neil.

However despite this nasty accident, rumour has it that Derek had forseen losing his manhood, and with the aid of modern technology transplants or sperm banks cannot be ruled out at this moment. So we may not have heard the last of the Big M in Merseyside.

On the film front there's rumours about a multi-screen cinema complex near the newly transformed Albert Dock. **Glenda Jackson** is also in town working on *Business As Usual* (directed by Lezli Ann Barrett), so have those Equity cards at the ready.

Oh, and here's the main item of this report — **A-Ha** are sold out . . .

That's it for now.

NEIL HUGHES

GOOD or bad, there's always *something* happening in Liverpool.

Every year we have an annual crisis, or three. For the last few years, there's been the 'budget crisis' (where's the Council going to get money from?), and since the abolition of Merseyside County Council there's been the 'funding crisis' (where are the theatres going to get money from?). Then there's the football season, let alone The Beatles' Convention.

Since the days of punk, Liverpool has had plenty of rehearsal and recording studios, radio programmes, and record labels (Probe Plus — home of **Half Man Half Biscuit** — being one), but live venues are currently a bit thin on the ground. Clubs come and go with alarming regularity these days, though the **World Downstairs** at the **Royal Court** is a good free night out with local music, while the **Monro** in Chinatown is taking over as the hippest, if intermittent, pub venue in town.

Theatre is prominent in Liverpool. There are two well-known producing houses in the **Playhouse** (which celebrated its 75th anniversary in November) and there's the trendy **Everyman**. They're not just for the culture vultures either. Both try to appeal to young people, and generally manage it, but best of all they both have very good youth theatres where you can do it for yourself.

It could lead somewhere. **Cathy Tyson**, star of the film *Mona Lisa*, started at the Everyman Youth Theatre, as did several of the *Brookside* cast.

Liverpool's contribution to our small screens covers comedy and drama as well as soap, of course. And then there's the big screen too: *Letter To Brezhnev* took the film world by storm last year. Its Scouse star, **Margi Clarke**, claimed at the time that 'everyone in Liverpool has a film script in their back pocket'.

A lot of people would like to think they have. It's not always a good thing: there's a lot of what playwright Willy Russell calls 'art in the head' around.

Liverpool people do tend to be wits, half-wits or pretentious prats. That's one thing that the TV comedy *Help* got right. But at least nobody has the monopoly on doing things. Willy Russell started work as a hairdresser and got into theatre via folk singing. Theatre, music and the rest belong in the same world here, and whether it's writers' groups, Youth Theatre, a Mersey TV training scheme, or a band, the possibilities are all there.

PENNY KILEY

EDINBURGH

Learning a fling or two

EDINBURGH comes alive every August for the International Festival — a jamboree of theatre, cinema and cabaret — but Scotland's capital is amply endowed with year-round leisure pursuits, trivial or otherwise.

The 3,000 seater **Playhouse** is one of the largest theatres in the country and is a prime venue for rock tours, often hosting a band's only Scottish date. Recent Playhouse visitors have included **Big Audio Dynamite, UB40, A-Ha, Elvis Costello** and **The Communards. The Psychedelic Furs** appear there on 16 December.

The Edinburgh club scene is ever-changing, but of the more established locations, **The Hoochie Coochie Club** continues as a hip champion of alternative, non-pop rock music. The club features new and exciting live bands on Fridays. **Fire Island** is the city's largest and liveliest gay venue, while **The Amphitheatre** and **Zenatec** are highly rated straight discos.

Scots are staunch supporters of local cinema and although there have been the inevitable closures north of the border the average Scot will still attend the cinema three times more often than his English counterpart. Edinburgh is fortunate in having not only the Cannon and Rank chain venues but a number of enterprising independents, including the recently reopened **Cameo** and the **Filmhouse** (which may host a Guardian Lecture with director **Martin Scorsese** early in the New Year).

Current mainstream theatrical offerings are less than edifying (a Cinderella panto and a live version of *The Muppet Show*!), but there are innovative and influential theatrical establishments such as the **Traverse** and **Theatre Workshop**.

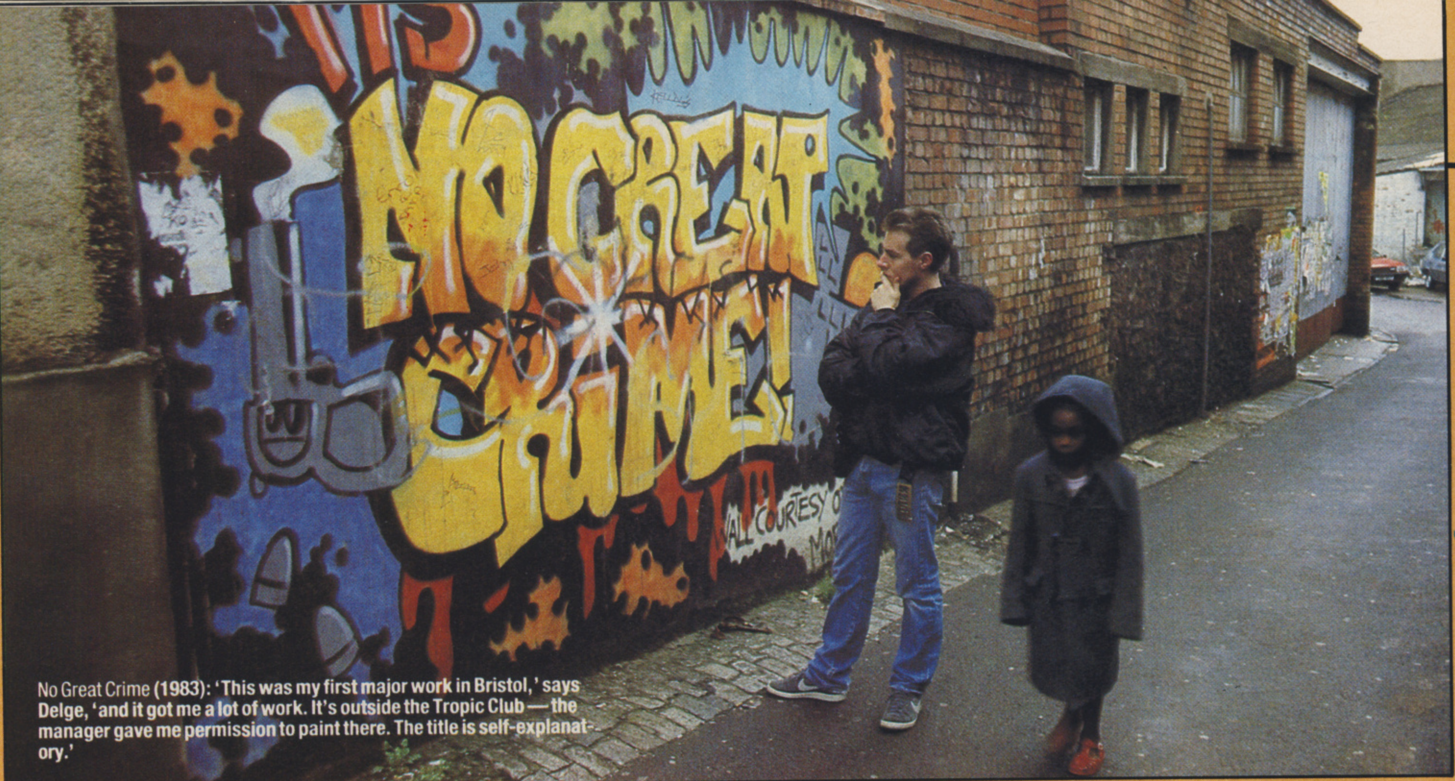
Edinburgh has good sports facilities with the **Commonwealth Pool, Meadowbank Centre** and **Hillend** dry ski slope on the city outskirts plus a host of gymnasium centres and a burgeoning of martial arts clubs. On the spectator side, there's the rugby stadium at Murrayfield while the traditional New Year clash between city football rivals Hearts and Hibs is generally a sobering experience for at least half the crowd.

The city is positively overrun with restaurants and pubs, and **The Athletic Arms** ('The Diggers') serves the best pint in the world. With the admirably relaxed and liberal licensing laws even if you are at a loose end it's possible to drown your sorrows at virtually any time of the day or night.

ALLAN B HUNTER

Do you want to write for Station To Station?

We welcome contributions to this section of **LM**, and we'll pay our normal freelance rates for published articles. Your piece (typed and no longer than 500 words please), should mention the best clubs and pubs, forthcoming gigs, local fashion, local politics, etc, and what's going on in your area. Send your article to **Station To Station, LM,** *47 Gravel Hill, Ludlow, Shropshire, SY8 1QS.*



No Great Crime **(1983)**: 'This was my first major work in Bristol,' says Delge, 'and it got me a lot of work. It's outside the Tropic Club — the manager gave me permission to paint there. The title is self-explanatory.'

The derelict walls of Bristol are a gallery for the works of graffiti artist 3 DEE. He took photographer BEEZER on a guided tour to look at some of his surviving pieces — but many have since been wiped out or painted over.

LET US S

DELGE is a graffiti artist. He's 21 years old and he lives and works in Bristol under the *nom-de-can* of 3 DEE. Delge reckons he was the first serious graffiti artist in the country; his first forays into the streets with cans of car paint were in 1983, soon after the closure of Bristol's famous Dugout club left the city with no real entertainment except for a flourishing hip-hop scene.

Although much of his work is commissioned, Delge carries on with the illegal 'sprays', and it's having to concentrate on work while risking a fine or even imprisonment which keeps the adrenalin flowing. His illegal works are, he says, more important than the commissions which subsidise them. 'I like the excitement, the buzz. With commissioned work there's no atmosphere.'

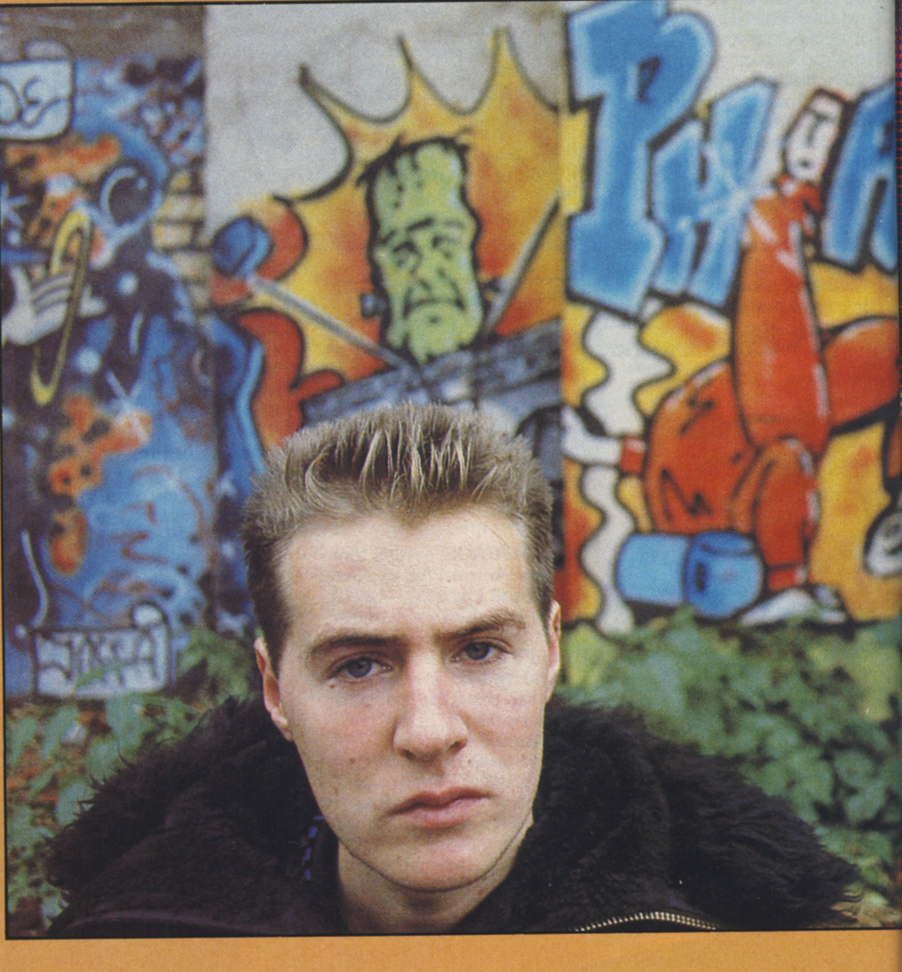
Delge has been arrested twice. The first time, in 1984, he was fined £125; the second time he was fined £40 and had a taste of the Government's 'short, sharp shock' policy. It was actually more of a long, dull pain in the neck, since he had to go to an attendance centre once every fortnight for 16 weeks — but it hasn't deterred him from committing more crimes, though he's more careful these days to use lookouts. Next time he's caught, Delge reckons, he'll be put away.

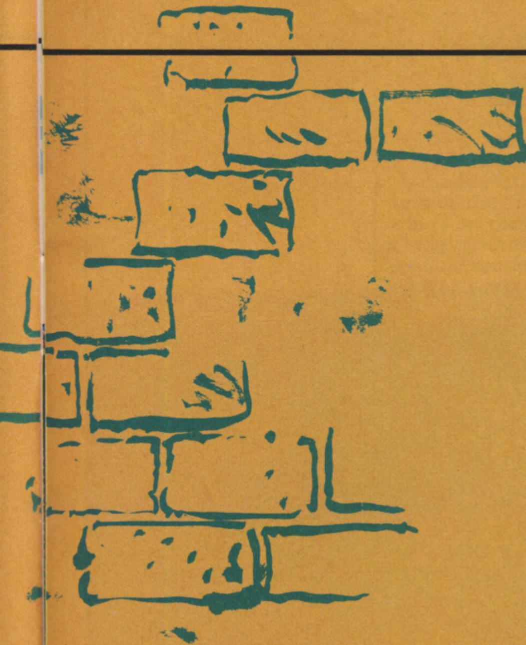
But he says it's not vandalism. 'I'd prefer to call it positive vandalism — graffiti art has had a bad press, and some kids don't help by just going round spraying their names on the walls, but all I'm doing is brightening the place up. There are worse things happenning.'

Delge mostly uses car paint for his murals, but it's unreliable, and if he could afford it he'd use Buntlack, a German art paint which costs around £6 a can.

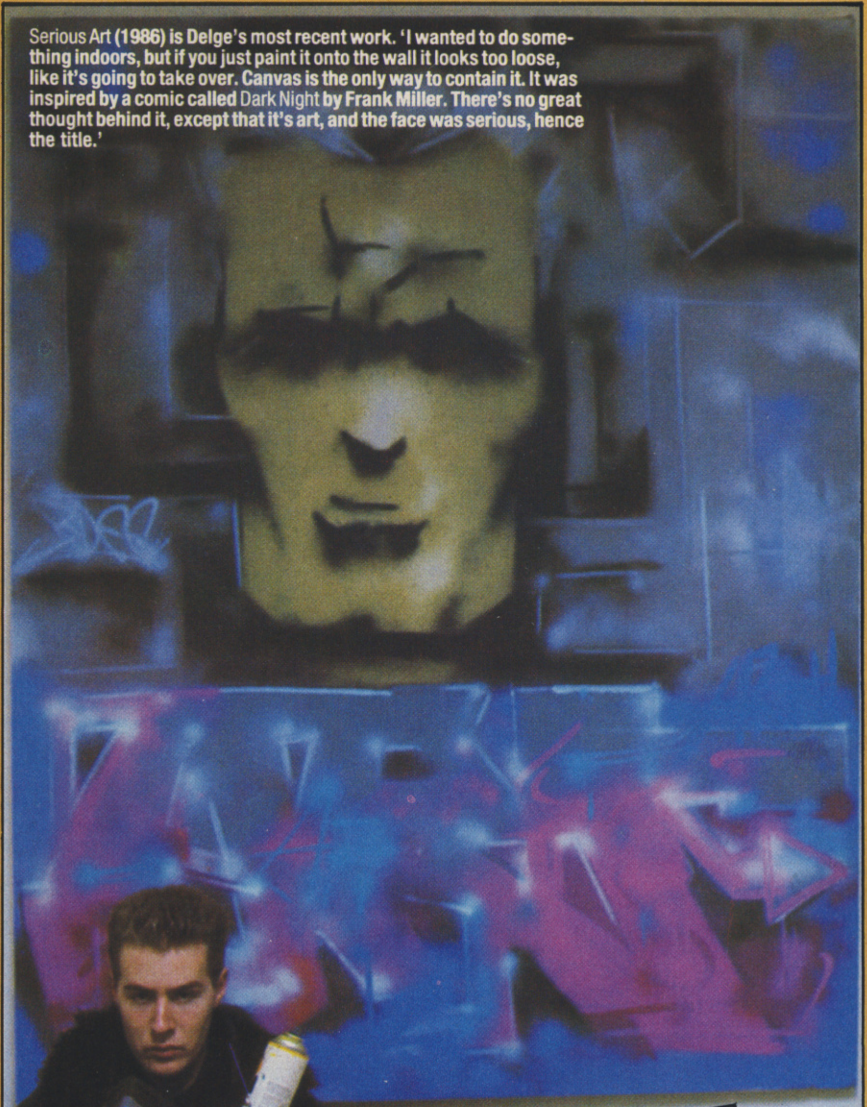
But his main problem at the moment isn't money. Delge says he's running out of walls. 'I only choose walls which are isolated. Painted surfaces are best — the spraypaint sinks into brick walls. Sometimes I've had to paint a wall before being able to spray a mural onto it.'

Delge is a founder-member of the Trans-Atlantic Federation (slogan: 'United In Crime'), which links together artists from Bristol (represented by Delge), the Bronx (represented by Brim and Bio) and Birmingham (represented by an artist called Goldie). An international exhibition of graffiti art featuring the TAF and American artists is planned for Birmingham in 1987.

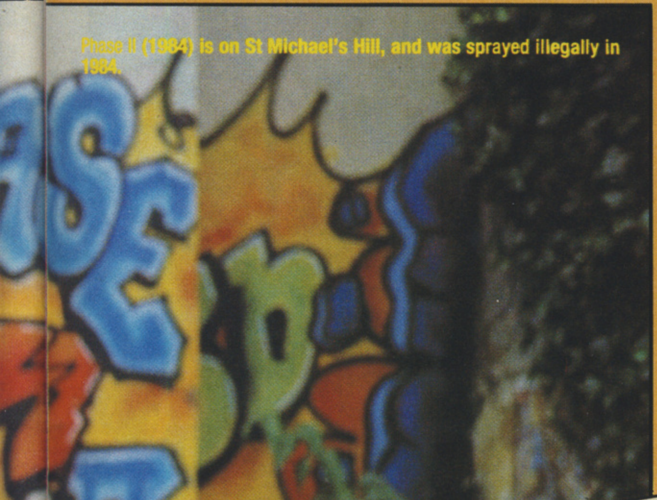




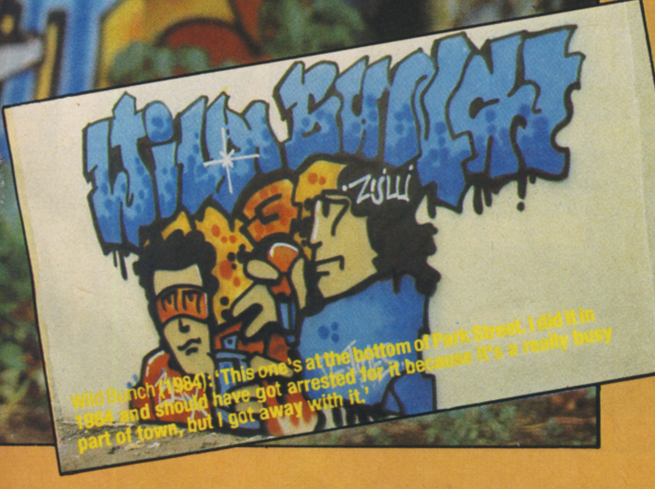
SPRAY



Serious Art **(1986) is Delge's most recent work. 'I wanted to do something indoors, but if you just paint it onto the wall it looks too loose, like it's going to take over. Canvas is the only way to contain it. It was inspired by a comic called** Dark Night **by Frank Miller. There's no great thought behind it, except that it's art, and the face was serious, hence the title.'**

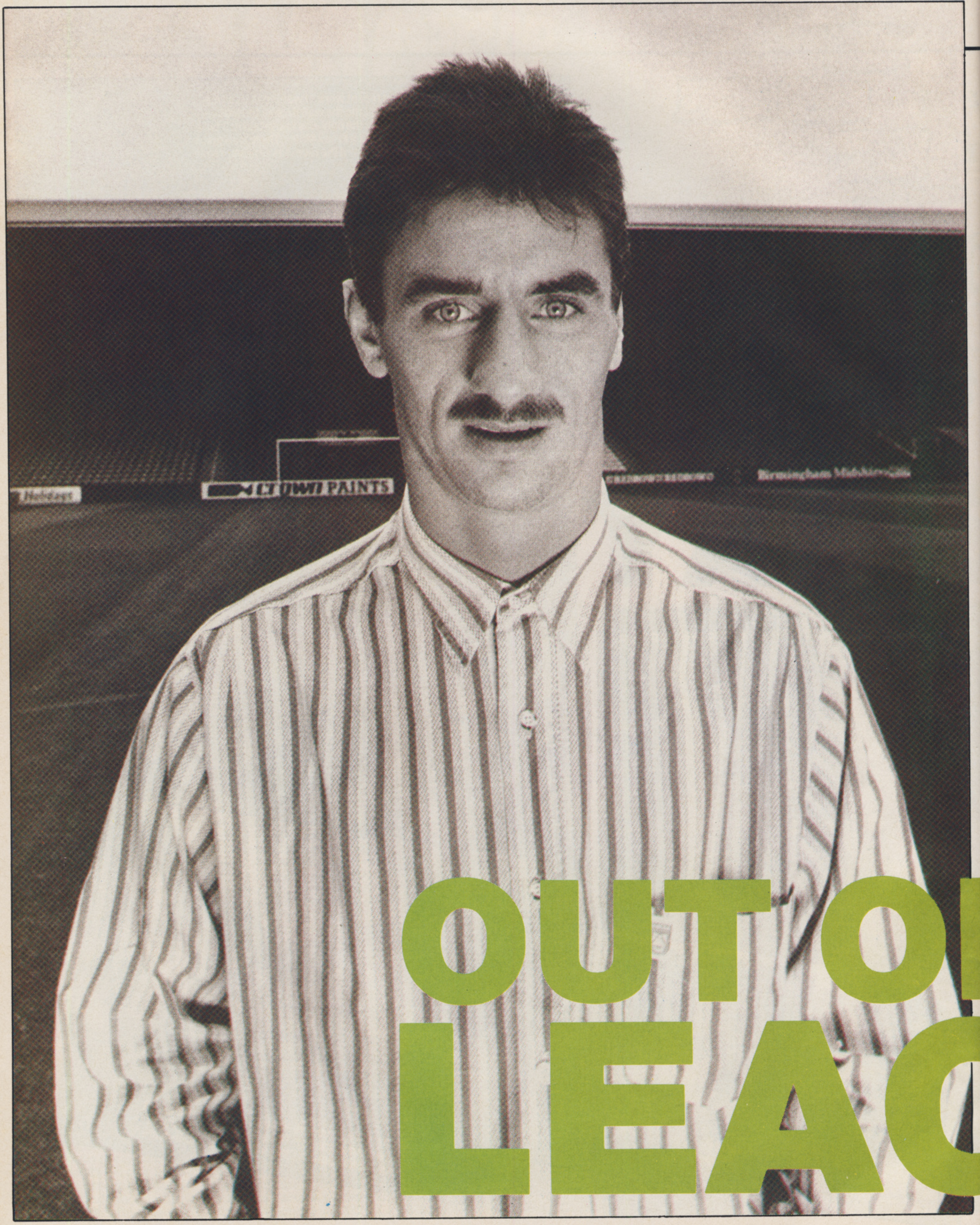


Phase II **(1984) is on St Michael's Hill, and was sprayed illegally in 1984.**



Wild Bunch **(1984): 'This one's at the bottom of Park Street. I did it in 1984 and should have got arrested for it because it's a really busy part of town, but I got away with it.'**

3D **(1984): 'This is one of my favourite illegal ones,' says Delge. 'It still looks like it was painted yesterday. There's a tear coming out of one of the guys' eyes, which signifies that it could all end in tears.'**


Holidays
PAINTS
Birmingham

OUT O
LEAG

F HIS
GUE

Ian Rush, one of football's most prolific strikers, leaves Liverpool at the end of this season for a three-year, three-and-a-half-million-pound contract with Juventus of Turin. But as RICHARD LOWE discovered, the self-effacing Welshman seems untouched by wealth and fame, on the field and in his recent autobiography.
Picture by DAVID CHADWICK.

SO this is what happens 'behind the scenes' at Anfield: Kenny Dalglish, still in his muddy kit, is hovering outside the dressing room, where his players are changing after the morning training session. Ronnie Whelan's talking into a radio reporter's microphone and trying not to laugh at Bruce Grobbelaar, who's pulling stupid faces behind the reporter's back. Outside in the reception area Steve Nicol's picking up a few boxes of nappies from one of the office girls ('yours are the ones in the orange boxes, the green ones are Kevin MacDonald's'), while Mark Lawrenson waits on patiently. Perhaps he's picking up his wages — it is Thursday, and that would explain the massive lorry in the car park.

Finally Ian Rush ambles along the corridor. He opens the door of the treatment room, feels for the switch and plunges the casualties into darkness before carrying on, chuckling at the shouts of those inside.

The most remarkable thing about Ian Rush is how ordinary he is. With his shabby jeans, cheap shirt and bitten-down nails he cuts a distinctly unimpressive figure. Yet he is arguably the best footballer in Britain. His blistering pace, awesome finishing power and unerring knack for sniffing out the slimmest of goal opportunities have been vital factors in Liverpool's dominance of English and European football in recent years.

They have also earned him a three-and-a-half million pound move to Juventus and ensured that he'll be a wealthy man for the rest of his days.

It's as good a reason as any to join British football's elite-in-exile but not the only one, explains Ian as we walk down the tunnel, past the legendary 'This Is Anfield' sign and onto the 'hallowed turf'.

'The main reason I want to move to Italy is that I'll be playing with and against the best players in the world. Of course, money's a factor, but by no means the most important one. I've already proved I can play in the English league, we won the double last season and I've achieved everything I can here.

'Now I want to prove myself against the best in the world. Playing for Wales I haven't been lucky enough to play in the World Cup or the European Championship, and I need that bigger challenge.'

The defection of Britain's best footballers, lured to the continent by the rich European giants, is a worrying problem for the British game. Of course the huge transfer fees soften the blow for the clubs' directors, and for the players a million smackers in three years is a pretty effective cure for homesickness. Inevitably it's the fans, deprived of the game's brightest attractions, who suffer the real loss. Rush agrees that it's a problem, and one that looks likely to escalate.

'Obviously it is bad for the game here that the best players are moving away but it's inevitable, especially now that English clubs are banned from Europe. I think that's the main reason — all the best players want to be playing in European competition and they should be. It is ridiculous, though.

'Clubs like Liverpool and Man United shouldn't be selling off their best players — they should be buying them, because they are the best clubs. When English teams were in Europe there was always one of them which got to the final or won the trophy. The likes of Barcelona and all them, they're not as good as the English sides, they shouldn't be able to just come in and take the best players away.

'I suppose it's because they've got more money, but I think something else inside our clubs must be wrong, the way they do things.'

> **“It is bad for the game that the best players are moving away but it's inevitable, especially now that English clubs are banned from Europe.”**

After posing for photographs on the pitch, Rushie leads us up to the trophy room, a vast treasure trove lined with glass cases stuffed with the rewards of 20 years of consistent success. Pride of place is given to last season's haul: the Canon League trophy and the FA Cup.

On the way up we pass Bob Paisley, the manager who first signed Rush to Liverpool in 1980. He looks as dozy and miserable as ever; in fact he's still one of the sharpest, shrewdest men in the game.

'When Liverpool first wanted me,' recalls Rush, 'I turned down the move because I didn't think I'd be good enough to make it at such a big club. And when I eventually did come I hated it here. But I got my first game in the first team after about six months and it didn't take me long after that to get established.

'Obviously coming to a place like Liverpool from Chester was very hard at first, but you've just got to forget about the fact that it's a huge crowd and a big club and just concentrate on getting in the team and playing well. And I think it'll be just as hard to adjust when I go to Italy. The thing about Liverpool is that it's such a down-to-earth club.

'My lifestyle may have changed dramatically over the last few years in terms of money, the size of the house I live in, the car I drive and all that, but I'm still exactly the same person. It is easy to get carried away by success but you've got to remember that there's no way you're going to be at the top forever, and if you start getting too big for your boots you're going to come unstuck.

'And the people here, the people at work, they just treat you like a normal person no matter how great you might think you are — that helps you keep your feet on the ground.

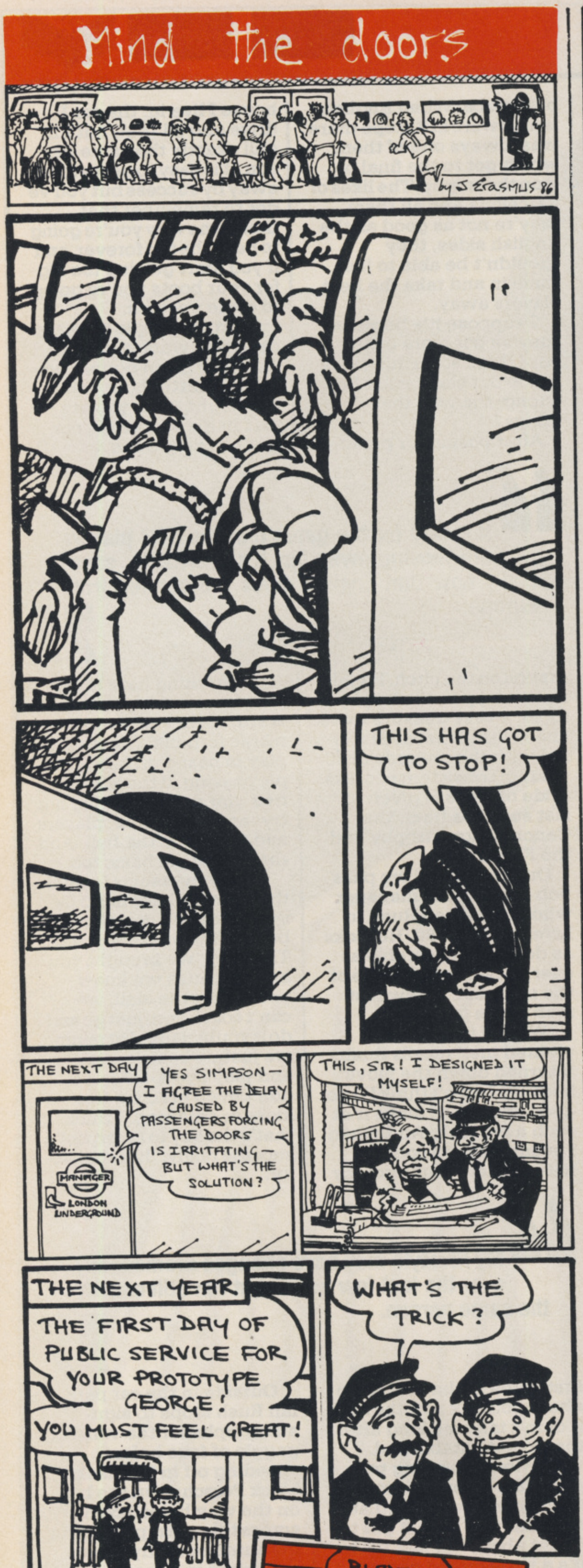
> **“My lifestyle may have changed dramatically over the last few years, but I'm still exactly the same person.”**

'Everything here is very simple and straightforward, there's no secret magic formula. Our style of play is based on good, simple passing. If there's a man free you play it to him, not try and beat five players and then lose the ball. And the training is basic too.

'Everyone seems to think the training here must be very hard and complicated but it's the exact opposite. They say 'we brought you here because we know you've got the skill, we can't coach you, just go and do it yourselves'. In training we just do basic exercises and play five-a-side; we don't even practise free kicks or anything. I think that's the key to Liverpool's success really, that simplicity.'

Outside in the car park, Ian Rush stops to sign autographs for the waiting gaggle of fans before speeding off in his sleek black Porsche. On the bus on the way home I come across this great passage in his autobiography (*Rush*, published in paperback by Grantham, **£2.50**) . . . 'Saturday night was the big night out. We'd have a few quid in our pockets, my mates and I, and we'd blow it on a good drink — and, as often as not, a good fight to end the night!'.

Even millionaire sporting superstars are just like the rest of us really.


Mind the doors
by J Erasmus 86
THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!
THE NEXT DAY
YES SIMPSON— I AGREE THE DELAY CAUSED BY PASSENGERS FORCING THE DOORS IS IRRITATING— BUT WHAT'S THE SOLUTION?
MANAGER
LONDON UNDERGROUND
THIS, SIR! I DESIGNED IT MYSELF!
THE NEXT YEAR
THE FIRST DAY OF PUBLIC SERVICE FOR YOUR PROTOTYPE GEORGE! YOU MUST FEEL GREAT!
WHAT'S THE TRICK?
BLADES.

Mark E Smith with Simon Rodgers (bass player and keyboardist).

CRISP SMITH

RICHARD LOWE — our man in London with a tape recorder and a portion of chips — tracks the rise of THE FALL and captures some of the latest nuggets in that ever-expanding volume of work, The Thoughts Of Chairman Mark. Photographs by BEEZER.

MARK E SMITH is a happy man. His group The Fall's last single, *Mr Pharmacist*, was their most successful ever . it got to 75 in the charts. Their eight year career had hardly been a staggering commercial success, but The Fall have managed to maintain a loyal and consistent audience for their peculiar brand of rock 'n' rant music.

'We usually manage to sell about 20-40,000 copies of each record,' he says. 'We do all right. We're not exactly in Rolls Royces yet, but we make a decent living.'

Indeed, The Fall's latest LP *Bend Sinister* entered the charts at a respectable 34 at the time of writing, and it's this august body of work that Mark is here to discuss, particularly some of the more curious song titles such as *Shoulder Pads*, *Terry Waite Sez* and *US Eighties And Nineties*.

'*Shoulder Pads* is just about a lot of different people and why I think they're twats — there's two parts to the song, one on each side of the LP, but really I could have written about nine different songs on that subject. I suppose it is an odd title; it's an American football term and I can't stand American football. It's so boring and complicated — like a sort of moronic chess.

'*Terry Waite Sez* isn't about *the* Terry Waite, although I do dislike him intensely; we were in this pub in Stockport and there was this drunk there called Terry Waite and I noted down all the things he was saying and used them for the song.

'*US Eighties And Nineties* is about America and how it's changed over the years. When I've been there before it was the freest place I'd ever been to in my life, but the last few times I've been it's been a very oppressed place — as bad as Russia or somewhere.

'Have you ever been behind the Iron Curtain? It shits you up. I've been to East Germany and Yugoslavia — horrible places. I suppose they have a better standard of living than we do, but that standardisation of life is a danger. Everybody wears brown pants and everybody wears check shirts. That's why I don't agree with socialist views. I don't think turning Britain into East Germany is going to solve anything; it'll just make things worse.

'And those bands that go on about socialism, those Red Wedge people, they don't really know anything about politics — they don't know anything about history or 'owt and I think they do more harm than good. And the way I see it, it's dangerous because next year it could be the Nazi party and they wouldn't know any different.'

> **"Have you ever been behind the Iron Curtain? It shits you up. Everybody wears brown pants and everybody wears check shirts. That's why I don't agree with socialist views. "**

The Fall, however are not averse to playing the odd benefit. They recently played an anti-apartheid gig at the Albert Hall with The Smiths and even played at a benefit for Derek Hatton's legal battle fund.

'We insisted on being paid for that. We're not tramps, we're working class people doing a job, so why shouldn't we be paid for it? I'm not a socialist but I think it's wrong the way that guy was persecuted, especially by the Labour Party, and he's only going to be replaced by some line-toeing middle-aged guy who's not going to do anything for the working class people of Liverpool.'

A staunch Mancunian and a man with such songs as *The North Will Rise Again* and *Lucifer Over Lancashire* in his repertoire, Smith nevertheless refutes the suggestion that he's one of that most irritating of breeds — the Professional Northerner.

'I'm always accused of that, but it's just not true, it's just something that's been tagged on me over the years. I don't dislike people who come from the south. It's terrible to say things like that; all that northern thing is getting very tiresome.

'I thought what Edwina Currie said about northerners was outrageous, though. I mean just look at all these Londoners; they're knackered, aren't they? The water's shit and they live in horrible overcrowded conditions. It's hilarious. And if you go to Newcastle they're all so revoltingly healthy it makes you sick, — they all go running and everything.'

With 87 just round the corner, the media are getting starry-eyed and nostalgic about the 'heady days of punk rock'. Smith (a bit of a legendary punk veteran), has an interesting viewpoint.

'All this punk retrospective stuff is just a media hype — The Fall haven't been going for 10 years for a start, and nor have a lot of the other bands that are getting lumped into all that stuff. Like we did this Tenth Summer thing in Manchester, which was meant to celebrate the tenth anniversary of punk and there were bands like us, New Order, The Smiths, OMD, The Virgin Prunes — none of those bands have been going ten years, it was all a bit soft. It was a nice day though.

'People go on about it all now, but no-one cared about us or gave us a hand when we were starting out; The Buzzcocks helped us out a real lot in them days but they're the only ones who did. I must admit I'm more into all those groups now than I was then, especially Sham 69 — I saw them on the telly again and they were great, pure vaudeville, like a comedy act or something. But I'm not into all that glorifying of the past. I'm more interested in the present.'

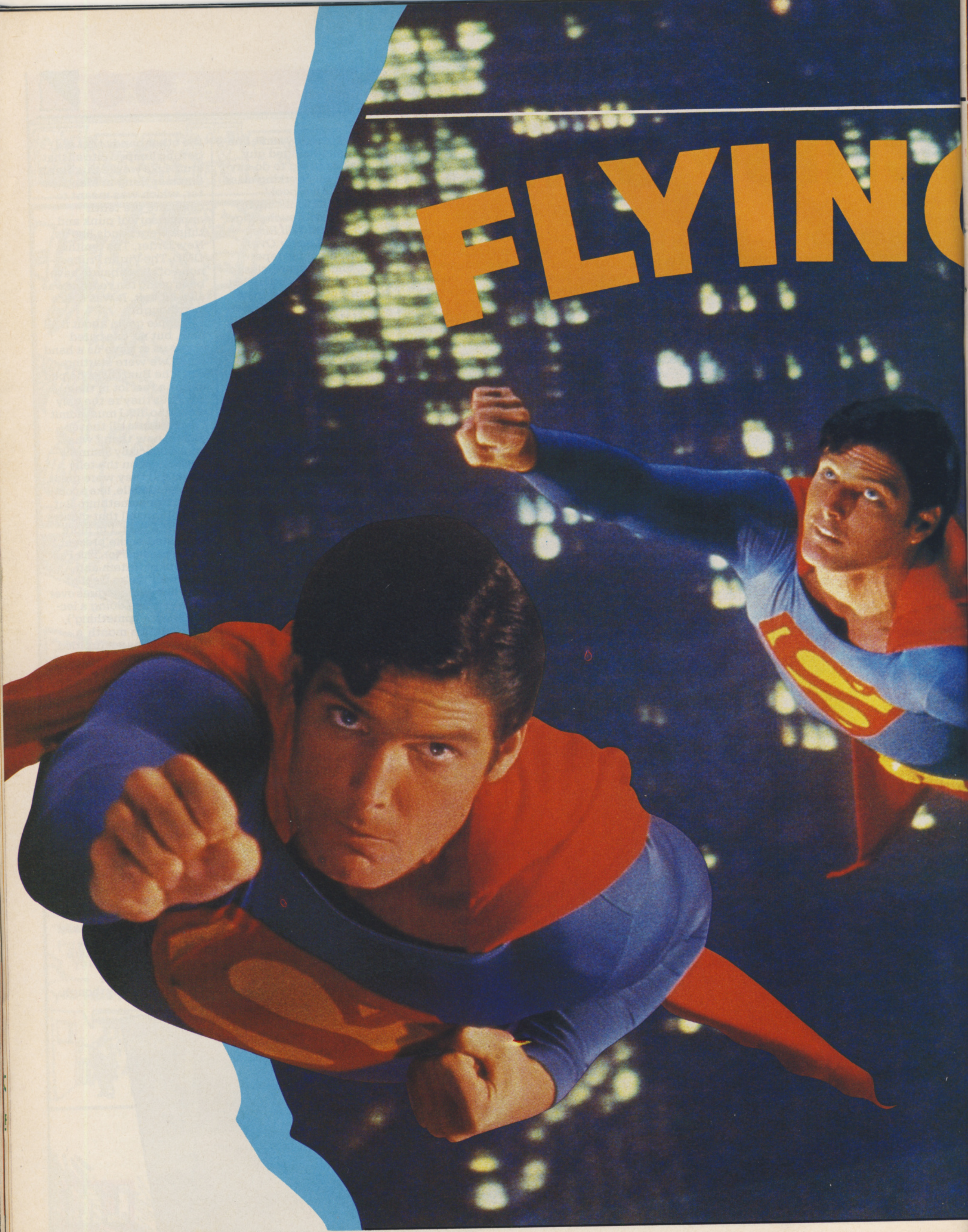
The present for The Fall is a tour of Britain and America ('we're treated more like demagogues over there, it's like doing a lecture tour or something'), and then this month a new single, as yet untitled, which will coincide with, and be based on, a play, written and performed by The Fall themselves.

'The single will be the same title as the play, and it's all about Pope John Paul I, the one who died after about 30 days. I wrote the play and we'll all be acting in it. It's based on this book I read about him which reckoned there was a conspiracy to murder him involving all these Italian fascist guys and this bishop from Chicago. Apparently the night before he died he'd made this list of people he wanted to get rid of in the Vatican. It's all contention of course, no-one really knows if it's true or not. Things like that fascinate me.'

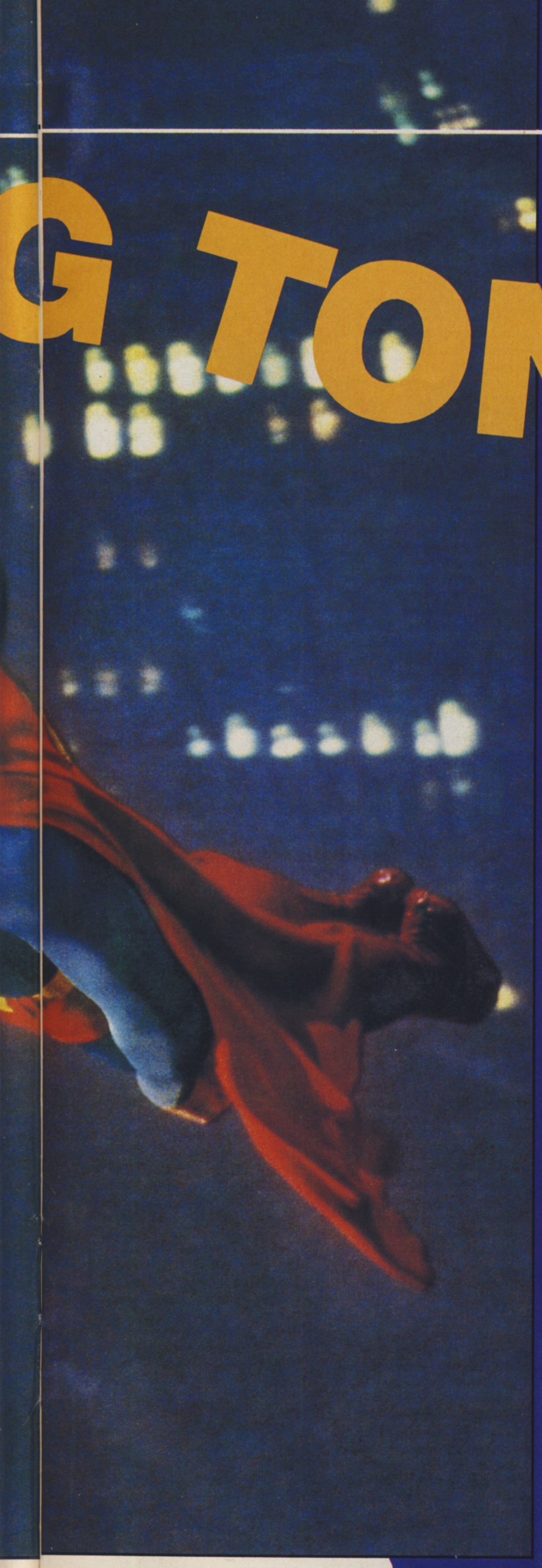
Doubt if it'll make number one in Italy though.

Drawing on inspiration.

FLYIN



G TONIGHT



CURTIS HUTCHINSON drops his spanner and feeler gauges to take a giant leap for LM on the moon set of SUPERMAN IV. During his lunar walk he meets up with special visual effects maestro Harrison Ellenshaw.

CHRISTOPHER REEVE points to a crater, scratches his head, and paces up and down. Something's not quite right. A set decorator is despatched with a wheelbarrow and brush to add some finishing touches to the offending dip.

Reeve confers with director Sidney J Furie about the scene they're preparing to shoot. Krypton's most famous son has just whizzed through outer space to aid a stricken Soviet spaceship, and now the man of steel is enjoying a self-congratulatory break on the moon before heading back Earthwards.

The scene is set for one of *Superman IV*'s most spectacular fight sequences, a lunar-based flying battle between our caped hero and his new nemesis, Nuclear Man.

Like Sean Connery, Christopher Reeve has learned to never say never again. Having said enough was enough after the third Superman film in 1983, Reeve has been flexing his wings a little, most notably on the London stage, though his film work has been disappointing. (His last movie, *The Navigator*, wasn't even released over here). So why the *volte-face*?

Apparently the temptation was too great after he was assured that he could have some creative control of the project. And perhaps the money was too good to refuse.

'I wanted to get the old enthusiasm back, and to do that I had to have some control,' explains Reeve. At his insistence, Superman now confronts real contemporary issues, even if it does mean the superhero breaking his mandate of non-interference.

'It's obvious,' Reeve says, 'many people are looking for a super *someone* who can really change things. While staying within the framework of a fantasy film we're trying to bring Superman a little closer to the real world.'

Instead of putting the man in the red trunks through identical paint-by-number scenarios, the series is generic, and this probably explains the great audience fascination with the *Superman* movies. Each instalment promises a further glimpse into the Superman psyche, which is great if you're interested in the character on a human level. Much more fun, though, is the guarantee of the latest in hi-tech SFX.

Unlike Rambo, James Bond and Indiana Jones, Superman *can* do the impossible and it's up to people like Harrison Ellenshaw, the Visual Special Effects Co-Ordinator on this movie, to make the impossible look possible.

It's quite likely that this affable American was born to be an FX man. His father was the near-legendary Peter Ellenshaw, the man who handled the effects on *Black Narcissus*, won an Oscar for his pioneering work on *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea* and is often cited as an early influence by Steven Spielberg and George Lucas.

Harrison's pedigree is no less distinguished than his father's. After collaborating with Dad on Walt Disney's SF spectacular *The Black Hole*, Harrison quickly established himself as an FX whiz-kid on *Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, *Tron* and, more recently, Michael Jackson's 3-D mini-epic, *Captain Eo And The Space Knights*.

We spoke amid the hustle and bustle of a very busy moon set at Cannon's Elstree Studios. Harrison started by outlining his responsibilities behind the scenes on *Superman IV* and explaining the difference between visual effects and special effects.

'I'm supposed to be in charge of visual effects, which is a little different from special effects,' he says. 'Special effects usually refer to large-scale physical effects like explosions and, with this particular movie, putting a man on wires and flying him through the set.

'On the other hand, visual effects generally refer to things that are handled in post-production. For example if we put Chris Reeve on wire you actually see the wire through the camera. Somebody in visual effects will get rid of it later. If we shoot a very long shot where we see this set,' he says, gesturing toward the lunar landscape before us, 'we also see things off the set. We then have to add a matte painting that looks like the rest of the moon. Anytime you combine two pieces of film then it's a visual effect.

'The terms 'visual' and 'special' effects get mixed and matched around, but I try to keep them separate.'

This is all getting a bit technical, isn't it? What *are*

▷

matte paintings?

'Matte shots refer to paintings that are sometimes done on glass. They're supposed to be so photographically real that you can match them with some live action and some full-size set or location and they appear to be the same thing,' explains Harrison. 'Theoretically you don't see the join.'

A good example of this comes in the climactic scene in *The Empire Strikes Back* where Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker are battling it out with lightsabres on a catwalk protruding over an apparently bottomless chamber. Beneath the duellists is, in fact, one of Harrison's intricate matte paintings.

Harrison also works on Superman's flying shots once they're in the can. For this movie he's using a new approach.

'On the first three *Superman* films they utilised front projection,' he says. 'They projected the plate behind him. With this film we've chosen to use blue screen for our optical composites. With a blue screen you put somebody in front of a blue piece of material and you're able, optically, to eliminate the blue in the scene and replace it with a background. This is a bit tricky with Superman because he's mostly dressed in blue. You have to be very careful that his legs and arms don't disappear. It can be done with retouching, which is called rotoscoping, when required.'

Superman IV might be breaking new ground (it's the first Superman from Cannon Films, and the first in the series not to be shot at Pinewood), but Harrison points out that the new producers have taken great pains to reassemble the original principal cast members.

Gene Hackman makes a welcome return as bumbling villain Lex Luthor, Margot Kidder is Lois Lane, Marc McLure is back as faithful photographer Jim Olsen and Jackie Cooper continues as the long-suffering editor of the *Daily Planet*. The film crew is mostly British.

'We're continuing the tradition of the first three which were shot here in Britain,' says Harrison. 'It would have been foolish to have made the fourth one somewhere else, that's something along the lines of 'Don't fix it if it's not broken'.

'You're talking about a great number of technicians and all sorts of people who worked on the first three, and the excitement on the first day that Chris flew, it was so effortless. It's only then that you can appreciate what tremendous work and research and development went into the first one. We have people like Bob Hartman whose speciality is flying rigs. He knows *exactly* where to put the crane and VOOOOM!, out goes Chris. To shoot this anywhere else using a different crew would be like re-inventing the wheel.'

Surprisingly, Harrison hasn't worked up any new optical tricks for this movie.

'We're really doing some conventional things, the difference is the choices you make,' he says. 'This is the first *Superman* movie I've worked on, whereas other people on the show have worked on all three, so my choices of how to do some shots may be different from previous choices. That's the difference.'

Harrison studied the other *Superman* movies before starting work on this project.

'I've seen them kinda subliminally many times over in bits and pieces,' he says. 'I have an eight-year-old son who is a big Superman fan and he's seen them many more times than I have. He knows all there is to know about them.'

Harrison comes to *Superman IV* fresh from the Michael Jackson 3D video *Captain Eo*, which is currently drawing huge crowds at Disneyland.

'It was a big project,' he says, recalling the elaborate opticals he employed in the 15-minute video spectacular. 'Very, very big. It was a nightmare. I was relatively pleased with it, though. We had 150 FX shots and that's a big number for a mini-film.'

The amount of effort put into the Jackson video makes it sound like it might have been a proper movie.

'Yeah,' Harrison nods. 'It was just like doing a full-length feature. Compared to *Captain Eo*, *Superman IV* is a little bit of a relief.'

Though *Captain Eo* was hard work, it did have its rewards. The mini-film won rave reviews when it was unveiled a couple of months ago; and, more importantly for Harrison, it meant working with George Lucas (the film's producer) for the first time since *The Empire Strikes Back*.

'I hadn't worked with George for six years and I was beginning to think that I wouldn't do anything else on a Lucas film, so it was a pleasant surprise.'

As a leading FX man, Harrison is often asked how to get into the movie special-effects business. He admits it's becoming more and more difficult.

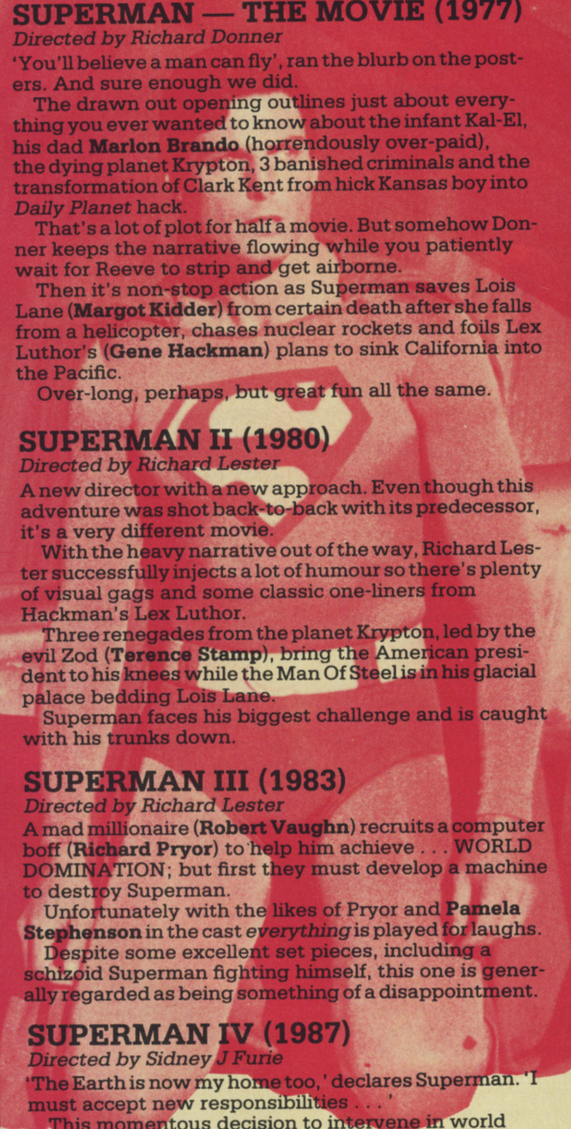
'At one time — before *Star Wars* — it was quite easy to get into special effects. Nowadays there are always more people wanting to do FX then there is work.

> **You can do most effects on 8mm and that's the way to get started. Become more experienced and then take that experience to a producer or film company that's doing some effects.**

'Nevertheless there's a great number of effects that can be done simply on 8mm film. There's no real definitive school to go to, there are publications where you can get bits and pieces of information and if you try doing your own effects you'll find that you can do most of them in a simpler way.

'Often simple is better. You can do most effects on 8mm and that's the way to get started. Become more experienced and then take that experience to a producer or film company that's doing some effects. If you can just do one little thing, it's better than the basic 'I'll do anything to learn'.

'There's a lot of kids who are *willing* to do anything, but there aren't many who will say, 'I've done some work, would you like to see it?' Which means that you can have a look at a video of what they've done and perhaps decide to take the



Supermen, one and all

SUPERMAN — THE MOVIE (1977)

Directed by Richard Donner

'You'll believe a man can fly', ran the blurb on the posters. And sure enough we did.

The drawn out opening outlines just about everything you ever wanted to know about the infant Kal-El, his dad **Marlon Brando** (horrendously over-paid), the dying planet Krypton, 3 banished criminals and the transformation of Clark Kent from hick Kansas boy into *Daily Planet* hack.

That's a lot of plot for half a movie. But somehow Donner keeps the narrative flowing while you patiently wait for Reeve to strip and get airborne.

Then it's non-stop action as Superman saves Lois Lane (**Margot Kidder**) from certain death after she falls from a helicopter, chases nuclear rockets and foils Lex Luthor's (**Gene Hackman**) plans to sink California into the Pacific.

Over-long, perhaps, but great fun all the same.

SUPERMAN II (1980)

Directed by Richard Lester

A new director with a new approach. Even though this adventure was shot back-to-back with its predecessor, it's a very different movie.

With the heavy narrative out of the way, Richard Lester successfully injects a lot of humour so there's plenty of visual gags and some classic one-liners from Hackman's Lex Luthor.

Three renegades from the planet Krypton, led by the evil Zod (**Terence Stamp**), bring the American president to his knees while the Man Of Steel is in his glacial palace bedding Lois Lane.

Superman faces his biggest challenge and is caught with his trunks down.

SUPERMAN III (1983)

Directed by Richard Lester

A mad millionaire (**Robert Vaughn**) recruits a computer boff (**Richard Pryor**) to help him achieve . . . WORLD DOMINATION; but first they must develop a machine to destroy Superman.

Unfortunately with the likes of Pryor and **Pamela Stephenson** in the cast *everything* is played for laughs.

Despite some excellent set pieces, including a schizoid Superman fighting himself, this one is generally regarded as being something of a disappointment.

SUPERMAN IV (1987)

Directed by Sidney J Furie

'The Earth is now my home too,' declares Superman. 'I must accept new responsibilities . . . '

This momentous decision to intervene in world events puts the caped crusader up against Lex Luthor's latest line in creative evil, the super human Nuclear Man (**Mark Pillow**).

Superman's running battle with his new adversary takes him around the world and into space.

As ever it is a woman who threatens to undo Superman's good work, this time in the shape of the pretty go-getting daughter (**Mariel Hemingway**) of the *Daily Planet*'s new proprietor

Colour photographs from The Kobal Collection

person on.'

When I spoke to Harrison, *Superman IV* had only been in production for a matter of weeks. Harrison had been involved in the film from day one, a luxury not always afforded him.

'What I like to avoid is coming in at the end of a movie and have somebody come up to me and hand me some boxes of film and tell me to go away and add some effects. You can find that it hasn't been shot particularly well, and then you find yourself struggling to make your stuff work.

'Here, with this movie — which I would classify as a large effects film — I want to be there to make sure that they don't move the camera in some shots. It means I can shoot in Vistavision instead of a normal 35mm, which helps me enormously. That way I have all the material in the best possible shape to work on. If you know the intent of the shot then you know what to do with the effect.'

Harrison's post-production cutting, splicing and painting will take him well into the New Year while the producers decide whether to go for a summer or Christmas release.

So what's the show stopper?

Harrison smiles, but remains fairly tight-lipped.

'Well,' he says, pausing to choose his words carefully, 'Superman has a fight with Nuclear Man that goes around the world. They go to a lot of places and it should be relatively spectacular.'

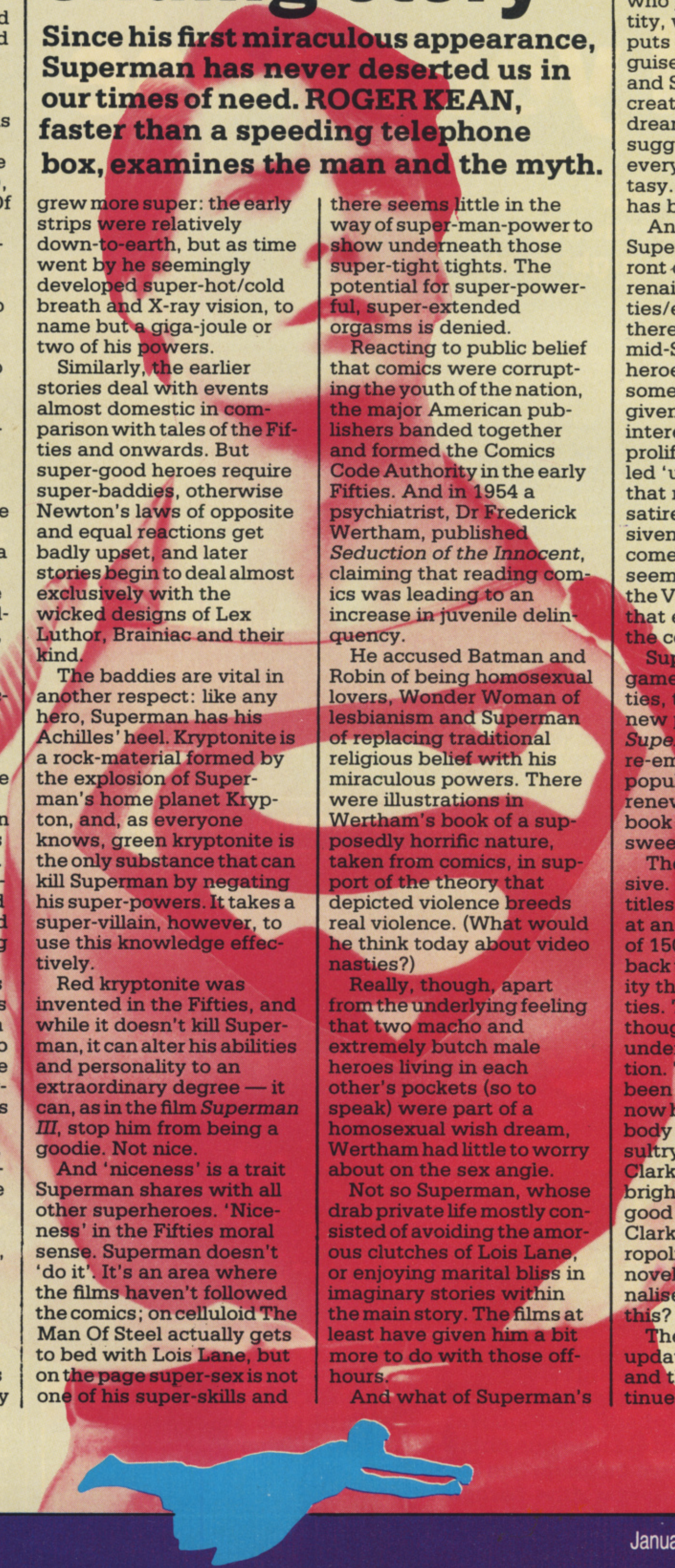
Relatively spectacular? Surely we can look forward to some incredible fighting scenes?

'I hope so. Can't promise too much, otherwise the level of expectations will be too big . . .'

A mischievous glint twinkles in his eye.

'You'll just have to wait.'

DAILY PLANET



The never-ending story

Since his first miraculous appearance, Superman has never deserted us in our times of need. ROGER KEAN, faster than a speeding telephone box, examines the man and the myth.

THERE may be nothing particularly smart about a guy who wears his knickers outside of his trousers, but nevertheless Superman has been thrilling an audience of millions for almost fifty years.

Superman first appeared in the late Thirties, but he'd been in preparation for thousands of years; his ancestors were the Greek and Nordic heroes and gods of mythology. His creator Jerry Siegel, who wrote the strip (Joe Schuster drew it), acknowledged The Man Of Steel's pedigree when he described him as 'a character like Samson, Hercules and all the strong men I ever heard tell of rolled into one'.

Superman wasn't the first comic strip superhero — in 1936 Lee Falk's *The Phantom* had offered a foretaste of invincible derring-do — but Siegel and Schuster had spent five years struggling to get Superman into print before they finally persuaded Action Comics to give him a go in June 1938.

At the time, comics were generally presented as collections of different strips, or only appeared in newspapers, never as books devoted to a single character. But at Action Comics, scepticism about turned overnight into delight — the world was waiting to be saved. Editions doubled and trebled in sales, and in 1939 Superman made it as a newspaper strip as well.

Superheroes were popular among the soldiers and fliers of World War Two and they proliferated, adorning fighter planes and bombers. Their popularity was such that comic book sales soared as high as 15 million each month. It was easy to see the superheroes as the Allied forces, and the growing league of super-villains as the Nazi rotters.

And of the superheroes, none was as super-powerful as Superman, and none was quite as financially successful on the newsstands. With the war over, interest in super-wish-fulfilment waned, yet Superman continued saving the world almost unabated.

From the moment of his creation, Superman rapidly grew more super: the early strips were relatively down-to-earth, but as time went by he seemingly developed super-hot/cold breath and X-ray vision, to name but a giga-joule or two of his powers.

Similarly, the earlier stories deal with events almost domestic in comparison with tales of the Fifties and onwards. But super-good heroes require super-baddies, otherwise Newton's laws of opposite and equal reactions get badly upset, and later stories begin to deal almost exclusively with the wicked designs of Lex Luthor, Brainiac and their kind.

The baddies are vital in another respect: like any hero, Superman has his Achilles' heel. Kryptonite is a rock-material formed by the explosion of Superman's home planet Krypton, and, as everyone knows, green kryptonite is the only substance that can kill Superman by negating his super-powers. It takes a super-villain, however, to use this knowledge effectively.

Red kryptonite was invented in the Fifties, and while it doesn't kill Superman, it can alter his abilities and personality to an extraordinary degree — it can, as in the film *Superman III*, stop him from being a goodie. Not nice.

And 'niceness' is a trait Superman shares with all other superheroes. 'Niceness' in the Fifties moral sense. Superman doesn't 'do it'. It's an area where the films haven't followed the comics; on celluloid The Man Of Steel actually gets to bed with Lois Lane, but on the page super-sex is not one of his super-skills and there seems little in the way of super-man-power to show underneath those super-tight tights. The potential for super-powerful, super-extended orgasms is denied.

Reacting to public belief that comics were corrupting the youth of the nation, the major American publishers banded together and formed the Comics Code Authority in the early Fifties. And in 1954 a psychiatrist, Dr Frederick Wertham, published *Seduction of the Innocent*, claiming that reading comics was leading to an increase in juvenile delinquency.

He accused Batman and Robin of being homosexual lovers, Wonder Woman of lesbianism and Superman of replacing traditional religious belief with his miraculous powers. There were illustrations in Wertham's book of a supposedly horrific nature, taken from comics, in support of the theory that depicted violence breeds real violence. (What would he think today about video nasties?)

Really, though, apart from the underlying feeling that two macho and extremely butch male heroes living in each other's pockets (so to speak) were part of a homosexual wish dream, Wertham had little to worry about on the sex angle.

Not so Superman, whose drab private life mostly consisted of avoiding the amorous clutches of Lois Lane, or enjoying marital bliss in imaginary stories within the main story. The films at least have given him a bit more to do with those off-hours.

And what of Superman's *alter ego*, the bespectacled newspaper reporter Clark Kent? It's been observed that Superman is very different in this respect from most of his super-peers; they are private people who put on a secret identity, whereas Superman puts on Clark Kent to disguise himself. Here, Siegel and Schuster really scored, creating a hero for the dreamer in everyone, suggesting that our drab, everyday lives are the fantasy. No wonder Superman has been a Super-Success.

And now, in America Superman is at the forefront of another comic book renaissance. After the Forties/early Fifties boom, there was a second in the mid-Sixties. The older heroes were dusted off and some (not Superman) were given sexier lives — an interest awakened by the proliferation of the so-called 'underground' comics that revelled in politics, satire and the new permissiveness (Fritz The Cat comes from this era). It seemed to coincide with the Vietnam war, and when that ended in fiasco, so did the comics boom.

Superman struggled on gamely through the Seventies, though, pushed into a new prominence by the *Superman* films, and he's re-emerged again as a popular hero, leader of the renewed wave of comic-book success that is now sweeping America.

The statistics are impressive. Some 250 different titles will be sold this year at an estimated circulation of 150 million. Comics are back to the level of popularity they enjoyed in the Fifties. This time round, though, Superman has undergone a transformation. The Man Of Steel has been Pumping Iron and now boasts a Rambo-esque body and a 'preppy' tough-sultry-guy-model face. Clark Kent's life has been brightened up too. Like any good ol' media Yuppie, Clark attends flashy Metropolis parties, writes a novel or two and externalises — can we talk about this? — with Lois Lane.

The hero has been updated for the Eighties and the super-myth continues . . .

Dress to kill and hold your nose

Ardent clubber and deejay SIMON GOFFE presents a quick guide to London's crucial night spots

IN London you can find every possible nightclub that the twisted mind can imagine: The Wild Zone, Big TV, Theatre Of The Third Dimension, The Purple Pit, Locomotion, Pigeon Toed Orange Peel . . . suggestive names indeed, but what lies behind them?

Let's start south of the Thames. The **Flim-Flam** is an oasis in the South London nightlife desert. Presenting a complete mixture of dance music, it's fairly cheap to get in and there's reduced admission for the unemployed. Hosted by Rob Day and Jonathan More, African and latin jazz collides with heavy funk, hip-hop and go-go in a sweltering mixture that fits easily into the surroundings of a large seedy dancehall, reminiscent of a Wild West saloon, complete with ancient cartoons showing on the walls.

Moving north to the West End, **Soul Station** at **Whispers** in Charing Cross Road defies its name by playing hardcore jazz. Small and sweaty, this trendy club is reasonably priced and bubbling.

Down the road you can't mistake the glitter and the crowds outside the **Hippodrome**. Full of suburban star spotters, it will set you back between £6 and £10 to get in, and nearly as much to get a drink. You'll gasp at the whirling lightshow and feel embarrassed about having one spot too many, or at having bought your clothes at Coles or Chelsea Girl rather than a Covent Garden designer boutique. That, though, is one of the irresistible drawbacks of London nightlife.

The same problems appear at the West End's two other major snobholes. **Stringfellows** houses the ultimate in-crowd, while the latest addition to the Hooray Henry's diary is the converted church in Shaftesbury Avenue called **The Limelight**. Both will leave you standing on the pavement for hours while they debate whether or not you're the right sort.

My advice to those seeking a comfortable up-market club to entertain that special friend is to try the more intimate surroundings of **Laceys** in St Martin's Lane (opposite Stringfellows), or the equally plush but relaxed **Gullivers** in Mayfair, the capital's most up-market soul venue.

Moving north of central London, The **Town And Country Club** in Kentish Town features some of the best live bands on the circuit. On Fridays (after the bands have finished), the cavernous former cinema also plays host to the **Locomotion**, a friendly club fronted by Capital Radio deejay and ex-Boothill Foot-Tapper Wendy May. Wendy spins her own mix of dance music from the last 30 years, heavy on the Motown era.

Moving back to South London and on to Saturday, you'll find the the hippest club outside the West End is **The Dance Exchange** at **The Fridge** in Brixton. Leading record spinner, music writer and record company boss Jay Strongman lays down a heavy-weight beat bringing together Washington DC go-go, New York hip-hop, Chicago house music, old R & B and more traditional soul and funk in a cold but packed venue. While Brixton is not normally associated with trendiness, the multiracial mix that characterises today's club scene is no better expressed than here. Wear your Levi 501s.

Saturday has its sleazeholes, too. With the recent closure of the Peoples Club, it's hard to find a place to spend all-night dancing apart from the endless private or fee-paying parties that are the speciality of all inner cities. The latest most London clubs close is 3am. Paul Murphy and Steve Holloway ooze sleazy jazz up to this hour at **325 Euston Road**, although **Gossips** in Dean Street manages an extra half hour.

Another basement club, Gossips has an unbeatable atmosphere that larger clubs just can't manage. On Saturday David Rodigan spins the best reggae selection in the country, while on Monday, **Alice In Wonderland** supplies the spiritual home for Char toppers Dr & The Medics and their psychedelic followers.

Thursday features **Gaz's Rockin' Blues**, run by Gaz Mayall with his inimitable style of R & B, ska, rocksteady and anything else that takes his fancy, plus a parade of the nation's more interesting bands. On Fridays I take Gossips' reputation on myself at **Fools Paradise**, the major upfront soul night in the West End.

With the honourable expection of Gossips, week night raving is a bit of a hit and miss affair. The solid soul night out at **Maximus** on a Wednesday is usually bubbling as is the **Wag Club** around the corner in Wardour Street. Reckoned by many to be the trendiest of the lot, The Wag is dark and vaguely depressing with a multitude of murals covering the walls of its two floors. Initially famous in the Swinging Sixties as the Whiskey-A-Go-Go, it's an essential stop for any hipster visiting London.

Other clubs worth considering are **Heaven** (the gay man's mecca under the arches at Charing Cross), and the suburban soul clubs like **Oasis**, **Dougies** and **La Plaza** which are geared for dedicated dancers.

When clubbing it, always take plenty of money with you, dress to kill but wear comfortable shoes, always be polite to the most aggressive bouncers, beware dress restrictions, never ever buy any drugs in a club and don't breathe through your nose when you go to the toilet.

Oh and hey . . . be careful out there!

The famous light show at the Hippodrome.

Photograph: Keith Butcher

Flim-Flam, *Harp Club, 327 New Cross Road, SE14* (01-692 4077),
The Fridge, *Town Hall Parade, Brixton Hill, SW2* (01-326 5100),
Gossips, *69 Dean Street, W1* (01-734 0201),
Gullivers, *11 Down Street, W1* (01-499 0760),
Hippodrome, *Leicester Square, WC2* (01-437 4311),
Lacey's, *81 St. Martin's Lane, WC2* (01-240 8187).
The Limelight, *136 Shaftesbury Avenue, WC1* (01-434 0572),
Locomotion, *Town & Country Club, 9-17 Highgate Road, NW5* (01-267 3334),
Maximus, *14 Leicester Square, WC2* (01-734 4111),
325 Club, *325 Euston Road, NW1.* ***The Wag Club,*** *35 Wardour Street, W1* (01-437 5534),
Whispers, *146 Charing Cross Road., WC2.*

THE BOY KEEPS SWINGING

It's an old story: booze, drugs and intense personal anguish take their toll of a talented young rock star and eventually he goes the way of Morrison, Hendrix, Joplin et al. But DAVID BOWIE has defied convention by staying alive (he's 40 in January), continuing to produce great records, diversifying into a wide range of acting roles and emerging from the whole experience with his faculties and his irrepressible energy and enthusiasm intact.

As his latest film, *Labyrinth*, opens in Britain, Bowie shares a carrot juice with ANNA CRYSTAL and discusses his recent film roles. Pictures by DAVIES AND STARR.

DAVID BOWIE may have been one of the most influential rock musicians to emerge in the Seventies, but despite numerous interviews little is known about the man who spent the best part of that decade hidden behind a bedazzling and bewildering assortment of masks.

After meeting him at the Colony Club House in downtown Malibu, I'm none the wiser, though Bowie was able to shed some useful light on his recent film career. He also shed some light — and a few pounds — on his current diet.

'I'm a health-food nut at the moment,' he says, ordering a light salad of ham and cheese. 'I'm a mood eater. If I wake up in the middle of the night to work on some music I'll have some real African coffee to jump-start my system. I've been known to go on for nights that way. I don't take anything stronger than that these days.'

Bowie's appearance — unlike his coffee — has certainly mellowed. He now favours tailor-made suits and expensive shirts and ties, his hair is short and blond, his mis-matched eyes are no longer highlighted with mascara and his ghost-like

▷

pallor has been traded in for an all-year-round tan.

'I knew I had to get my crap together,' he says simply. 'In this business, to survive is success, and to survive you must stay on top of your mental and physical health. I believe they're integral parts of each other. Separate, yet one.'

He picks up a fork and tucks straight into Julien Temple's *Absolute Beginners*.

'It was a real disappointment,' he says, recalling his role as Vendice Partners. 'I'd been led to believe that it was going to be a new approach to film-making, visually exploring the limitations of film, like the sets that were oversized and houses with no front. Well, it sounded great — but I was disappointed.'

Wasn't he happy with his contribution, then?

'I liked the title song and the *That's Motivation* number. I was disappointed that some of my best dialogue, in fact some of my best work, was cut out. Scenes with Lionel Blair where they're arguing about music and finally my character thumps him one — it's all on the cutting room floor.

'I don't feel at all bitter. I can be self-critical when necessary. You'll be seeing me choose my projects a lot more carefully next time. The main problem is you can never tell how the final film will look.'

Bowie flicks a glowing ember off the tip of his cigarette, and turns to *Labyrinth*, Jim Henson's epic creature-feature which has just opened in Britain. So far the film has received mixed reaction — it was hardly a box-office smash in the States, but it's gone down a storm in Japan.

Bowie — who plays Jareth, the Goblin king — was attracted to the role as soon as he read the script (written by Terry Jones of *Monty Python* fame), and he relished the chance to work with his friend Jim Henson. 'It was a *learning* experience,' he says.

Surprisingly, it seems that one of Bowie's favourites among his own film performances is his cameo as a knife-wielding assassin in John Landis's comedy thriller *Into The Night*.

'I played a street freak,' he chuckles. 'I hang around and make people nervous. That was the whole idea of the film, to have this couple (Michelle Pfeiffer and Jeff Goldblum) on the run and they keep bumping into famous people. It's one of the few films I'm in that I enjoy watching. Acting is very painful, it exposes your vulnerability.'

How did he think his film career was progressing?

'I always wanted to shock people with my versatility,' he says, stubbing out his cigarette, and immediately reaching for another. 'In *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* I was a straight guy just trying to get by. I lost a lot of groovy friends by playing that role. Hollywood is such a fickle place.

'I loved the mood of *The Hunger*. It lulled you into a false sense of security — then it zapped you,' he adds, snapping his fingers to emphasise the point.

So what sort of films does he like?

'I like a good performance. I take my son to all the Spielberg films, he's the storyteller of the century. In LA I go to Filmex, I'm always interested in what's going on in other countries. Germany, for instance . . . great acting, but no film industry. As for performers, Elizabeth Taylor has always been my favourite for as long as I can remember'.

Bowie fiddles with a ring on his right-hand index finger, lights up and slowly exhales a long shaft of smoke. He still looks very much a child, despite the ordeals of the last two decades.

Of course there were family problems, but ultimately there was Ziggy Stardust, the self-destructive alien rock star who mutated into the dangerously disturbed Aladdin Sane, only to resurface a couple of albums later as the jackbooted Thin White Duke.

In his attempt to challenge the expectations of his audience, Bowie single-handedly introduced theatre into rock. The price was high: in 1975 he had come close to ODing three times in one week and was so exhausted that he had to be helped from the stage at the end of a performance. His weight had plummeted to eight-and-a-half stone, and by the Eighties Bowie looked set to become another rock'n'roll suicide, a man terrified to be himself.

He says he went through a 'complete, catastrophic emotional breakdown' at the tail-end of this period, but against all odds he survived. He gave up drugs and moved from LA to Europe, where he settled for a while in West Berlin. Here he wrote and recorded the depressingly gloomy, yet excellent, *Low* album.

Tiring of life in that divided city, Bowie moved to the peace, tranquillity and sanity of Switzerland, establishing a rapport with his son Zowie and taking up health food and skiing.

He moved into acting on stage, taking on the demanding role of John Merrick in the Broadway production of *The Elephant Man* for six months. He did so with distinction; one critic described the 'restrained tortured eloquence' with which Bowie portrayed the hideously deformed Merrick.

He also undertook *The Serious Moonlight Tour* which, though musically unadventurous, proved to be commercially his most successful yet.

Nowadays Bowie prefers to spend much of his time in Britain.

'London is my base,' he says, reaching for a glass of carrot juice. 'I need the energy there, you know? There's always this feeling of anti-desperation there. Sometimes I disguise myself and wander around London trying to get my roots back. The early days were such a natural high for me.'

> **“ Young performers ask me how to get started, I always tell them to go to LA and work every club, bar and whorehouse to get themselves noticed. ”**

Despite his current contentment with the capital Bowie admits that it's a difficult place for musicians to get a break. 'It's very hard to get a gig together there. In the early days I met a wall of negativity. Young performers ask me how to get started, I always tell them to go to LA and work every club, bar and whorehouse to get themselves noticed.'

So what of the future?

'I'm working on a video for my next album. I think it will surprise a lot of people. It sounds very Fifties.. There are several film scripts which I'm reading, but as I said I'm very cautious at the moment.'

Bowie parks his knife and fork carefully on the edge of his plate.

'My son is the centre of my universe,' he concludes, getting up to leave the table. 'In fact he's responsible for my getting my act together. I wanted to be there for him.'

THE GOBLIN WHO FELL TO EARTH

DAVID CURRIE reviews Bowie's misadventure in Wonderland

DAVID BOWIE used to reject film roles which called upon him to animate guitar strumming aliens. His curious casting as Jareth, a wicked song-and-dance goblin king in *Labyrinth* must therefore be considered something of an unfortunate final sigh of acceptance.

Labyrinth is the brainchild of *Muppet* mastermind **Jim Henson** and like his previous big screen creature-feature, *The Dark Crystal*, it is high on special effects, low on plot and decidedly middle ground on humour.

In essence the film concerns a young girl Sarah (played unconvincingly by newcomer **Jennifer Connelly**) poised on the threshold of womanhood though still clutching on to teddy bears and story books. Jealous of her parents' affections for her baby brother, she calls upon a gaggle of goblins to spirit him away. What then follows is a race against a 13-hour clock as Sarah, taunted and hindered by Jareth, confronts the challenge of a huge, winding labyrinth populated by Henson's biomechanical creations with the ultimate aim to reach Jareth's castle and rescue her kidnapped brother.

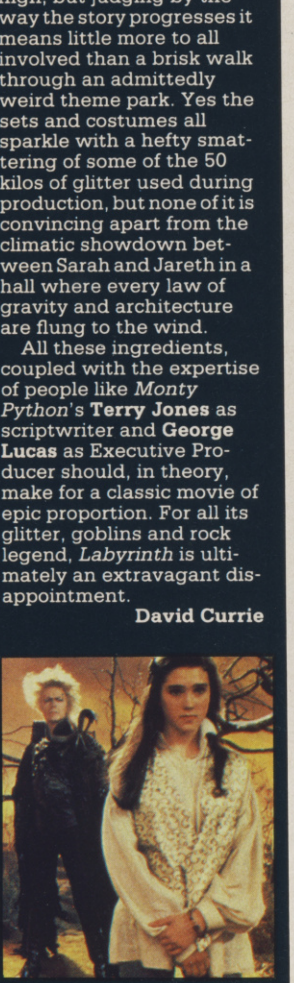
As one would expect the effects and wizardry of this make-believe world are flawless and, at times, inspired but the film quickly loses its sense of wonderment and instead of sympathising with Sarah's plight you begin to wish her brother would turn into a hungry goblin and repay her indiscretions with interest.

Amid this computer game scenario lurk five uninspiring new Bowie compositions which best reveal the age of the audience this film is tailored for — ie very, very young. *Labyrinth* is full of good intentions; namely Henson's desire to produce something beyond the limitations of *The Muppets* in the form of an homage to traditional childrens' tales, an all-round mystical family entertainment — a *Wizard Of Oz* for the Eighties if you like. Less laudable though is Bowie's bizarre bid to become an all-round family entertainer. I find it difficult to imagine what benefits David Bowie considers to be gained from accepting such a throwaway role.

Labyrinth's main failing lies with Henson's inability to inject any pacing. The race is on, the stakes are high, but judging by the way the story progresses it means little more to all involved than a brisk walk through an admittedly weird theme park. Yes the sets and costumes all sparkle with a hefty smattering of some of the 50 kilos of glitter used during production, but none of it is convincing apart from the climatic showdown between Sarah and Jareth in a hall where every law of gravity and architecture are flung to the wind.

All these ingredients, coupled with the expertise of people like *Monty Python*'s **Terry Jones** as scriptwriter and **George Lucas** as Executive Producer should, in theory, make for a classic movie of epic proportion. For all its glitter, goblins and rock legend, *Labyrinth* is ultimately an extravagant disappointment.

David Currie



CRACKED ACTOR

The vast bulk of David Bowie's thespian activities has gone unseen by his British followers. But this doesn't reflect a lack of interest in The Thin White One's aspirations to screen stardom; it's simply that Britain's film distributors move in mysterious ways. And now that most Bowie movies are available on video, CURTIS HUTCHINSON can hit the pause button and look in on a celluloid career . . .

UNLIKE just about every other pop star who's ventured into acting, Bowie has rarely played safe, and his choice of projects has been eclectic. While this is all very laudable his film performances have, by and large, confused and disappointed more often than impressed or entertained.

But Bowie's theatre and TV work has been more encouraging; his best notices have come for his extraordinary portrayal of John Merrick, the deformed 'elephant man' of Victorian England, in the American stage production of Bernard Pomerance's play *The Elephant Man*. Where John Hurt needed complex prosthetics to play Merrick in the film, Bowie gave an equally compassionate portrayal in nothing more than a skimpy loincloth.

Next came his equally impressive title role as the amoral, womanising murderer in the BBC TV adaptation of Bertholt Brecht's *Baal*; it's regarded as a difficult part for any actor to tackle, but Bowie seemed to take it in his stride.

These performances, along with his masterly lead in *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, gave rise to some great expectations for Bowie's acting career. But, sadly, they have yet to be fulfilled. His subsequent choice of roles has become more and more off-beat; now he's content with pointless extended cameos.

And more disturbing is Bowie's latest venture into the song-and-dance world of family entertainment. David Bowie the all-round entertainer may have arrived . . . but whatever happened to David Bowie the actor?

The Image (1969)

Directed by Michael Armstrong
NME

A genuine Bowie oddity. This 14-minute X-certificate short features a 20-year-old Bowie as the doomed subject of a crazed painter. Shot in black and white, the film consists largely of Bowie standing silently at a rain-splattered window.

Sounds dull, eh? Well, it is.

The Image was made in 1967 for the arthouse circuit and appeared briefly in 1969, the year of Bowie's first hit single, *Space Oddity*. The film re-emerged over ten years later on a video sold through *NME*; even so, it's still something of a collector's item. File under dispensable Sixties paranoia.

Love You Till Tuesday (1969)

Directed by Malcolm J Thompson
Channel 5

Shot on a shoestring as a TV showcase but never screened. Bowie runs through a selection of his songs, including an off-key *Space Oddity*, and performs a twee mime. Fascinating stuff.

The Man Who Fell To Earth (1976)

Directed by Nicolas Roeg
Screen Entertainment

Okay, okay, I know Bowie also had a walk-on part in *The Virgin Soldiers* (1968), but I've freeze-framed the film dozens of times and haven't spotted him. In fact, I'm so convinced he ended up on the cutting-room floor that I'll give a Bowie-related prize to the first person who can produce positive identification of the elusive scene.

To all intents and purposes *The Man Who Fell To Earth* was Bowie's feature-film debut. Judging by Bowie's subsequent remarks on his physical and mental state during production, his zombie-like performance as the spaced-out, marooned alien required little or no acting.

But even so the casting was ideal. A surprisingly uncharismatic, blank-faced Bowie drifts through the proceedings, flashes his artificial willy (the newt-like beings from his stricken planet appear to be neutered), gets laid, gets drunk and watches TV — all the healthy pursuits of an Earthbound slob.

Just A Gigolo (1978)

Directed by David Hemmings
Channel 5

Undoubtedly the low point of Bowie's flirtation with film. His minimalist approach to acting may have seen him through *The Man Who Fell To Earth* — he was after all playing an alien — but in *Just A Gigolo* his identical interpretation of the young Prussian officer returning from the battlefields of the First World War is excruciatingly awful and positively painful to watch.

It appears that Bowie did the film as a favour for actor-turned-director David Hemmings, but he shouldn't have bothered — a thought echoed by the man himself, who later disowned the sorry affair as his 'thirty-two Elvis Presley movies rolled into one'.

Christiane F (1978)

Directed by Ulrich Edel
Channel 5

Live footage of Bowie performing tracks from the *Heroes* album was edited into this moving story about a teenage drug addict, set against the stark background of West Berlin.

The Hunger (1983)

Directed by Tony Scott
MGM/UA

A slight change of tack here. After his blunder in *Just A Gigolo*, Bowie wisely bounced back with a supporting role, playing Catherine Deneuve's doomed lover in this chic tale of modern day vampires.

Bowie's role here is short and sweet, but it is to his credit that the movie loses its momentum once he has been killed off.

Incidentally, this was Tony Scott's (Ridley's brother) first feature film after a distinguished career in TV commercials — hence the film's over-glossy look and the repeated image of billowing curtains. The movie flopped but Scott was to have more success with his second feature, *Top Gun*.

Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence (1983)

Directed by Nagisa Oshima
Channel 5

In Major Jack Celliers Bowie found the ideal character, with the right script and director. Everything gels and, what's more, Bowie emerges head and shoulders above a very strong cast which includes the likes of Tom Conti, Jack Thompson and Ryuchi Sakamoto.

Bowie plays a New Zealander who, wracked by guilt over a childhood indiscretion committed against his brother, joins the army at the outbreak of the Second World War in the vain hope that he might be killed in action. An honourable death on the battlefield is deprived him when he's taken prisoner by the Japanese; the rest of the film deals with the way in which he finally achieves his redemption.

Undeniably Bowie's finest celluloid moments.

Yellowbeard (1983)

Directed by Mel Damski
Rank

The story goes that Bowie was sunning himself on an exotic beach when he was befriended by an assortment of Monty Python renegades. Bowie was talked into making a cameo in their celebrity-laden pirate caper.

For the record, then, Bowie — with a shark's fin inexplicably attached to his back — appears as a rating in just one scene, utters his line and, like the film, disappears without a laugh.

Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars (1984)

Directed by
D A Pennebaker
Screen Entertainment

Excellent concert film documenting Bowie's final appearance as Ziggy Stardust at the packed Hammersmith Odeon in 1974.

Jazzin' For Blue Jean (1984)

Directed by Julien Temple
Picture Music International

A lively extended promo for the Blue Jean single which had a theatrical outing supporting *Company of Wolves*. Bowie has two roles, one as a nerd who chats up a girl in a pub, promising to introduce her to a rock star . . . and the other as the drugged-out singer. Nice tongue-in-cheek send-up.

Into the Night (1985)

Directed by John Landis
CIC

Hit-and-miss comedy thriller about a young couple on the run. As with all John Landis films (he's the man behind *The Blues Brothers* and *Spies Like Us*), the main area of interest is spotting the bit players, including unknown film directors and the odd well-known rock star. Bowie is featured in a couple of scenes as a cut-throat killer who's after Michelle Pfeiffer — who isn't?

Absolute Beginners (1986)

Directed by Julien Temple
Palace

Again Bowie opts for a supporting role, this time as a smooth-talking mid-Atlantic businessman who makes his money by selling trends. Bowie's showpiece, though by no means the best sequence in the film, is the *That's Motivation* number which has him singing and dancing on a giant typewriter. Great stuff.

Whistle Down The Wind

NOTHING is confirmed yet, but there are strong indications that David Bowie is planning a world tour for 87.

Rumours of the tour have been rife for months, and though the official word is still 'no comment' it seems only a matter of time before the tour is announced.

A world tour would give Bowie his first proper dates since the *Serious Moonlight* shows of 83. Since those gigs (which included two performances at the Milton Keynes Bowl), Bowie has made guest appearances at Live Aid and in a Tina Turner show at the Birmingham NEC.

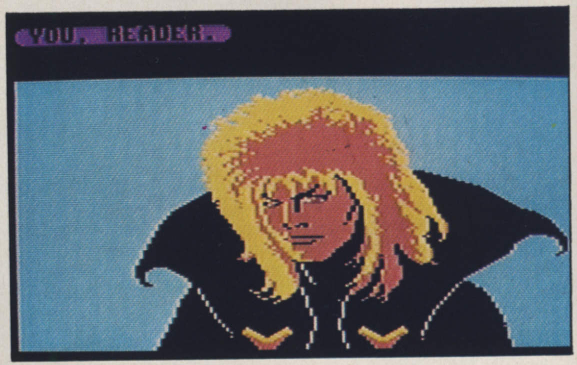
A new Bowie tour would probably coincide with a new Bowie LP, but again the details are hazy.

In the meantime, the *When The Wind Blows* film soundtrack LP is due in the shops before Christmas. The LP — which includes Bowie's recent single as its title track — also features songs from Roger Waters, Paul Hardcastle, Hugh Cornwall, Squeeze and Genesis. The film, based on Raymond Briggs's best-selling cartoon book about post-Bomb life and death, will be released in the UK in January.

PAUL STRANGE

FANTASTIC VOYAGE

With a game like this, who needs films (or music, or carrot juice)? ROGER KEAN and joystick take on Jareth in the computer version of LABYRINTH, an animated game of hide-and-seek.



'We know all there is to know about you!' A PIXEL-ATED Bowie as Jareth.

BEING a rock star simply isn't enough these days. Being a luminary of stage or screen is positively passé. In fact, Being There isn't sufficient at all any more, unless you're also the star of a computer game.

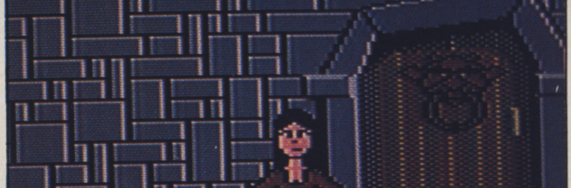
Grand is the Hall Of Game Fame: a glittering array of twinkling names pixel-ated, raster-fied and generally ROMmed up to super-stardom on the small, animated computer screen. We've had James Bond, we've had Superman, we've had Dusty Bin and we're about to get Brian Clough. David Bowie can heave a sigh of relief, sit back and relax — he's in with the big ones, for now he's a computer game too.

At least. Bowie's a computer *star*, in the persona of Jareth the Goblin king, linchpin of **Lucasfilm**'s fifth and latest game.

Here in Britain, *Labyrinth — The Computer Game* (for Commodore 64/128) is marketed by **Activision**; the company's association with Lucasfilm has paid dividends in the past with games like *Koroni's Rift* and *The Eidolon*, but this is the first game programmed by Lucasfilm to be based on one of their own films, and it'll be interesting to see how it does.

Certainly, from preview copies *Labyrinth — The Computer Game* looks more promising than *Labyrinth* — The Film. It's a mixture of a game, with arcade and adventure elements based around many devious and humorous word and logic puzzles, all played out by large and beautifully animated characters taken from the film. These include Ludo, Hoggle, Sir Didymus and, of

Lost and alone in the labyrinthine corridors, you risk becoming a slave forever if you fail to find Jareth within 13 hours.



course, Jareth.

Labyrinth begins with a simple text adventure (but nearly everything is joystick/icon-driven), which has you wandering around, returning home and seeing an advert on the television for a new cinema blockbuster called — *Labyrinth*. Self-publicity is all.

Off you go, in search of the cinema. Realism dictates that before the film starts you should buy some popcorn and be forced to chat with the obnoxious person next to you. And then the film begins . . . and so does the adventure proper.

David Bowie, as Jareth, appears and speaks: 'YOU! in the front row. We've been watching you for some time now. We know all there is to know about you . . . '

Jareth explains your quest: you must enter the labyrinth, make your way to Jareth's castle, and there confront him. The journey throws the player into some superbly designed locations, where Hoggle is encountered. Without his help you may never find your way through the labyrinthine corridors, some lined with playable piano keys, others with stone faces set into them, telling you 'turn back'.

Two characters, Alph and Ralph, pose logic problems in the form of truth games based on alternate choices, while the Wise Old Man offers a cryptic clue to help you find which of nine portals is the real exit.

As light relief from all this mind-boggling adventuring, there are some arcade sequences. In one you have to rescue Ludo, who hangs upside-down from a tree set in a small maze. Two goblins patrol this maze, and force you to dispose of them first; yellow trapdoors which change colour when you run over them must be turned red, and the goblins will fall through.

Jareth has only allowed 13 hours for you to unlock the secrets of the Labyrinth and seek him out — and failure to do so within the time limit results in perpetual slavery for the player.

Labyrinth — The Computer Game is available on disk at £14.95 for the Commodore 64 and 128. Sadly, the complexity of the game makes it seem unlikely that it will appear in a cassette-loading version. Conversions to other machines are being considered, with the Amstrad being the most likely.

ABSOLUTELY AT THE BEGINNING . . .
THE VERY FIRST LM VIDEO COMPETITION !

WIN A COPY OF *Absolute Beginners*

WHEN *Absolute Beginners* came out in April, most critics shot it out of the sky; it paid the price for being over-hyped. However rumour has it that some paying punters actually enjoyed the movie, our very own man-in-a-trenchcoat, Simon Poulter, reckons it was one of the best musicals he's *ever* seen (after *The Pyjama Game, Showboat* and *Midnight On The Orient Express*).

For this shameless admission we removed his boots and chained him to his green screen, gave him five copies of the new *Absolute Beginners* video and ordered him to devise a cryptic LM competition so that we can get rid of the damn things.

LM: What could be more exciting than a one-way ticket to Ludlow courtesy of Roger Kean's used-notes expenses pot?

READER: Champagne and oysters with Jean Alexander?

LM: Wrong farty. Winning your own copy of *Absolute Beginners*.

READER: Gasp. But how?

LM: Easy, you just answer these easy questions:-

1) Which absolute beginner made his film debut as Colin?
2) Which luscious, pouting, gorgeous, sexy, horny *(steady, -Ed)* female person played Colin's girlfriend?
3) Ray Davies stars as Colin's dad. Which mega famous Sixties band does he front?
4) Pop mogul Harry Charms is in real life best known for making rude gestures at Una Stubbs and Michael Parkinson, he's also lent his name to the cockney rhyming slang for flaired trousers. Who is he?
5) On which infamous Sex Pistols film did Julien Temple make his directorial debut?

Well that's the easy bit out of the way, all you have to do now is fill in this coupon, cut it out (or send a photocopy if you don't want to deface this collector's edition of LM) and bung it off to us here at LM. Entries should be sent to ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS, LM, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB to arrive no later than 22 December. We'll pick the correct entries out of Simon Poulter's size ten boots, and the first five will each win an *Absolute Beginners* video.

LM says get weavin . . .

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS COMPETITION

I reckon I'm so damned clever I must have won, but just in case I have, it would be useful if the video cassette I may have won matched my video machine, which is (please tick):

FORMAT: VHS ☐ BETA ☐

Anyway, here are my answers:

1 ....
2 ....
3 ....
4 ....
5 ....

Name ....
Address ....
....
....
Postcode ....

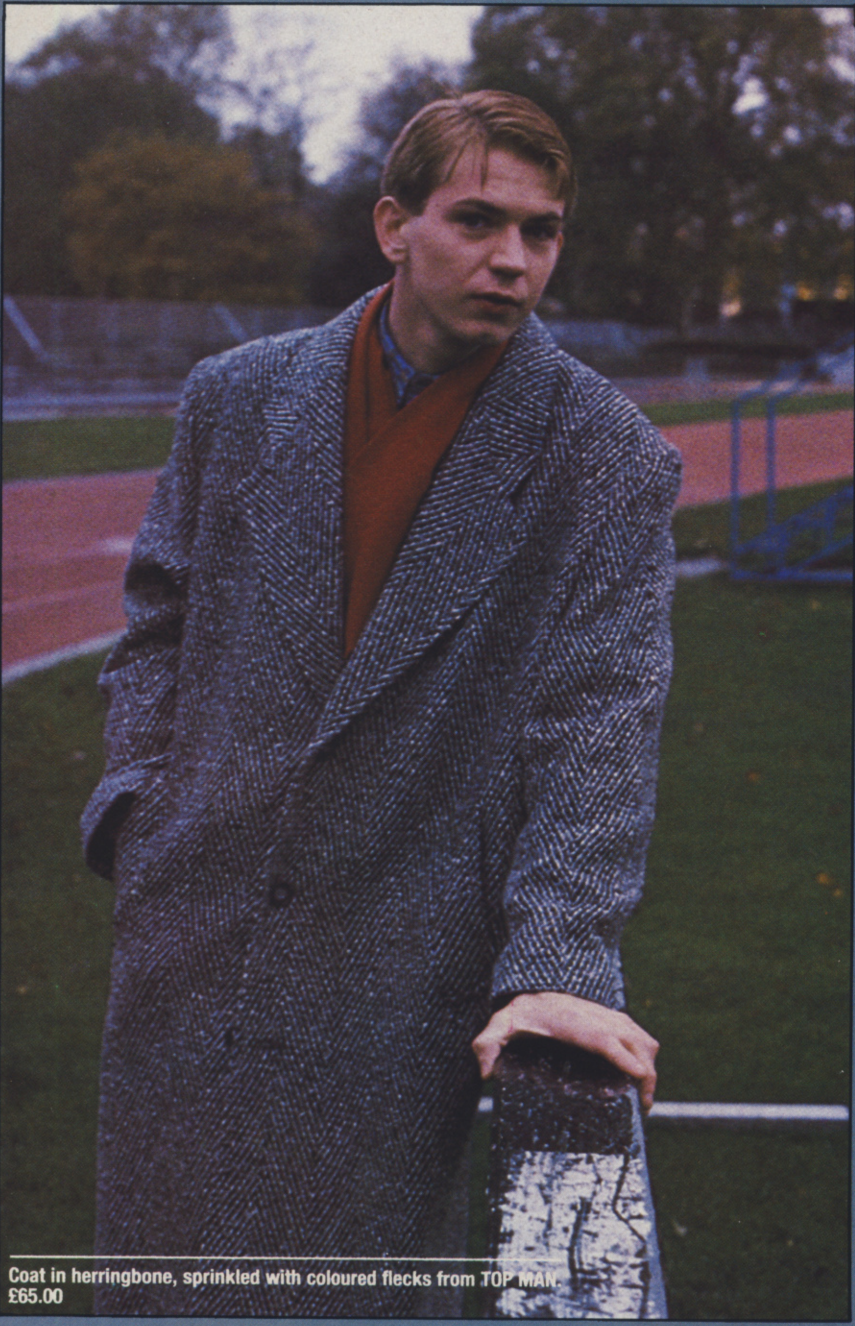
EUROMAX
PROFESSIONAL
PRO ACE
COMPETITION JOYSTICK
Joyball
EUROMAX
MICRO ACE
WIZ CARD

For the sophisticated games player

Contact your nearest computer store for details on full range or clip the coupon.
Prices from £8.95 — £69.95

Euromax Electronics Ltd.,
FREEPOST Pinfold Lane,
Bridlington.
YO16 5XR
☎ **0262 602541**
Access Accepted

Please send me full details.
Name ....
Address ....
....



Coat in herringbone, sprinkled with coloured flecks from TOP MAN.
£65.00

THE JOY OF FLECKS

Get more for your cashmere with AMANDA WRAY as she goes off the rails in search of a serious wrap. Pictures by BEEZER.

WHAT does the word 'overcoat' conjure up in the average male's frozen imagination? Some raw and chilling vista of trailing trenchcoats, overripe afghans and the odd dull duffle, perhaps?

Time to wrap up your parky preconceptions — it's not just the economic climate that's looking bleak. Leave the perfect He-man shivering in his T-shirt, for the Great Coat Revival is upon us. From dreadnoughts to fearnoughts, from Chesterfields to check coats, from mohair to dog-hair, here's a seasonal guide to the best (and worst) winter wrappers around.

MAN AT C&A

Despite the odd (very odd) gem of a garment, this much-maligned chain-store still depends on despised labels in the Younger Set and Classic Gent line. Ignore the ignominy and discover a double-breasted, belted tweedy number in dark or light grey. Half wool, half synthetic, with widish lapels, this one comes in herringbone or 'fleck' and goes for **£59.99**. Think on this possible improvement: collar turned UP, belt KNOTTED, and trilby pulled LOW for that 'I don't shop at Man At C&A' look. NB: beware mock flying jackets lined in, yes, red fake fur! *So* kitsch. Tethered to an electric chain, they'll most likely fry your fingers at the lightest curious touch.

NEXT

Most of the coats in this yuppy-infested emporium will leave you at least **£100** out of (your fully polyester-lined) pocket, so the best bet is to head straight for the macs. Pick of the bunch is a plain cotton job which hangs loosely to just below knee-length. No frills here, apart from a corduroy collar; it's single-breasted with a quilted paisley lining (cuts a dash in high winds . . .) and, for types who hate greasy cuffs and necks, it's washable. Definitely the 'cuddly casual' look, in stone or green, it comes in small, medium or large, and costs **£49.99**.

GEE2

Flecks, flecks, and more flecks. You enter the premises and you'd fancy yourself in an Isle of Wight sandstorm if it weren't for the pounding disco beat assailing your tympanic membrane. Two choices here fall within our price range. First, there's a very plain, dead straight, black and white dog's-tooth check affair, not unlike a carpet; synthetic/natural mix fabric, and dotty satin lining. Then there's a tweedy, lumpy 'blue and black fleck on grey' number in 50 per cent polyester, 40 per cent wool and '10 per cent floor scrapings' — the salesman said it, not me! Both around **£65**. These coats are more charity-shop than chain-store — and the fancier they are, the cheaper they are. Result: not only is your morale reduced by going round with empty pockets, but the pockets belong to a coat better suited to a Crufts champion than your average pale male.

COLES

Traditional single-breasted 65-per-cent-cashmere overcoats in plain colours. At **£80** these were the cheapest new cashmeres I found (and you should be able to pick up very tasty cashmere seconds for under **£40**). Then you have the showerproof look in, wait for it, cashmere and

▷

nylon! From the sublime to the ridiculous? Thigh-length, zip-fronted, quilted lining, attached hood with drawstring — it sounds like something out of an SM manual. Also for the outdoor type is the 'flasher' mac — yes, they've gone official. Is it really such a popular pursuit? Limp young men look cool in 100-per-cent-cotton stone-coloured macs with soft puffy lining. **£65**, and showerproof. Enough said.

TOP MAN

The fastest seller here is, staggeringly, a three-quarter-length cream duffle coat: hood, toggles and stripy lining all for **£50**. Part-mohair, it also comes in grey, blue, black, red or green. The dreaded duffle has trodden a long, weary path since Field Marshal Montgomery popularised it in World War Two. If you're NOT a red brick student setting a trend, then bypass this exquisite durable and go for one of Top Man's light, baggy, single-breasted overcoats for around **£50-£70**. Herringbone sprinkled with coloured flecks is definitely flavour of the season (ie common as muck). Apparently, men tend to go for the darker shades, so why not break out and buy light — you've nothing to lose but drycleaner's bills . . .

BURTONS

More conservative here, and, one would expect, better quality, maintaining a traditional rather than a fashionable image. But it's a disappointing selection. Plump, perhaps, for a single-breasted simple navy overcoat with what resembles dog hairs all over it. The effect is strangely appealing, and the coat begs to be stroked! Only 35 per cent wool (can't be genuine canine), it does right up to the neck and costs **£50**. Otherwise go for, yes, let's hear it, a FLECKED herringbone tweed ('absolutely *vogue*,' eager assistants assure me) with a flapping lapel that just may curl in a February fog. Belted, and just below knee-length, this costs **£70**. Burtons have a larger range of sizes than the 'fashion' shops, from Lean Man (34'' chest) up to Large Man (44'' chest).

CAMDEN LOCK MARKET

If you live in London or the South-East, Camden Lock weekend market sells a vast selection of overcoats, mostly secondhand. Harris tweeds, gaberdines, leathers, Crombies, military motorbike coats, opera coats, frock coats, camel coats, greatcoats and not-so-great coats — the choice bedazzles. Check carefully for stains, holes, sweaty linings and frayed bits, and always try bargaining a few quid off the asking price.

Among the most prominent and permanent in Camden Lock are **Robin Betts and Antonio Perez**, in the black shed; they sell homemade, peacock-lined 'multi-wool pleat coats' for **£65**, and double-breasted Prince of Wales check coats for a bit more. The stuff's original, with that 'homespun' look.

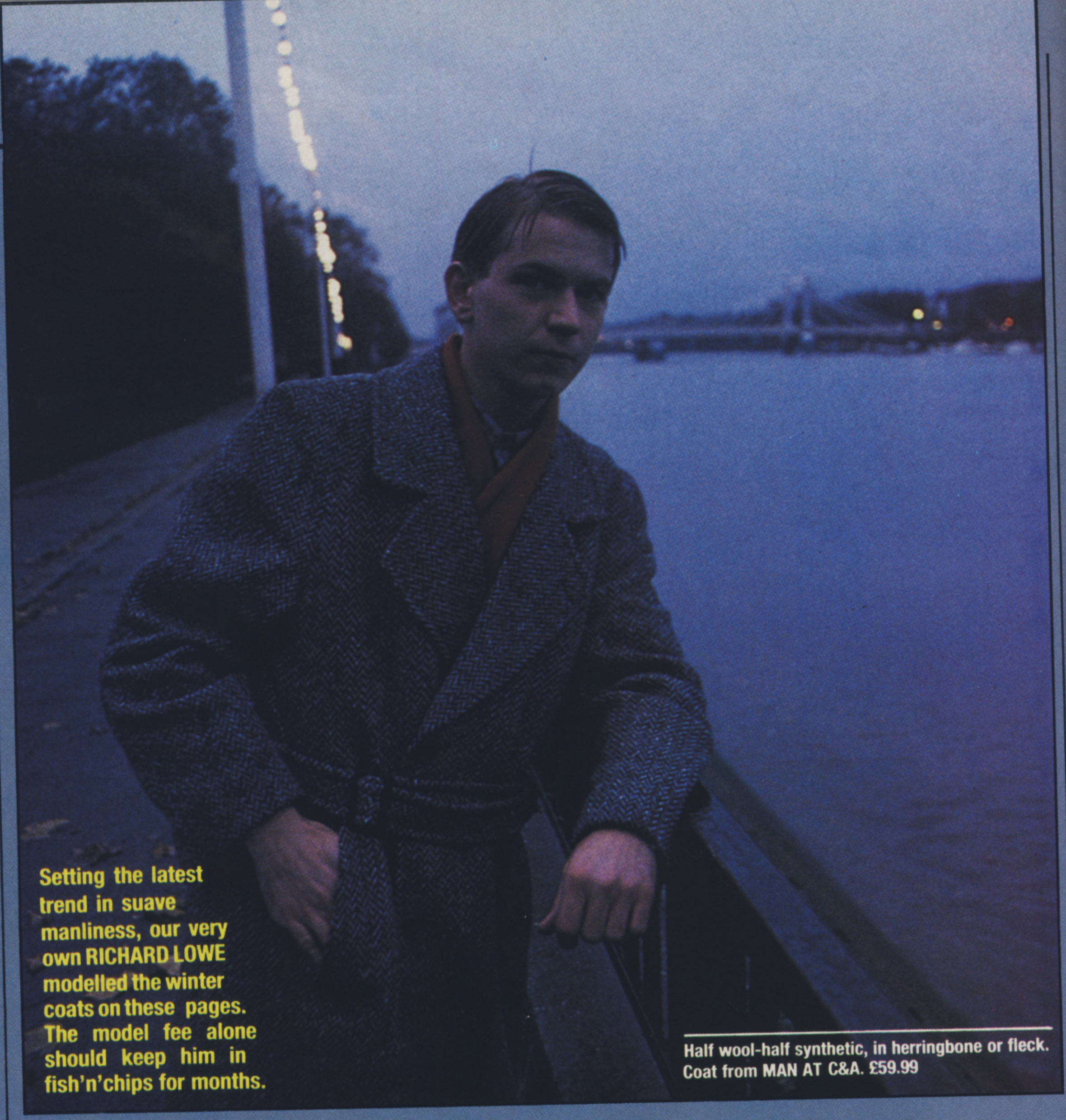
Chris Jay, also in the black shed, sells long, belted Second World War motorbike macs in heavy gaberdine (**£15-£20**), leather army coats (strong shoulder muscles required) **£75**, and chunky pepper-and-salt all-wool coats, **£25**. These are common all over Camden and **£25** should be your upper limit.

Sally Johnson, in the white shed, specialises in 'no tat' quality men's gear. I'm in nirvana among her pure wool overcoats **£30**, tailcoats **£35**, cashmere and Scottish Crombies **£45**!

Get your skates on — this stall's a must.

In the alley, **Red Or Dead** can offer new three-quarter-length duffles in white or navy for **£29**. And if you thought Pavarotti was an Australian meringue, visit **Genovese** in the outside thoroughfare and try their long, dark, fitted Twenties opera coats. Velvet-collared and ultra-smart, you'll pay **£25** to look just the ticket.

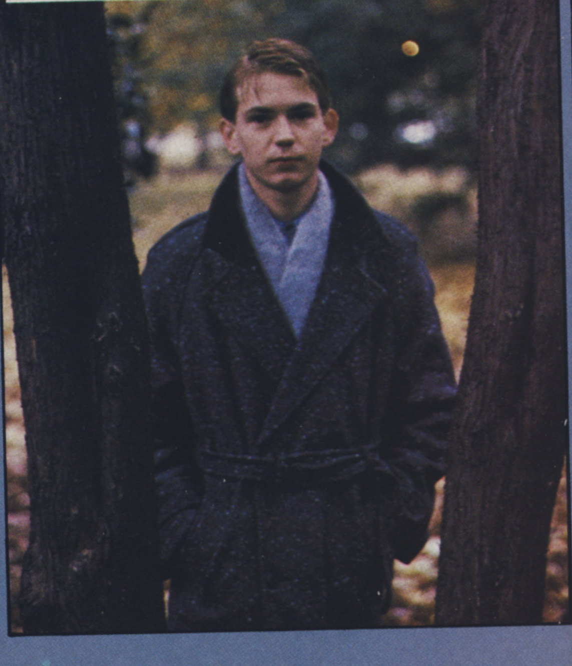
You'll have the last laugh strolling around in one of these tailor-made creations while the posers pay twice as much for something that'll only fall apart next season.



Setting the latest trend in suave manliness, our very own RICHARD LOWE modelled the winter coats on these pages. The model fee alone should keep him in fish'n'chips for months.

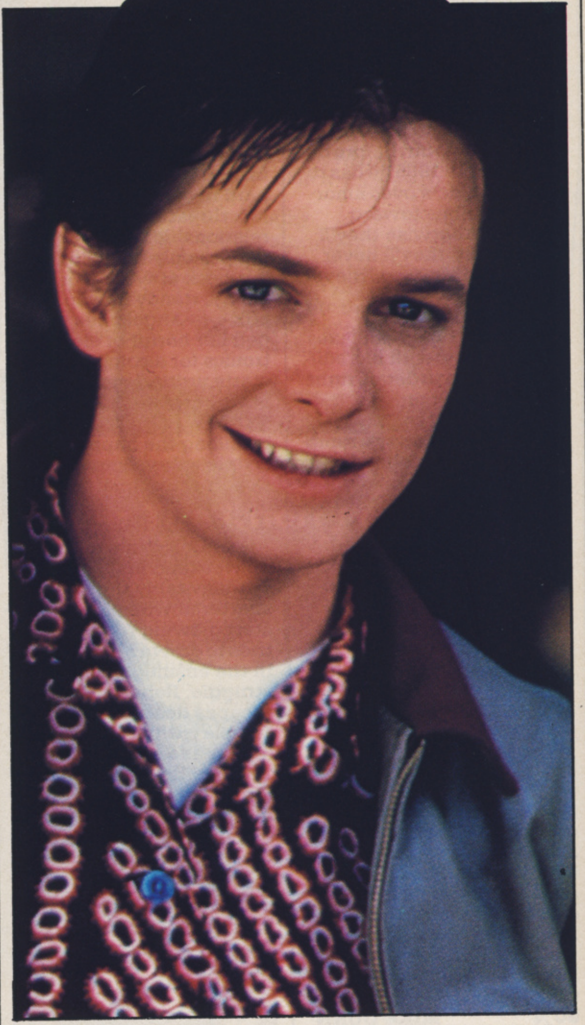
Half wool-half synthetic, in herringbone or fleck. Coat from MAN AT C&A. £59.99

Flecked, herringbone tweed from BURTONS. £59.99



Reviews

Doc Brown — Mad Professor (Chris Lloyd) hangs by a thread from time itself.



Flavour-of-the-month — Michael J Fox.

Video

MICHAEL J FOX

Back To The Future

CIC 113 mins PG

MARTY McFLY (flavour-of-the-month star **Michael J Fox**) is an average American schoolkid with average parents, George and Lorraine (**Crispin Glover** and **Lee Thompson**). There's nothing really special about him — he leads an unexciting life in a small American town, is consistently late for school, has a nice girlfriend and plays in a rather dodgy rock band called The Pinheads. The only unusual thing about Marty is his pal, the unsuccesful inventor Doc Brown (the marvellous **Chris Lloyd**).

One night the Doc calls Marty and tells him to come to Twin Pines Mall, to see his new invention — a time-machine built from a De Lorean car.

But it doesn't pay to tamper with De Loreans. Marty is inadvertently sent back into the past, to 5 November 1955. He discovers that there's not enough power in the time-machine for a return trip, and starts looking for a much younger Doc Brown, who might help him get back to the future.

Before finding the Doc, however, Marty accidently saves his teenage father from being hit by a car and takes the bump himself. Unconscious, he's carried into the driver's house and nursed back to health by a beautiful teenage girl who's fallen in love with him; trouble is, she's his future mum!

Marty manages to escape her clutches and finds the Doc, but before he can return to 1985 he has to turn Lorraine's over-amorous attentions toward George, otherwise they'll never meet, they'll never marry, and Marty will never exist . . .

The hilarious possibilities of time parallaxes are exploited with incredible attention to detail, right down to the Ronnie Reagan picture showing at the local movie-house. Marty's romp through the past has far-reaching future consequences, and the film has to be watched a couple of times to catch all the subtleties.

Director **Robert Zemeckis** has done a great job; the acting is superb, the action rushes along at breakneck speed, and the brilliant climax leaves the way wide open for a sequel. I can't wait!

95% JULIAN RIGNALL

■ ***Dodging the sister drooling all over Michael J Fox, I managed to enjoy this absorbing film as much on video as in the cinema. The plot is original, and the ending works well enough;*** Back To The Future ***is well worth getting out.***

90% MIKE DUNN

■ ***This mixture of science fiction, skateboards and Fifties nostalgia is very nearly a perfect entertainment film. The script is wittily clever, especially with the temporal jokes surrounding the central conundrum of time travel, and the action can hardly be faulted. And it's one of those films which appear to be simple, lightweight, fast fun, but hide a disturbing ability to keep popping scenes into your mind for days.***

85% ROGER KEAN

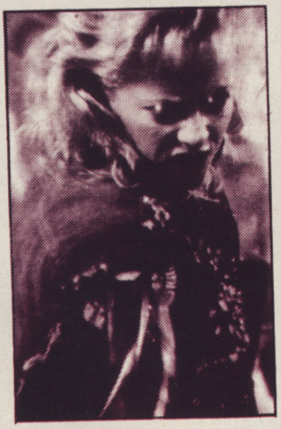
Annihilator

CIC Video 90 mins 15

ANGELA TAYLOR, a 'beautiful, lovely' Angeleno who works and lives with her English boyfriend Robert, wins a week's holiday in Hawaii. On her return to LA, Flight 508 disappears off the radar — but her plane reappears an with the passengers apparently none the worse for their delay. However, Angela (**Catherine Mary Stewart**) is no longer human, an unromantic little quirk which Robert (**Mark Lindsay Chapman**) finds it hard to overlook.

It threatens their relationship. At first he notices only her coldness, but back at work — a very flashy, trendy newspaper office — Angela has swapped her horror of electronics for a computer and starts writing pro-vivisectionist articles. She carries this new hobby a trifle far by killing the happy couple's dog, Boots, telling Robert the animal was run over.

To soothe Robert's grief, Angela suggests a romantic weekend in the wilds. But inevitably the idyll is shattered when her eyes start glowing red and she tries to drown him in a lake. In the ensuing bloody struggle, Robert narrowly escapes death and flattens Angela with the car, revealing her as a maniac robot (or 'Dynamatard') in human form. The car and mechanoid Angela explode — a pity, since this hides the evidence that Robert has saved the world, and the police think he's a simple murderer.



Annihilator opens in flashback with police cars chasing Robert through the city streets and into the arms of a mysterious woman who hides him and to whom he confides his unbelievable tale. The film then follows their attempts to track down the rest of the Dynamatards on Flight 508's passenger list.

'Do you like tofu-burgers?' the pre-change Angela asks Robert as they sit down to eat to the strains of Nik Kershaw. The deathly demi-veg, very 'here-and-now' dialogue is typical of the film. Nothing rings true.

Oddest of all is the sudden, inexplicable MTV-style pop promo sequence that pops up in the middle of the film accompanying David Bowie's *Ashes To Ashes*. Did Bowie lend his name to this?

Mark Chapman (whom I suspect of being Mark Lindsay Chapman) directs the stilted actors through a hilarious series of situations taken from any number of films. I detected traces of *Blade Runner*, *V*, *Coma* and *Return of the Living Dead* (a Dynamatard attacks Robert in a forest of naked, swaying manne- hour later, and lands safely quin bodies), and *Close Encounters* (a young boy builds a mountain from his food); and of course the whole derivative mess owes plenty to *Terminator*.

But unlike *Terminator*, this one has no guts, pace, or thrills, and it lacks director James Cameron's touch. *Annihilator* isn't quite exploitative rubbish, but it certainly is unsatisfying — and the ending reveals its origins as a failed TV-series pilot.

20% ROGER KEAN

■ ***Gosh! Wow! Freak out everybody! A cyborg invasion! What thrilling original stuff for a video! Despite the blurb on the cover, I didn't actually find this one all that bad. True, some scenes are predictable, but some are almost interesting. There could be more gore; when you expect to see guts plastered all over the screen, all you get is a few burnt-out PCBs. Oh well, it's worth a look if you can handle unoriginality.***

25% MIKE DUNN

■ Annihilator ***is a mish-mash of material poached from other movies, hardly captivating, and the wide-open ending left me unsatisfied. The film is well-shot, but all the gloss is lost in the blight of*** Terrahawks***-style acting.*** Annihilator ***is bad, banal and boring.***

40% JULIAN RIGNALL

EDDIE O'CONNELL, PATSY KENSIT

Absolute Beginners

Palace 107 mins 15

IT'S the long hot summer of 1958. Colin (Eddie O'Connell), a photographer with appalling clothes sense, is in his last teenage year. Life looks pretty rosy; he makes a living out of selling his pix, hangs out at Soho's hippest joints and is dating the highly desirable Suzette (Patsy Kensit).

But behind the glitzy facade of prosperous London is a sinister city. Fascist agitators are fomenting racial discord in Notting Hill; middle-aged businessmen are plotting to make a killing out of the new teen boom.

These intrusions from the outside world throw Colin's life into disarray after the opportunistic Suzette dumps him for Henley (James Fox), a wealthy and not altogether straight rag-trade king.

Don't be put off by the flimsy plot, straight out of Cliff Richard's *The Young One*; director Julien Temple uses the narrative merely to connect the musical interludes which make the film tick.

With production numbers like Patsy Kensit's finger-clicking *Having It All*, David Bowie's spirited *That's Motivation* and Ray Davies's show-stealing *Quiet Life* (claustrophobically shot in a cut-away house), all you have to do is hit the fast forward-button to get through the chunks of plot (or, if you're feeling really subversive, do a little home editing) and you're left with an instant party video.

Forget the flack, go rent it . . .

80% MANDY LAWSON

■ ***I thought*** Absolute Beginners ***was going to be a watershed movie; in the event it was something of a washout. Still, it's an enjoyable, vibrant film, from the virtuosity of Julien Temple's opening tracking shot to the climactic finale. An audacious movie that'll be a classic one day.***

95% CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ Absolute Beginners ***is a joyous delight, brimming with life, excitement, colour and spirit. Colin MacInnes's novel is, anyway; Julien Temple's much-hyped film treatment is a bitter disappointment, and despite its lavish production, painstaking attention to detail, wonderful soundtrack and skilful choreography it fails to do justice to the original.***

50% RICHARD LOWE

PERFECT SENSE

It is a dark and stormy night on Grovel Hill. The smell of burning martyrs hangs in the air. Gnarled peasant women are heard baying on the distant hills. The **LM** *editorial team huddles around a candle and a lukewarm Apricot . . .*

CH: So what's with all these percentages then, Paulie?
PS: It's a brill idea I had the other night while I was working out my expenses in the bath.
RL: Sounds a bit wet to me.
PS: No, it's a really groovy idea. We take a video, book or record, review it, then slap a wacky rating on at the end.
SP: But is it upfront enough?
PS: Yep. It's wild, rad, really alternative and it's going down now right here. (Pass the curry.) If you like what you've seen, read or heard, then you give it 100%, if you think it's a pile of toss then you're talking about 25% or under. Then we can get two other people to do alternative reviews, just like in **Zzap!**, **Crash** and **Amtix!**.

SYLVESTER STALLONE
Rocky IV

Warner Home Video 91 mins PG

IF World War Three could be fought on the movie screens of Western Europe, I'd sleep a lot safer.

The appalling *Red Dawn*, *Rambo*, and more recently *Top Gun* suggest that if the next one broke out the Americans would win it hands down. No surprise, then, to learn that Sylvester Stallone is a good chum of the Six-Gun Gipper of Capitol Hill.

Rocky IV is yet another exercise in Commie-bashing, packed with every cynical right-wing cliché ever conceived of outside the Pentagon.

There's the RUSSIAN, a ten-foot piece of Ukrainian nastiness. He's the BADDIE. Rocky Balboa is an AMERICAN boxer and therefore he's the GOODIE. Balboa is out to revenge the slaying of his sparring partner (and fellow AMERICAN, Apollo Creed) by the RUSSIAN.

So the scene is set, East v West in Moscow, and Rocky has the honour of his word to defend: 'I won't get hurt,' he promises his son. No such luck, eh?

Rocky, his coach and his father leave for the USSR to start training. Much iron is pumped and much sweat sprayed as the film contrasts the computerised techno-training of Drago with Rocky doing his bit, lifting heavy farm equipment, helping snowbound horse-and-traps and generally making do with The Little House On The Steppe for a gym.

All this physical bullshit builds to a crucial climax — THE FIGHT. And what a fight it is, 20 minutes of heavy slugging with some excruciating wallops coming over on the soundtrack, culminating in Drago's destruction and an emotive speech by Rocky IV . . . worra man!

If this is your first ever Rocky movie then you ain't missed anything; this dog's-breakfast would probably put you off cinema for good. Stallone's acting ability (or should that be disability?) is mirrored by his direction and, worse yet, his writing.

The guy is a movie cabbage. (But don't tell him I said so.)

20% SIMON POULTER

■ ***I find it sickening that this fascist bullshit is watched and enjoyed by human beings. It's crap like this that gives the Russians a legitimate excuse to lob a couple of SS-20s in our general direction. Stallone defeats a boxer who beats him in every conceivable physical asset — it's laughable. The acting is pretty poor all round, and it gets quite painful watching Sylvester Stallone's three brain cells going into overdrive as he tries to speak. Don't waste your time on this garbage.***

15% JULIAN RIGNALL

■ ***This one's packed with suspense: I wonder who's going to win?!! A very, very predictable film, with a rather unfortunate scenario: a seven-foot Russian getting beaten up by Stallone, whom he dwarfs.*** Rocky IV ***is much like the others in the series, and falls back too much on the previous films; Rocky reminisces a lot. On the other hand, if more of the same is all you want, then you'll love this.***

20% MIKE DUNN

PRINCE
Under The Cherry Moon

Warner Home Video 93 mins 15

A FILM BY PRINCE. That's what it says at the end of the ponderously slow opening credits and that's exactly what this is — Prince, more Prince and yet more Prince. The man's got a lot of balls if he's prepared to take *all* the blame for this abomination.

His Purpleness stars as an oily lounge-lizard/gigolo/musician in this lacklustre black-and-white outing to the playground of the international jet set on the French Riviera. As Christopher Tracy he aims to get rich and get laid (surprise, surprise), and like Bob Geldof he scores on both points.

But then the poor boy falls head-over-Cuban-heels for the English charms of Mary Sharon (Kristin Scott-Thomas). She's a spoilt heiress, of course, and mega-wealthy Daddy (Steven Berkoff, the respected British stage actor who insists on making a berk of himself in movies like *Rambo* and *Beverly Hills Cop*) will go to any lengths to keep the young lovers apart.

A bemused, though unembarrassed, Prince prances through the proceedings in eye-wateringly tight trousers and takes his shirt off quite a lot. The guy can't act but he sure can pose, and he treats each scene like some gloriously camp photo session; when someone feeds him a line he pauses, looks skywards and checks his coiffure before answering.

And what happened to all those songs? There are 17 numbers listed in the credits but you only ever hear the briefest incidental snatches. Weird.

Under The Cherry Moon is downright awful, though like so many turkeys it does have a certain charm; Prince plays for laughs and gets more than he's bargained for. But Christopher Tracy should stick to writing songs for The Bangles.

20%
CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■ ***After the triumph of*** Purple Rain ***HRH really comes a cropper with this pile of dog's-do. I spent the first half of the video waiting for it to burst into glorious Technicolor and it never happened; if I want to see a boring black-and-white film I can switch on BBC2.***

10% MARY LAWSON

■ ***Pretentious even by video standards, this draggy fantasy concentrates on a dull story at the expense of music. Buy the album and watch the cover;*** Under The Cherry Moon ***stinks.***

5% THE ZAPPER

PET SHOP BOYS

Disco

Parlophone

THIS IS cynically billed as the Pet Shop Boys' new album', but they're following the precedent set by Howard Jones and Go West and releasing an album of remixes, just in time for Christmas. Wizzo . . .

With a title that not even K-Tel have dared use, *Disco* is a collection of six remixes — four singles and two B-sides. Far and away the best tracks are Shep Pettibone's excellent remixes of *Love Comes Quickly* and the first PSB hit, *West End Girls*.

Pettibone (whose full name is almost an anagram of Pet Shop Boys) gives the first of these a harder, club-orientated feel, with a solid, pounding backbeat. The *West End Girls* remix is just an extension of the seven-inch which was one of the best records around a year ago; it's still more than welcome.

The remix of *Opportunities*, a twice-released hit-that-should-have-been, is as wonderful as the seven-inch. To appreciate the value of such a track just use this easy-to-follow **LM** guide: 1) Turn up stereo to optimum neighbour-annoyance level 2) Start music 3) Dance around room to barely-concealed concern of cohabitants/colleagues 4) Realise what a prat you look 5) Hide in convenient broom-cupboard until it's safe to come out.

Not far behind in my esteem is the Arthur Baker remix of *In The Night*, the B-side to *Love Comes Quickly*; it's a great funk of hi-energy Fairlight fun (hold that alliteration!), remarkably similar to *Opportunities*.

The Julian 'no relation' Mendelssohn remix of the recent hit *Suburbia* is the only real bloop on the album, featuring inexplicable barking dogs, explosions and breaking windows; try to imagine the Young Ones B-side crossed with the *EastEnders* theme . . .

Though at times they seem like an overdose of Sample and Sequence, we can look forward to the new Pet Shop Boys album currently in the works. And as this set is being sold as a budget-priced album it's well worth the time of all PSB freaks. Pass me that BOY cap!

80% SIMON POULTER

■ ***PSB have done nothing more for this cheeky album than rehashed six previously-released tracks, turned the drum machine up and gone for a walk. Seems they can't resist an opportunity to make money.***

10%
CURTIS HUTCHIN SON

■ ***A con, typical of the Pet Shop Boys; they get a couple of hits, think they're the bee's knees and then turn out this turgid load of toss. An embarrassing record, even at a budget price.***

-55% *PAUL STRANGE*

PAUL YOUNG

Between Two Fires

CBS

PAUL YOUNG has grown up. Gone are the teen popsters of his first two LPs and the epitaphs for Marvin Gaye and Otis Redding. Instead he puts rock, soul and R&B through the Hugh Padgham production microwave and cooks up a grown-up rock record of outstanding quality.

Padgham's influence is most notable on *Wonderland*, where the atmospherics and digitised percussion make Young sound a bit like Genesis. The opening track *Some People* could have been a Simple Minds outtake, while *Prisoner Of Conscience* has strong Heaven 17 overtones.

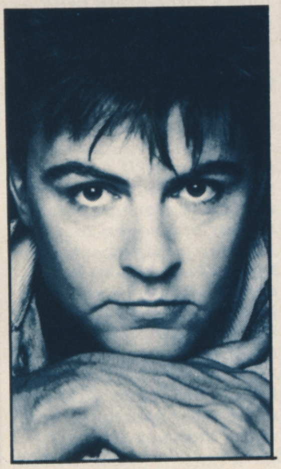
Young seems to be trying to prove himself to those who thought he was just trying to be a revivalist pop star, a sophisticated Shakin' Stevens. And he succeeds on this album.

The vocal is still Otis, casual Redding-esque grunts inserted as the music suggests. The music is 1986 white soul, completing the inevitable triptych of Young, Go West and of course Hall And Oates.

Welcome to the yuppie world, Paul.

70% SIMON POULTER

■ ***When you've struggled for years in a cabaret soul group that packed the punters into sweaty concert halls but failed to set the tills a-ringing and the charts ablaze, and you suddenly stumble on a formula that turns you into a wealthy chart-topper almost overnight, it's tempting to carry on mining the same rich seam. Paul Young's no fool and he's crafted an LP that will slot comfortably next to* No Parlez *and* The Secret Of Association *in every yuppy record rack. Very nice it is too: lots of interesting noises, heartfelt lyrics, a comfortable sound that might be the perfect backdrop to a game of Trivial Pursuit, and a cracking potential single in* Why Does A Man Have To Be Strong?.**



55% RICHARD LOWE

■ ***I'd never listened seriously to Paul Young and I was pleasantly surprised by* Between Two Fires. *This LP would go down well at a party; the music is easy to dance to and the tracks are well placed, with the best at the beginning and the worst toward the end. The lyrics live up to my image of Young — wishy-washy love songs and ballads about a lonely boy who's just been dumped by his missus. I couldn't listen to this for long, but it's good in small doses.***

75% BEN STONE

XTC

Skylarking

Virgin

NEVER in their long and distinguished career have XTC made a duff record. They've made a few mediocre ones (*Mummer* was a tad patchy and *English Settlement* rambled uncontrollably at times), but they've always managed to slip one or two glistening gems into each LP while keeping the quality control set high for all tracks.

But despite their laudable attention to detail, XTC have outlived their usefulness. When they perfected their distinctive and intricate blend of student pop (best highlighted on the classic *Black Sea* LP) they were already about six or seven years out of date; now they're beginning to sound senile.

Still, *Skylarking* is a good LP, and its thematic approach is intriguing. The opener, *Drowning In Summer's Cauldron*, billows in on banks of clicking crickets and modulating synths, producing a perfect picture of a heady, browmopping July afternoon in the countryside.

Just as you're about to drift off, the track segues effortlessly into *Grass*. Romantic rustic themes swirl and twirl as the song develops, finally fading into a reassertion of the opening cut. Pretty conceptual, man.

Ballet For A Rainy Day pulls us quickly into autumnal glory, while *1000 Umbrellas* shivers and shudders as the November heavens open, pouring discontent into a dying year.

Season Cycle — a bit of a corker — questions the natural powers that govern our lives, and restates the pastoral theme that dominates the LP's first side. Perhaps XTC should consider this one for their next single.

Side Two deals more directly with human experience. *Earn Enough For Us* tells of a young man's efforts to support his girl and his household, *Big Day* discusses the implications and complications of marriage, *Another Satellite* comments on the passing of years, and *Dying* is an overpowering, highly intimate view of our inevitable fate, provoked by the death of a loved one. Disturbing stuff.

The album's highlight is *The Man Who Sailed Around His Soul*. XTC tackle an unfamiliar musical area in this boisterous stab at cool jazz, and come up trumps. It's probably one of their finest tracks *ever*.

Like all XTC albums, *Skylarking* grows and improves with repeated plays. It could prove to be one of their biggest LPs to date. Get it.

75% PAUL STRANGE

■ ***XTC may be perennial misfits, but they make consistently interesting records; this time round it's pleasant soft-focus psychedelia, strongly reminiscent of mid-period Beatles. As ever, XTC have come up with a surefire commercial failure.***

65% RICHARD LOWE

■ ***The first time I listened to this XTC album I checked several times to see if my Walkman batteries were flat. The musical style may be strictly for fans, but the album's strongest point is the lyrics. The song-list gives an idea:*** In A Sacrificial Bonfire, Dying, That's Really Super, Supergirl***, and so on.***

65% MIKE DUNN

Round the Kemp fire

SPANDAU BALLET

Through The Barricades

CBS

THERE'S this 'eerie' intro bit — water running through a gutter, the click of heels on the pavement, a clap of thunder, etc — then a 'haunting' little piano ditty before the guitarist launches into a meaty power-chorded riff that Eddie Van Halen would be proud of . . . ah, it must be one of those conceptual heavy rock bands from the Seventies, or Elton John trying to be clever.

It's only when that familiar saxophone enters stage right that suspicions are aroused, and then the arrival of that unmistakable voice hammers home the awful truth . . . Spandau Ballet, the foppish suburban soulboys who used to heap so much unbridled scorn on those nasty, dirty, old-fashioned rockers, have turned into a bona fide made-for-MTV Rock Band.

I suppose the signs were there when Martin Kemp described Live Aid as 'the Woodstock of our generation' and, even earlier, in that Spandau appearance on *The Tube* which Gary Kemp obviously mistook for a Pete Townsend impersonation contest.

Never was a group so arrogant and self-assured as Spandau Ballet when they first emerged from the trendy London club scene in their velvet knickerbockers, offering a radical new alternative to dreary old rock'n'roll and vowing to change the face of 'youth culture' (whatever that may be).

And never has a group so blatantly and so brazenly gone back on their word.

The logic behind this transformation is a familiar and predictable one. Spandau will be billing the eight songs on this LP as their 'new', 'harder' sound, appropriate for the times, etc, but up in the CBS boardroom the executives and marketing men are no doubt rubbing their hands with glee, hailing *Through The Barricades* as the one that's going to turn Messrs Kemp, Kemp, Hadlee, Norman and Keeble into dollar millionaires, and anticipating a rich return on the considerable investment they've made in Spandau Ballet Limited.

And the best of luck to them. *Through The Barricades* may be dated, clich‰'ed, shallow, pompous mush-rock, but as dated, clich‰'ed, shallow, pompous mush-rock goes it's amusing and highly enjoyable.

You're probably familiar with the two singles this LP has already spawned: the would-be terrace anthem *Fight For Ourselves* and the title track, that really slushy one about being 'born on different sides of life' and 'making love on wastelands' (it knackers your elbows, you know).

Well, the rest of the songs follow pretty much the same format as these two — starting with a verse bit that chugs along aimlessly before lurching, with all the subtlety of an articulated lorry shifting from fourth gear to first at 70mph, into a rousing singalong chorus. The fast songs have lots of 'stinging guitar' and saxophone bits; the slow songs have lots of 'moody piano' and saxophone bits.

All highly enjoyable stuff, especially if you stand in front of the bedroom mirror posing and swaggering with a tennis racquet or similar guitar substitute — and judging from their stage antics these days, that's how the Kemp brothers spent a good deal of their adolescence.

If they're appearing at a cavernous arena near you I'd warmly recommend a visit. They're much more fun than Bruce Springsteen, and such good-looking boys too — especially in their new studded belts and leather boots.

60% RICHARD LOWE

■Fight For Ourselves ***and*** Through The Barricades ***are great singles, and*** Swept ***completes the hat trick. The five other songs on this LP are second-rate fillers, though, and even the most devoted fan will feel cheated.***

30% DE VILLE

■***Spandau Ballet are a spent force. The*** True ***LP was decent enough as fake soul, but since then they've gone steadily downhill; they've nothing new to offer musically, and were never very gifted lyrically.*** Through The Barricades ***is the sound of clapped-out old clotheshorses trying to make as much money as possible before they fade into well-deserved obscurity.***

5% THE ZAPPER

SINGLES

Reviewed this month by the man whose boots were made for walking, SIMON POULTER.

OH dear: time for that well-known parlour game, Hack's Predicament.

Bob Geldof's first solo single, *This Is The World Calling* (Mercury), is giving me problems. Do I slate the record for what it is (bad), or do I compromise and say Bob's got a new record out, what a nice man he is, what a nice denim jacket he has, and hasn't Fifi Trixibelle got her Daddy's eyes?

I'll take the first option and face the flack like a man. Pity his house depends on this record.

Robert Palmer has re-released *Discipline Of Love* (Island) from the *Riptide* LP. Sounds like his record company see it as a safe bet following two smashes on both sides of the Atlantic divide, and it should do well because he's so *coooooool* (and he makes some very sexist, and very nice, videos).

On the other hand, **New Model Army** aren't dudes and they're not that musical either. Their latest, *51st State*, has some pretty crass lyrics: 'We're WASPs, proud American sons/ we know how to clean our teeth and how to strip down a gun'. Brilliant, eh? Not totally unlike The The's excellent *51st State Of America*. Show them no sympathy.

Christ! Sheffield's hairy heavies, **Saxon**, have a new single. Roger Kean wants to use the standard Saxon press picture because he knows it upsets Paul Strange — but batten down the hatches, send Hutchinson off to his car-maintenance lesson, and do a runner. *Rock The Nations* (EMI) is horrible.

As advance warning of her forthcoming greatest-hits LP, **Kate Bush** has released *Experiment IV* (EMI), a prophecy of a world

where music is used as a destructive weapon. Heaavy maan. Could be a surplus track from the *Hounds Of Love* LP, since it uses a snatch of Pink Floyd's *Wall* helicopter again. Good, though.

With an inspired title, **Disco Aid**'s *Give, Give, Give* (EMI/Total Control) is one of two, yes, two charity records currently available. Looking at the list of artists involved, it seems as if the merest hint of a disco connection could have earned you space at the recording session. The Disco Aid charity donates the royalties six ways, some going to Band Aid, but if you feel generous you could save your stylus the hassle and donate direct to the Disco Aid Trust.

The other tin-rattler is *Live In World* (EMI) by thè **Anti-Heroin Project**. Again, it's all in a good cause — but what a bloody awful song. This one boasts an even bigger list of pop luminaries than Disco Aid (as diverse as Daryl Pandy, Robin Gibb and Bill Oddie), and again you can cut out the middleman and donate direct without any loss of conscience.

Two of my current faves are **King Kurt**'s *America* (Polydor), and **Georgie Fame**'s *Samba* (Chrysalis). Kurt's latest effort is a brilliant cover of the *West Side Story* number — get your party going with it. While you're about it, shove on

Fame's *Samba*, the follow up to *New York Afternoon* and a cover of a song by Gilberto Gil that was billed as the summer song of 85. Great.

And **Billy Bragg**'s turned up with a cracker, too — *Greetings To The New Brunette* (Go! Discs) is a further example of his lyrical eloquence, and very good it is.

Talking of Go!, there's a new single from **His Latest Flame**, stable-mates of both Bragg and The Housemartins. Unfortunately *Stop The Tide* misses the mark. I wonder if they play football?

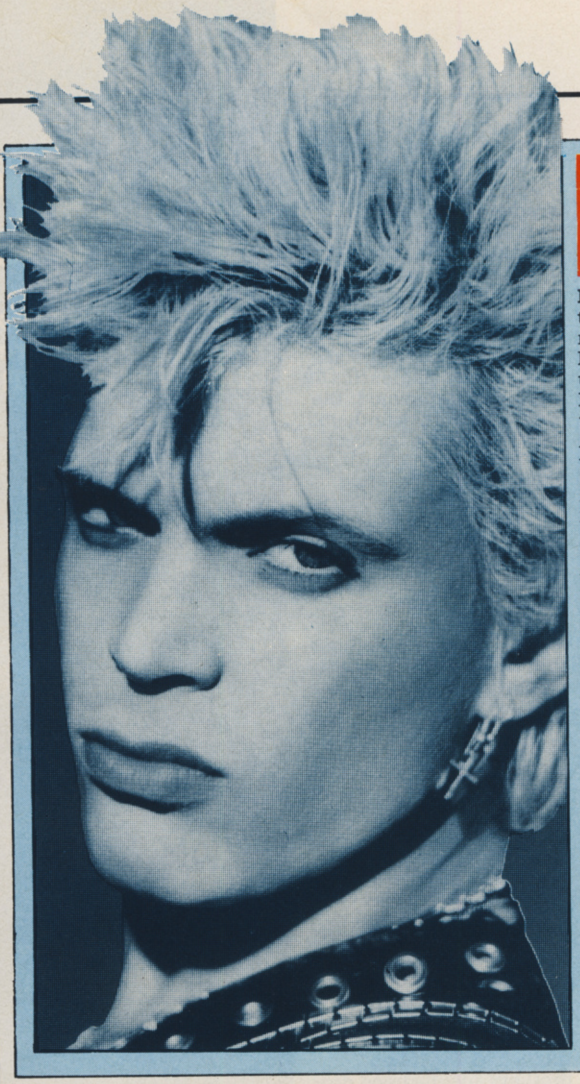
Worthy of its own separate insert is **Courtney Pine**'s *Children Of The Ghetto* (Island). The ex-Jazz Warrior and one-time Working Weeker's first single, it's a sublime piece of soulful social comment set to cool jazz. I wish him well.

If there was any justice in the music business, **Hurrah!**'s excellent *Sweet Sanity* would steam up the charts. As one of Kitchenware's first signings two or three years ago, they now deserve to break through the commercial barrier.

And finally, blooper of the month has to be **Derek Jameson**'s *Do They Mean Us?* (Polydor). Heave . . .

Not far behind is **Mel Smith**. He's normally a good giggle in the musical items on TV but he dies the death with *Tremblin'*. Listen, Mel, Tenpole Tudor did this sort of thing a lot better in *Absolute Beginners*. Tragic.

I throw in the towel.



BILLY IDOL
Whiplash Smile
Chrysalis

IF EVER there was an artist to make life difficult for record-shop staff, it's Billy Idol. Do you file his records under heavy metal, punk, FM, or in a far away place with the Sputniks? *Whiplash Smile* won't help; it's a very varied LP.

If you were desperate to pigeonhole Idol's music, you'd have to create a new category for him, *techno-punk*. The programmed percussion and the sequenced blips and splats that pepper this album sound like Jean-Michel Jarre signed onto the Fourth And Broadway label. Add that lot to the HM guitars which also dominate the LP, and the overall effect is a hi-tech *Great Rock'N'Roll Swindle*.

The constant 'chugga-chugga' of the guitar never ceases (even on the slower tracks where it's just a bit quieter), and on *Beyond Belief* there's a set of guitar riffs suspiciously similar to the bonking track on Frankie's *Pleasuredome* album. *Very* original.

But *Whiplash Smile* is still a well-crafted piece of work, even if it's not that far removed from previous Idol material.

70% SIMON POULTER

■ ***Very tedious. There's not enough punch, not enough firepower, not enough clout and too much posing. If Idol got his shit together and stuck with material as strong as*** White Wedding, ***he'd have a cracking great album. But as it is,*** Whiplash Smile ***is a grave disappointment.***

30% PAUL STRANGE

■ ***Old sneery-lip is back with his distinctive brand of sanitised punk. The peroxide prat does a great impersonation of Jim Morrison crossed with post-burger Presley, all set to an innocuous techno-funk backbeat. Despite all the histrionics, the clenched-fist posturings and the rebel yells, Idol never sounds as angry as he'd have us believe, just slightly annoyed — like me after sitting through this album.***

15%
CURTIS HUTCHINSON

Sten guns in Knightsbridge

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE
No 10 Upping Street
CBS

IT all sounds so great on paper — a wicked, potent brew of the sharpest rock and the baddest rap, spiced with funk and reggae and peppered with cut-up clips of dialogue and delivered with fire, skill, guts and bravado.

Oh yes, Big Audio Dynamite certainly *talked* a great record but, like their stylistic cousins Sigue Sigue Sputnik, failed to deliver the goods. *No 10 Upping Street* isn't quite the awesome opus we've been promised — yet nor is it too much of a disappointment.

Mainman Mick Jones has made up and teamed up with former mentor and partner Joe Strummer (five of the new tracks bear the hallowed Strummer-Jones hallmark), and the whole affair is shadowed by the ghost of The Clash. The eclectic pastiche of the music and the romantic glorification of street violence that runs through the lyrics serve to remind us that these are the boys who jetted over to Belfast for a photo-session, who wore jackets emblazoned with such posturing slogans as 'sten-guns in Knightsbridge' — and who toned it all down for a slot on MTV next to REO Speedwagon.

No 10 Upping Street sounds tame when it should be torrid, Jones and Letts wail weedily when they should be roaring, songs like *Dial A Hitman* and *Ticket* keep their tongue in cheek rather than fire in their belly and, despite sophisticated digital recording and production, the overall sound is puny and limp.

Not that the LP doesn't have its moments of glory and splendour — *C'Mon Every Beatbox* is a marvellous modern retread of *Summertime Blues*, *V Thirteen* echoes the best elements of mid-period Clash, and the whole thing gels for once on *Sightsee MC*, a guided tour through the mythical splendour and miserable squalor of night-time London town.

And in a year when most rock music has been as dull and stagnant as last week's dishwater, we must be thankful for such rare moments of inspiration.

65% RICHARD LOWE

■ ***Stuff the Sputniks, BAD are the future of rock'n'roll! This is creativity at its most fruitful, a mixture of hip-hop, FX and social spite.***

Joe Strummer co-produced and co-wrote some of the tracks; the best are Mick Jones/Don Letts compositions. BAD are as original as Chas Jankel and Ian Dury, and worthy successors.

80% SIMON POULTER

■ ***I was really happy with BAD's last LP — there were some good tracks on it and I loved*** Medicine Show ***despite the odd effects and inaudible lyrics.***

But after a good listen to No 10 Upping Street ***I could only gibber. Tracks like*** Hollywood Boulevard ***confirm that BAD haven't lost their unique sound, but overall the album features too much hip-hop. And the band just can't produce good hip-hop records; listen to*** C'mon Every Beatbox.

I don't really like this album, but maybe it'll grow on me.

55% BEN STONE

THE STRANGLERS
Dreamtime
Epic

WITHOUT doubt *Dreamtime* is the most successful Stranglers LP for years. Nearly all the tracks are provocatively persuasive pieces of crafted pop and there are welcome signs that the band are returning to the firepower of their early days in the late Seventies.

The LP works well because of its fresh, crystal-clear production and timeless material. And if you delve beneath the outer layers you'll discover an idea binding some tracks together.

According to Hugh Cornwell, 'dreamtime' is the nearest English translation to a word of the Australian Aborigines. They believe they're related to natural objects like trees and rocks, and when they die they become part of the environment. But mining on their lands has destroyed the spiritual life of the Aborigines. Pretty heavy, huh?

This concern with preserving environments, habitats and civilisations is echoed in *Mayan Skies* and *So Precious*.

Mind you, if you're listening with only half an ear this conceptual stuff is likely to pass you by. In straight musical terms the LP romps home, particular highlights being the uplifting and successful single *Always The Sun*, the plodding but effective title track, the raucous, lashing *Was It You*, and the chugging *Ghost Train*.

All in all, a surprisingly powerful album which shows that The Stranglers are still a force to be reckoned with.

80%PAUL STRANGE

■***The grand-daddies have really got it together for this one. Forget Uncle Hugh's Pseud's-Corner ramblings about reincarnated Aborigines (see above, and interview page 69); just sit back and let it grow on you. And grow it will. Their finest effort since*** The Raven.

85%

CURTIS HUTCHINSON

■***After giving*** Dreamtime ***a good listen, I begin to wonder why The Stranglers don't feature more heavily in my album collection. Not laying any claims to being a Stranglers fan, I was surprised at the 'versatility' of the LP; I could enjoy it as much at low volume as when it was killing my eardrums. Now, having been able to listen to*** Nice In Nice ***properly, I reckon it should have been a bigger hit; I hope I won't have to say that about the album.***

85% MIKE DUNN

CHINA CRISIS
What Price Paradise?
Virgin

I USED to hate China Crisis; there was always something inherently twee about their music and appearance.

But then along came Steely Dan's Walter Becker. He sold me on China Crisis last year with his production of *Flaunt The Imperfection*, and in 40-odd minutes I decided that China Crisis weren't that bad after all. Quite good, really. Listenable.

And on *What Price Paradise?*, Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley have picked up the Becker production legacy without making any compromises.

If this album is a violent reaction to the . . . *Fire And Steel* phase of clever-clever, boring-boring smugness, China Crisis have done it with no holds barred. There are some fine, assertive tracks: the single *Arizona Sky* and *We Do The Same*. And at times there are similarities to Dexy's Midnight Runners, particularly in *World's Apart* and *June Bride*.

The soulful pop of the last album is still there, festering beneath the surface, but the Crises seem to have found a new direction in the atmospheric moodiness of *Hampton Beach*. Quite apart from the Mersey connection, this is very much a melancholy Beatley song.

What Price Paradise? is the strongest and best album from China Crisis yet.

75% SIMON POULTER

■ ***After the decidedly poppy*** Flaunt The Imperfection, ***Garry, Eddie and Co release this much harder—and better—album.*** What Price Paradise? ***goes that important one step further and my ears are happier for the experience.***

80% JENNY BAKER

■ ***Liverpool's wimp 'rockers' continue their fiendish plan to dope the record-buying public. I'm getting tired of China Crisis pumping out Beatleish tunes and 'aren't-we-oh-so-clever' lyrics. Musical Horlicks.***

15% THE ZAPPER

Books

HARRY AND MICHAEL MEDVED

Son Of Golden Turkey Awards

Angus & Robertson 219pp £7.95 paperback

WILD BEYOND BELIEF! HUMAN GARBAGE — IN THE SICKEST LOVE PARTIES!

WHEN THEY SOCK IT TO A GIRL — SHE FEELS IT! DEPRAVED BEYOND DESCRIPTION — A NEW KIND OF ABNORMAL LOVE!

WARPED WOMEN! FANTASTIC FIGHTS!

'ALLO 'ALLO, what 'ave we 'ere then? A new driller-killer porno-flick snuff movie?

No, it's only the advertising blurb for *Satan's Sadists* (1969), according to the authors of this hilarious romp through some of the films Hollywood would rather were forgotten. In fact *Satan's Sadists* was a daft biker film starring the squeaky-clean musical actor Russ Tamblyn.

Harry and Michael Medved are famous for the first *Golden Turkey Awards*, the book which launched their TV career as the hosts of spoofed-up 'Oscar' ceremonies for the worst films ever made.

Son Of goes further, covering a farmyardful of new, previously un-rediscovered turkeys as well as some better known epics that bombed from the moment the cameras began to roll. There's some fascinating trivia, too. **Did you know that . . .**

Raymond Burr (Perry Mason/Ironsides) played an ape in *Bride Of The Gorilla* (1951)? Linda Evans (*Dynasty*'s Krystle) went raunchy-surfing in *Beach Blanket Bingo* (1965)? Ronnie Reagan (the well-known one) should have played Rick in *Casablanca* (1942) and later suffered delusions that he was Humphrey Bogart? Tom Selleck (Magnum P I) was a corpse in *Coma* (1978)? Larry Hagman (J R) got devoured by a giant jelly while taking a leak in *Son Of Blob* (1972)? Or that Joan Collins (bitch goddess) got off more lightly when she wasn't quite eaten by colossal ants in *Empire Of The Ants* (1977)?

You didn't, did you, and you'll have to buy this book immediately.

Golden Turkey Awards II has some marvellous award categories — the most embarrassing nude scene in Hollywood history, the most unbearable bear movie ever made, the worst performance by Ronald Reagan, the most laughable concept for an outer-space invader, and so on.

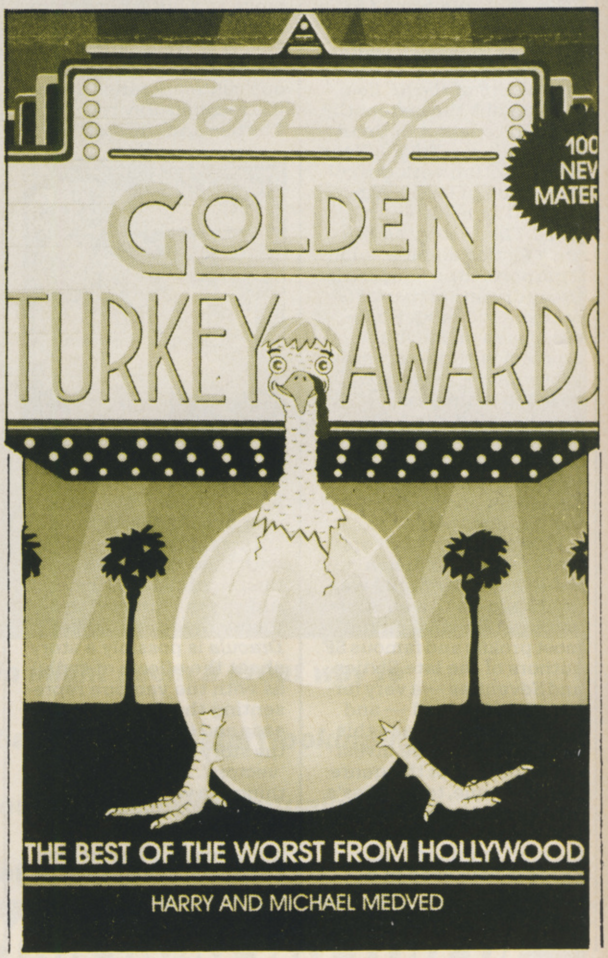
In the category for least convincing scientific explanation in motion picture history, one of the nominees is (inevitably) my own favourite turkey, *Plan Nine From Outer Space* (1959), where a super-intelligent alien tries to explain theoretical physics to a US Army colonel by comparing the sun to a can of gasoline. (If it's ever on TV again, don't miss it.)

The Brothers Medved write in a lucidly cynical manner that never quite hides their admiration for sheer celluloid badness, inept acting and hysterical scripting, and the description of *Wild Women Of Wonga* (in the category for most primitive male chauvinist fantasy) is almost worth the price of the book in itself.

This super-tacky production caught the attention of the great dramatist Tennessee Williams, who attended location shoots to the excited consternation of the cast. It turned out, however, that he was only hoping to date one of the flamboyant Miami beach musclemen hired in as a wild Wongan.

It's the details like this that make *Son Of Golden Turkey Awards* a great read and a stocking-filler must for film freaks. You *have* to get a look at the most laughable concept for an outer-space invader . . .

90% ROGER KEAN



LEWIS CHESTER

Tooth & Claw — The Inside Story Of Spitting Image

Faber And Faber 200pp £3.95 paperback

WHILE I was reading this book the BBC, were repeating some vintage material in their '50 years of television' celebrations. One show in particular interested me: *That Was The Week That Was*, the weekly revue from the early 60s which made the names of David Frost and Willie Rushton and on which, on one legendary occasion, a member of the audience walked up to Bernard Levin in mid-monologue and delivered a resounding right-hander which knocked Levin off his stool.

TW3, as it came to be known, was a bit rough around the edges, but it was fresh, it was original, it took risks, and it was *live*.

Will we be seeing repeats of *Spitting Image* in 20 years' time? I doubt it — the show's topical satire simply isn't up to it. And that's why this book, the story of the show's inception and of its internal politics, personality clashes and crises, is not the most gripping of tales; *Spitting Image* is a programme which seldom fulfils the high promise it holds for millions, and only succeeds because there's no competition in TV satire.

If *Tooth & Claw* were fiction, I'd accuse author Lewis Chester of poor characterisation; the only people whose personalities come across from its pages are the master puppeteers Fluck and Law themselves, who, I'm relieved to learn, still wonder what the hell they've got themselves into. And so the fine detail of budgets, resignations and board-meetings is of no interest to a reader who knows little and cares less about the characters of this real-life drama.

Like some of the show's more obscure in-jokes, this book will appeal to 'media' people but leave the rest of us baffled, wondering whether it really merits all this attention.

There are some funny stories, as well as a tantalising glimpse into the contents of the pilot show for *Spitting Image*, which for contractual reasons will never be broadcast. Among the sketches was a mass self-disembowelment session by a group of Japanese businessmen, involving knives, offal, sausages, cocktail sticks and glacé cherries.

It's also interesting to know that the producers once seriously considered calling the show *The Enough Money For A New Mental Hospital Show*, and that lampoons of the Royal Family were cut from the first show because of an impending Royal visit to Central Television's headquarters. The Royals feature heavily; an entire chapter is dedicated to the episode with the Queen Mother, whose impending appearance as a *Spitting Image* character prompted the horrified *Daily Express* to describe Her Royal Highness as 'untouchable' by man and puppet alike.

In the most interesting chapter of his book, Lewis Chester asks some of the show's victims how they like their puppets. Liverpool leftie Derek Hatton says that his appearance on *Spitting Image* was a 'recognition of what we have achieved in this city'; Terry Wogan's wishes he 'didn't sound so much like Eamonn Andrews'; David Steel wonders why his puppet is 'so small, when I am in fact noticeably taller than Neil Kinnock'.

If the book comes to any conclusion, it's that satire is an essential part of any healthy society. It's a sign of the times, though, that a moderately funny show like *Spitting Image* should attract so much flak when you consider what they got away with on *TW3* 20 years ago. It's also a sign of the times that *Spitting Image* is regarded as important enough to have books written about it.

65% DAVID CHEAL

BRIAN ALDISS

Trillion Year Spree

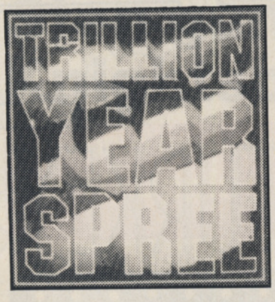
Gollancz £15 hardback, £9.95 paperback (512pp)

'The closer we come to the present day the harder it becomes to make a clear judgement on the stature and health of the SF field.'

So begins the sixteenth and final chapter of Brian Aldiss's hefty *Trillion Year Spree* written with the collaboration of David Wingrove. The book is subtitled *The History Of Science Fiction* and it is what it purports to be — which is to say dry rather than a rollicking good read. Historians have an inevitable problem with the events of yester*day* — yester*year* is so much more easily pigeon-holed, distance lends perspective — as a result, what we get is 'history' up until the early Seventies, and a wide ranging critique thereafter.

However, the 13 years since an earlier version called *Billion Year Spree* was published has given Aldiss some perspective on the most prolific and famous SF authors of the late Sixties and Seventies — a very fertile period indeed — and that alone may make this book a worthwhile investment for fans of the genre.

In that time, too, Aldiss's own views have altered, so that some of the ground covered in *Billion Year Spree* is now seen in a slightly different light. We start with Mary Shelley and *Frankenstein* and then move at a fairly ponderous pace through Edgar Allan Poe, H G Wells, Edgar Rice Burroughs and their various contemporaries up to the recognisably recent Thirties and the start of 'real' pulp *scientifiction*. There's plenty of detail here and some fascinating insights into the motives of authors, their relationship with their world and to their material. For instance Aldiss puts forward the theory that Bram Stoker's *Dracula* is possibly a story about the effects of syphillis with the vampire representing the venereal disease and the two women in the story being the disease 'vectors'. Stoker, something of a womaniser we're told, died of syphillis. A convenient myth perhaps, but fun at least, for apart from occasional illumination of this kind *Spree* is a bit heavy going, even for an SF fan.



A few things make me uneasy about the whole. In discussing Stephen King's contribution to SF, for instance, mention is made of *Firestarter*, *The Dead Zone* and *The Shining*, yet there is no reference made to the one novel that is pure SF throughout, *The Stand*. Some turns of phrase break away from the 'serious historian' approach to sound positively noveletish as when Aldiss refers to the the USSR as *'that dark Communist alter ego of the capitalist Western world '*.

I said 'dry', and perhaps that is the major failing of *Trillion Year Spree*. It's curiously lacking in the excited spark you might reasonably expect from not only an author of many SF novels and short stories but also a self-confessed SF fan. *Trillion Year Spree* seems to want to be a school and college curiculum text and an attempt (slightly defensive in tone) to insist on a rightful place in modern literature for SF alongside more obviously 'serious' works. SF certainly has been, and perhaps still is, regarded as generally low-brow reading despite having among its practitioners some of the great literary names of the past hundred years. Nevertheless Aldiss, together with David Wingrove as his helper, seems hell-bent on hammering the point with much philosophising and some extraordinarily 'long' and impenetrable words.

Sadly, more of an effort than a joy to read.

25% ROGER KEAN

ADRIAN EDMONDSON

How To Be A Complete Bastard

Virgin £3.95 paperback

SO TV's wacky, wild and fun, fun, fun Adrian Edmondson has brought out his own book, *How To Be A Complete Bastard*, eh?

Television cult programmes have a predictable habit of producing books (*Monty Python*, *The Goodies* and *The Young Ones* spring immediately to mind); the books are usually a bit more risqué than their TV shows, and uncannily appear on the bookstands each year in the pre-Christmas mêlée.

This one's no exception. Unlike *The Young Ones Book*, which incorporated the talents of the regular *Young Ones* writers (Ben Elton, Rik Mayall and Lise Mayer), *How To Be A Complete Bastard* is 'co-written' by complete willy ADRIAN EDMONDSON with mark leigh and mike lepine (sic).

The majority of photographs are of Edmondson doing his Vyvian/Sir Adrian Dangerous bit, and not surprisingly the text is primarily concerned with the various pursuits of the right regular bastard.

There are some good moments: an excellent picture of Adrian 'Degville' Edmondson from Sick Sick Shitbag complete with wig and as many pairs of stockings as there are parts of the body to wrap up, and a clever parody of the cover of the *Not The Nine O'Clock News* book, *Not!*, complete with Adrian 'Pamela Stephenson' Edmondson.

Though I had a good laugh on the train (don't read this book if you're easily embarrassed in public), *How To Be A Complete Bastard* is a tad tedious overall, relying too heavily on sub-sixth-form humour which usually revolves around the male crotch (every permutation of the penis euphemism is here).

An over-priced rag-mag.

SIMON POULTER

LM

ALL HE WANTED WAS A FEW LAUGHS.

When life doesn't seem that great, heroin might seem a great way to have a few laughs.

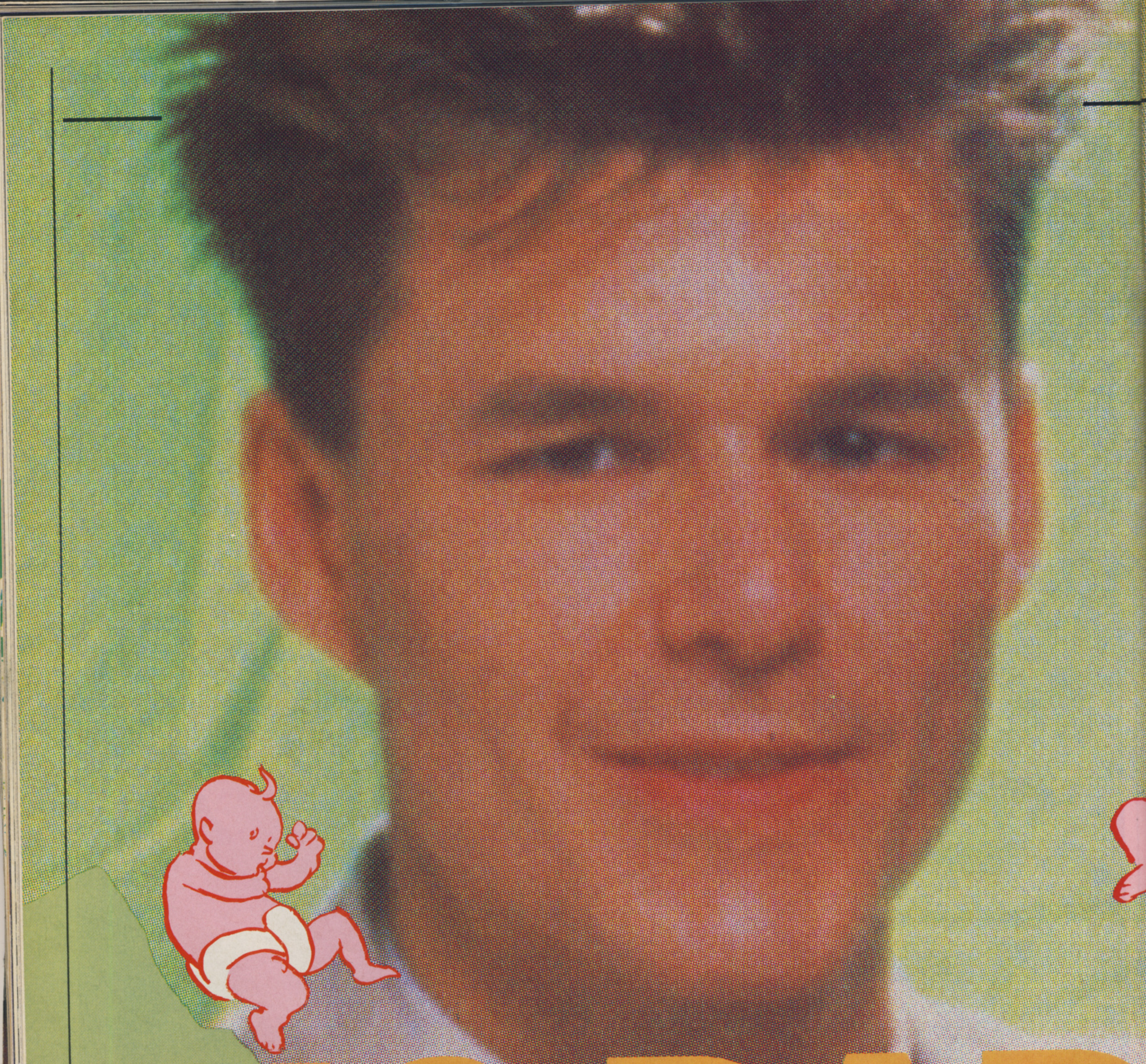
But it isn't long before the fun turns into a bad joke. You'll start looking ill, losing weight and feeling like death.

You'll lose control of your mind as well as your health. And eventually you might even risk death.

So if a friend offers you heroin, don't treat it as a joke.

Otherwise heroin might have the last laugh.

HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP.



BIG DAD

BIG COUNTRY are back on the road this month, and STUART ADAMSON is in a quandary. Performing live in front of the band's loyal and dedicated fans has always been important to him, part of the process of breaking down the barriers between stage and audience. But, as he told DAVID CHEAL, touring also drags Stuart away from his beloved Scotland and his equally beloved family.

BIG COUNTRY were shooting the video for their latest single, *Hold The Heart*, in a community arts centre in north London. My appointment with Stuart Adamson was scheduled to come at a convenient break in the filming, at an unspecified time during the course of the afternoon. I couldn't sit in on the shoot because it was in a room with mirrored walls, and hangers-on were excluded — they might creep into the shot.

So I sat downstairs, drank several gallons of coffee and leafed through a fascinating B&I Ferries brochure until Stuart finally appeared clad in a stylish, expensive-looking suit (with cuffs turned up) and a porkpie hat. A tuft of spiky hair bristled out in front of the hat's rim. Stuart lit a cigarette, took his hat off and placed it on the table next to my tape recorder. I half-expected the tuft of hair to remain attached to the hat, but it stayed firmly on his head.

Stuart spoke in a gentle, lilting Scots accent, by no means as incomprehensible as I feared it might be. He's a very thoughtful bloke, a member of that rare species, the intelligent pop star; Stuart avoids the platitudes and clichés which make up the vocabulary of the average music celebrity.

It's been a good year for Big Country: an album, three successful singles, two tours in the UK, the second of which is currently underway. They've also just started to break into the American market, following their successful US tour.

'We have a good live following over there,' says Stuart. 'It's not mega-platinum status but it's good, a lot of people buying records and coming to gigs. Our show over there is pretty much the same as the one over here; we don't do a different stage show because we're in America or Japan or whatever. We tend to get pretty much the same reaction wherever we play.'

Does he find that Big Country attract similar audiences the world over?

'We get a much more varied audience than a lot of people think, a mixture of ages and cultures, and if our audiences are the same the world over they're the same because we get the same sort of mixture of different people.'

Their album *The Seer* is still doing the business, too. Was he pleased with it?

'I was ecstatic. Every aspect of it — musically, lyrically, and live, it's something that's been an absolute joy to work on. There's a lot of space and a lot of atmosphere in the album, and it's brought out a lot of subtleties in the group that were always there but never quite came through before.'

It also brought out a lot of subtleties in Kate Bush, who's featured on one of the tracks. Stuart explains how she came to be involved.

'I've been a big admirer of hers for a long time. We were working on *The Seer* and because the song itself has a woman as a central character we thought it would be nice to have a woman singing it. We've used a girl singer in the past — for some reason it seems to match up quite well with my voice; I don't have a traditional gravelly rock'n'roll voice, it's a bit more straight than that.

'And because Kate has such a vast range of vocal styles and because of the way she arranges her own stuff vocally, I thought it would be smashing if she could do some work for us. So I called her up, sent her a tape and she really liked the song. We didn't want to tell her what to do; we just wanted her to be Kate Bush, so she worked out her own arrangement and came in and sang for 12 hours straight. I was quite in awe of her, actually.'

The album's lyrics continue Stuart Adamson's mythical, mystical storytelling style of songwriting.

'It's a lyrical style that interests me a great deal. It's a way I feel I can put not only human situations but moods and emotions and intangible things like spiritual things across, rather than just sitting there saying 'I felt great'. It's trying to create a mental landscape, a mental picture that can re-create the mood or emotion in the listener. On *The Seer*, the idea around which the album revolves is one of learning from the past not to make the same mistakes again in the future.

'The song itself drew on a story I'd heard about a sort of Scottish Nostradamus who lived in the 12th century. I thought it would be nice to use that with modern ideas. *The Red Fox* was about a guy who was in charge of the English forces in Scotland and was shot by someone, and no-one knew who had done it and it was like an historical act of terrorism. And it was using that idea to show how people's frustrations at their own situations can spill over into violence.'

There are obvious parallels with the 20th century and with unemployment, something about which Stuart has gone on the record with particularly strong views. And it's typical of his attitude that what impresses him is that the frustrations of the unemployed have *not* spilled over into violence on a large scale, despite the most devastating of circumstances.

> **“Where I come from, we've got the second highest unemployment rate in Scotland. A fifth of the workforce is out of work. But people still seem to have a sense of humour, and I think that's something that's worth believing in.”**

'I was reading Bob Geldof's autobiography, and there's one passage in it where he says that when people are at their worst they're at their best, and I think there's a lot in that. In the area where I come from, we've got the second-highest unemployment rate in Scotland. A fifth of the workforce is out of work. It's farcical, a ridiculous situation. But people still seem to have a sense of humour, and I think that's something that's worth believing in.'

What helps the people back home through this rough period is their strong sense of community, believes Stuart. This concept is a strong thread throughout his work, and growing up in a small community near Dunfermline has taught him the advantages of living your life among people you know and trust.

'I find it very sad that we seem to be developing more and more into a nation that subscribes to the 'I'm all right, Jack' theory. Maybe it's nostalgia, but I did grow up in a close-knit community and I think it's something special, it gives you a sense of purpose ▷

and a sense of belonging, and a sense of being part of something. When they're left to their own devices people tend to turn in on themselves and become suspicious and malicious. It causes a great deal of hostility between people, and causes you to look for people's differences rather than their similarities.'

"To say that my family is important to me would be an understatement. I'm very important to my family, too, and that's a nice situation to be in, there's a mutual dependency. I think it's important not to teach children how to learn or how to grow up, but to help them, because they do it themselves."

Stuart still lives in the town where he was brought up, and seems to be at his happiest there, surrounded by the most important people in his life: his family. Stuart is now the father of two young children, and he takes his responsibilities as a father very seriously.

'To say that my family is important to me would be an understatement. I'm very important to my family, too, and that's a nice situation to be in, there's a mutual dependency. I think it's important not to teach children how to learn or how to grow up, but to help them, because they do it themselves. Also the basic warmth and company within a family is something that's important for kids.'

Stuart once described himself as a 'depressed optimist', but bringing up a family has altered this view: 'Children give you a sense of naïvety, and I mean that in a nice sense, in that kids do see the wonder of things, and can see hope in things, and don't look always at the negatives. I see it in people's faces; I think your basic average human being is a pretty nice person, and I think you have to rely on hope for the human spirit.'

Prolonged absences from his family have altered Stuart's attitude to touring, now ambivalent.

'It's something that's very much a part of me — the actual physical act of playing in a band is something that I derive a great deal of fulfilment from, and it's something I feel very lucky about. I do earn a living out of doing something that I love doing, and not many people can say that.

'But it does get a bit of a bind sometimes, and I do suffer very severely from homesickness. But we've tempered that this year by doing three or four weeks on and then three weeks off. It's a much more civilised way of doing things, particularly since three out of four members of the band now have families.'

The continued success of Big Country surprises some critics, but not Stuart. He believes that the Big Country success story is largely attributable to the control they've maintained over their lives, their careers, their music, and their integrity, remaining true to themselves rather than adhering to an idea of what might be commercially successful.

'We've been successful by doing what we want to do and by keeping control of it. I don't think the group would last very long if we started doing stuff that was aimed specifically at a commercial market. We obviously want our stuff to be successful, because I don't see any reason in working in a communicative form and playing to myself, my family and my living-room, but it's important to us to do stuff that we are committed to. You do have a certain amount of clashes and arguments, and we do listen to what other people have to say, but when you do have fixed ideas about whatever it is that you want to do you have to stand by them.

'It would be a very vainglorious form of success if it all was done on someone else's conception of what the group should be. I'm not interested in success for success's sake — it's too narrow a concept for me to find any great lasting satisfaction from.'

What is success?

'Finding myself deeply committed and deeply satisfied by my work, finding that the responsibilities I have as a father are repaid, and finding that I do what I do without looking too much of a prat, really. That's what it's all about.'

Another important element in the Big Country success story is Stuart's refusal to be sucked into the star system; he prefers to present himself as a pretty regular sort of guy, because that's what he is.

'I'm not really into hero-worship. What I do through my work and through the way I live is something that just goes to make up part of me as a human being, and it doesn't set me apart from other people. I find it disorienting when people do look upon me in that manner. People that are interested in the group come up to us and talk to us and don't feel inhibited, and it could be like that for anybody; I think it's just a matter of how you view yourself. I don't have a stage persona that I can just turn on; Stuart Adamson the songwriter, guitar-player, singer, husband and father is all the same person.

'People where I live are pretty straightforward and don't make a great deal of fuss about it and just see it as my job. It is a very expressive and emotional form of work, but work it is, it's what I do to make my living. I don't think it's a matter of taking something special and making it everyday, I think it's seeing what there is special in the everyday, I think that's the magic.'

Finally, there's the group itself. Musically, personally, politically, they all clicked from the word go and have gone on without any major conflicts.

'We have something very special between the four of us. I don't know quite what it is, whether it's something in the cut of our trousers or what, there's something there. It's something that's more than the input of each of the individuals. We do play and write with a great deal of spirit. It's something more than just sitting down with a guitar and strumming a few chords. It's a very intangible sort of thing, but it's part and parcel of what goes to make up the group.'

Suddenly it's time to go; Stuart has a photographic session to attend, then the sleeper train back up to Scotland. We talk about the film *Restless Natives* for which he wrote and recorded the score: 'I liked the discipline of writing to illustrate someone else's pictures. I'd like to do more of that,' he says.

He's an ambitious man, but not in the traditional sense of the word. Ask most men what their ambitions are, and they'll talk to you about work, careers; most pop stars would mention unfulfilled yearnings to be novelists, film directors, poets or racing drivers. Stuart Adamson's greatest ambition is more realistic, but given his views on children and families as an expression of hope in the future, perhaps it's more important.

'I'd like to be someone's grandfather. I think that would be a fine thing to be.'

THE YEAR THAT WAS

1986

As the year draws to a close, LM looks back at important issues, storms in teacups, fads and fashions, muddles and mix-ups, plus the occasional illuminating flashes of brilliance that have emerged during the last twelve months.

Smack, tattle, pop

RICHARD LOWE rummages through the gutter and looks back on the year according to Fleet Street.

BRUTAL rape, bloody murder, drug-ravaged celebrities, horrifying accidents, war, famine, economic recession, political repression — 1986 was just like any other year, really. And when the news is so consistently depressing, it's no real surprise that the popular press relies more than ever on Royal tittle-tattle and spurious 'showbiz' gossip to sugar the pill. However, news that wasn't about Princess Di or Dirty Den did occasionally filter through, and this year it was 'drugs' that took over from AIDS as the new scourge of the nation and the stuff of which tabloid sensations are made.

Phil Lynott died of a drug overdose, the Arab prince **Mashour Ben Saud Aziz** was charged with dealing in cocaine and little **Lord Jamie Blandford** was sent down for three months on a heroin rap. And still it was only January.

While Phil Lynott's death was something of a grim inevitability, the drug problems of **Boy George** came as a genuine shock and gave the popular press more mileage than any other story this year. That he had previously been at pains to distance himself from the school of rock decadence personified by the Phil Lynotts of this world made The Boy's downfall more ironic, and his previous high, and indeed favourable, press profile made the vultures swoop more eagerly.

And the fact that his particular poison was not the fashionable, glamorous cocaine but heroin, dirty and deadly, added extra squalor and degradation to the sorry tale.

Photograph by Jamie Morgan

Boy George

When the facts of George's heroin addiction were first revealed by photographer **David Levine**, George denied the allegations, claiming that 'the only drugs I have ever taken are things like Valium and sleeping pills'. It was only when his brother revealed the truth to the papers that George was forced to confess. And the misery piled up. George went to court and admitted possession. His friend and musical collaborator, **Michael Rudetski**, was found dead in George's house from the all-too-familiar drug overdose.

And then, to cap it all, George's odious side-kick **Marilyn** tried to sell his tales of Life With Boy George for £10,000. With friends like that to mess up your life, who needs heroin?

The publicity probably did George a world of good, though. He went for treatment, claimed to have 'cleaned up' and won himself a good deal of sympathy. He even got a reassuring telegram from Donny Osmond pointing out that if you take 'in' out of 'heroin' it spells 'hero' (and if you take 'onny' out of 'Donny' and replace it with 'ickhead' it spells 'Dickhead').

The tragic and sensational drug stories weren't limited to decadent pop stars and desperate peasants. Not every young victim of heroin hogs the headlines for days, but then not every stupid smackhead is the daughter of the Trade and Industry Secretary, and when **Olivia Channon** was found dead in the Oxford rooms of **Count Gottfried von Bismarck** the press had a field day. Olivia had celebrated the completion of her exams with vast quantities of her favourite cocktail, champagne mixed with Guinness, a pint of sherry . . . and a lethal nightcap of heroin.

It was a tragic case, but also a lesson to the wealthy that giving an immature, irresponsible college student £40,000 a year pocket-money can spoil her in more ways than one.

The world of sport was tainted by drug scandals, too. The snooker player **Kirk Stevens** nearly died in June after an overdose of cocaine, while **Ian Botham** suffered a fusillade of allegations involving drugs. First to stick the knife in was **Lindy Field**, billed by the press as a 'high society divorcee and former Miss Barbados', who claimed that while on the MCC tour of Barbados Botham had snorted cocaine with her in the bathroom of Mick Jagger's villa, sniffed more cocaine while making love to her on the floor of his hotel room and even broken his bed during one particularly passionate sex session.

Botham even had to cope with a ludicrous accusation that he snorted cocaine while fielding in the slips, and endure the statements of his manager, **Tim Hudson**, who insisted that 'Ian grew up during the drugs generation, so of course he takes drugs . . . everyone does' before later denying the statement.

Photograph by Alan Davidson

The Royal kiss

Pressure from a Sunday newspaper, which claimed to have evidence of Botham's drug-taking, eventually forced him to admit that he had in the past used cannabis. The ensuing outrage resulted in England's greatest player being banned from first-class cricket for two months by the Test And County Cricket Board.

Even the Royal Family had the odd skirmish with drug-related scandal. An acquaintance of **Princess Margaret** was charged with dealing in cocaine, and **Princess Michael**, with her familiar tact and flair for attracting bad publicity, commented that pop music tended to be 'associated with drugs and exciting things like that'.

On the whole, though, the Royals fulfilled their role, providing the media with a rich fund of cosy, wholesome snippets of news. The royal wedding between (as TV commentator David Dimbleby so neatly put it) 'a second rate royal and an overweight Sloane' attracted the inevitable frenzied hype. The two were well-matched; 'a good team' was the verdict from the horse's mouth.

Fergie refused to admit that her figure was a little on the generous side, insisting that 'a good womanly figure' meant 'a trim waist, a good 'up-top' and enough down the bottom but not too big', while her father described **Andrew** as 'a real man'. This was before his stag night, when he destroyed his manly credibility by not taking a single bevvy — I bet he didn't even have a curry on the way home.

In the end the most telling comment on the whole affair came from Fergie's mother, who revealed that the happy couple 'first met on the polo ground — where everybody meets' — a remark which does more to condemn the snobbery and arrogance of the aristocratic circles in which the Royal Family roam than volumes of Willie Hamilton diatribes.

It was not a good year for the Government, either. Defence Secretary **Michael Heseltine** stormed out of a Cabinet discussion of the Westland helicopter company and resigned from the Government, accusing the Prime Minister of refusing to allow proper discussion of the takeover bid. His resignation was more than an argument over a small firm in Yeovil; it was a rejection of a style of government

Photograph by Ian Yeomans

Michael Heseltine

where the PM stuffed her cabinet with crawling cronies and ruled the roost, a rejection of policy which puts the interest of shareholders above the interest of the nation. The repercussions of the row also led to Trade And Industry Secretary **Leon Brittan**'s resignation from the cabinet.

Junior Health Minister **Edwina Currie** made a name for herself with crass generalisations about the eating habits of the nation. According to Edwina, northerners live on a diet of chips and gravy washed down with pints of bitter, while those sensible sophisticated southerners stay healthy on coleslaw and carrot juice and jogging. With such distorted and prejudiced views she's bound to go far in the Tory party.

Edwina's only real rival in the stupidity stakes was **Jeffrey Archer**, who resigned as deputy chairman of the Tory party after he'd admitted paying off a prostitute to avoid any scandalous revelations she might have made about him. Of course Jeffrey never met this woman — he was merely scared that she might reveal more intimate details of their non-existent relationship and so offered her money to go abroad.

While the gutter journalism of *The News Of The World* is not generally something to be applauded, few could help feeling intense satisfaction with the spectacle of someone as smug and pious as Jeffrey Archer caught with his trousers down. A splendid tale.

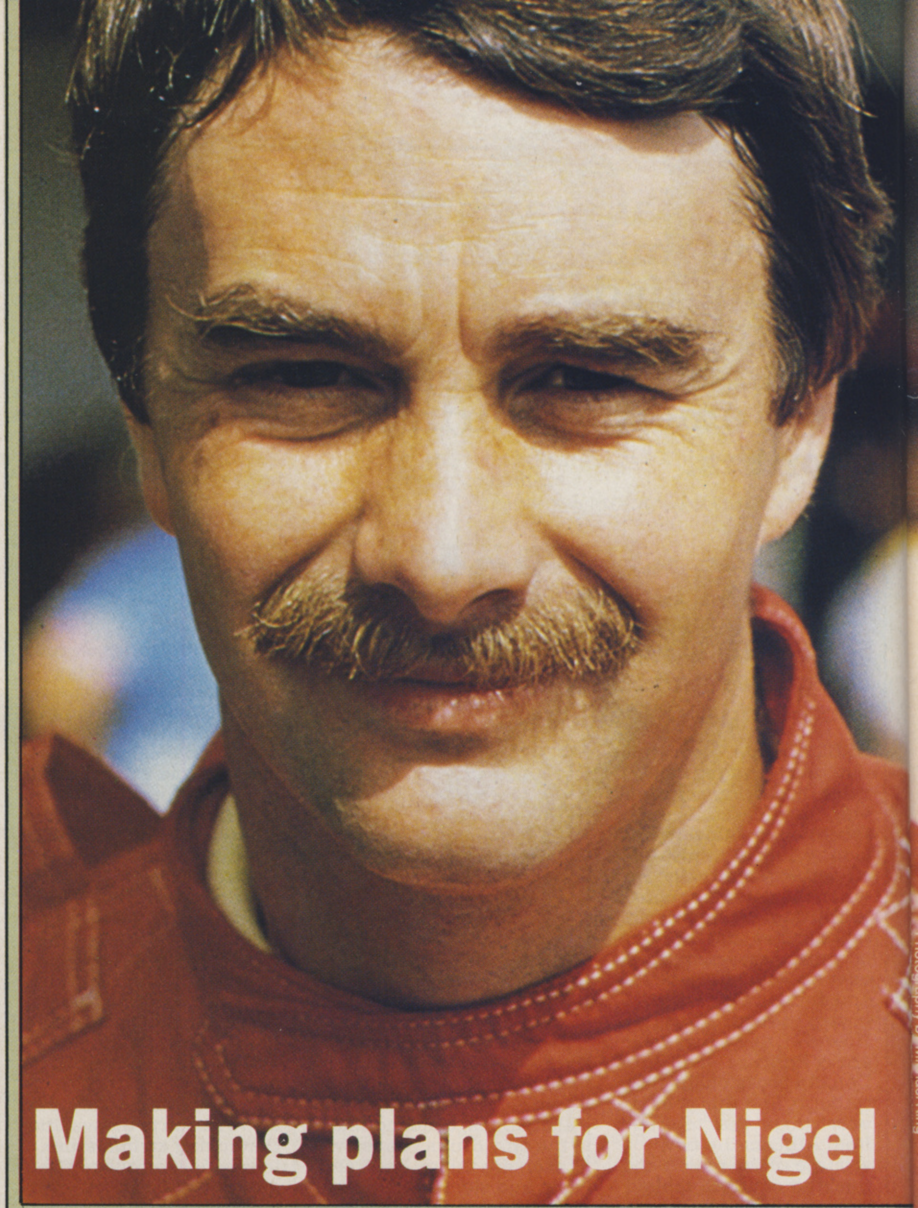
But not all news stories were as heart-warming. 1986 was the year when untold (literally) damage was caused by the Chernobyl nuclear disaster, when the space shuttle Challenger exploded shortly after take-off; it was the year of the American raid on Libya, the 'state of emergency' in South Africa and the abortive Reagan/Gorbachev 'peace talks'; it was the year of the 'toy boy love massacre' and the 'skinned torso horror', the 'inter-city carnage' and the 'slaughter on flight 075'.

It was a year of routine misery for three million unemployed; Employment Secretary Lord Young reckoned 'the country has never had as good a time as it has today'. It was the year when rape was more rife than ever; in the High Court Mr Justice Garland served a lenient sentence on a man convicted of kidnapping and raping two women because 'the degree of violence used was comparatively small and no sexual perversion was involved'.

These are worrying times. Does anyone imagine next year will be any better?

Photograph by Ian Murphy

Jeffrey Archer



Making plans for Nigel

GUY THOMAS looks beyond Nigel Mansell's empty Williams — and the smashed hopes of British motorsport for 86 — to make a patriotic Prost Report.

STEVE RIDER managed a brave smile, but he knew his party was a complete disaster. True, it had been well-advertised, and millions of people turned up despite the unsociable hour. But this midnight feast lost its flavour very abruptly.

Nigel, in whose honour the celebration had been planned, was just not in the party spirit after Lady Luck stood him up. Tyred from the start, he later became noticeably deflated and left before the end. Steve's surrogate hero proved less popular with the guests, for he was short, crook-nosed and spoke with a foreign accent — and besides, had got off with Nigel's Lady.

In preaching the gospel of the next Messiah for 12 frenzied months of crusading, the BBC had nailed together its own cross and carried it cheerfully to the top of the hill. And the myth exploded along with Nigel Mansell's left rear tyre, in an inglorious shower of sparks beamed live from Adelaide. Britain's Big Bang came one day too early.

Perhaps the Beeb got its just deserts, but it's easy to feel sorry for Mansell. He is not the World's best racing driver, but he would have worn that crown had the Gods not let him down. His relief at surviving a 180 mph blow-out without a single physical scar will soon fade, but the mental anguish is his for life. It was his party, he could cry if he wanted to . . .

It's easy to feel sorry for ourselves, too. Historically our drivers have been more successful than any others, and where Stirling Moss failed, six other Britons have succeeded: Mike Hawthorn, Graham Hill, Jim Clark, John Surtees, Jackie Stewart and James Hunt were all World Champions. So the backlash which followed Hunt's 1976 title has been painful. Successive champions have come from five different continents; Frenchmen and Brazilians have been in vogue.

Enter the epitome of the True Grit Brit. The story of Nigel Mansell's transformation from near-failure to national hero is classic *Boys Own* material.

Mansell's career has been more chequered than the finish-line flag, and he's been written off almost as often as his cars. While experts doubted he would ever win a Grand Prix, cynics were busy offering odds on which bend would end his career. And, dropped by the Lotus team, Mansell spun off on the first corner of the first lap of his first race for Williams.

But as soon as he was introduced to victory it became addictive. After no wins in his first 72 races, Mansell achieved six in the next twelve. At once 'Maniac Mansell' became 'Our Nige'. In a touching display of wisdom after the event the critics melted away, or turned their attentions to cricket.

And the man himself changed, maturing. Reckless self-doubt became wreckless self-belief as he defended a surprise championship points lead.

Perhaps this rising tide of personal and public optimism should have been dammed by restraint before being damned by fate. Certainly the veil of anti-climax should not be allowed to disguise the magnitude of Mansell's achievement.

He did not fail. In winning more races than any other driver in 1986, and in forcing the best in the world to treat him as an equal, Mansell proved himself. Luck alone failed him. And the most telling measure of his success was that defeat, in the end, came as a surprise.

The opposition was awesome: three men who were generally considered to be without peer.

Nelson Piquet is the man who persuaded the great Niki Lauda to retire in 1979 by refusing to live in his shadow in the Brabham team. He went on to lift two world titles, become a god, and fail to find a team-mate who could get near him before he joined Williams to partner Nigel this year. He won the first race in his native Brazil, was deified again, said it had been easy, and already seemed to be cruising to a third championship.

Ayrton Senna is Brazil's Young Pretender, the Luther of the Piquetist church. He's the Boy Wonder who hit an unprepared Formula One in 1984 with a blend of raw talent and ruthlessness which won him accolades, races and enemies in that order. After knocking Mansell off the track in Rio, Senna fended him off by six feet (after 200 miles) in Spain to stake his claim to Godship.

Alain Prost was the man who persuaded Niki Lauda to re-retire in 1985 by consistently beating him. Formerly nicknamed The Tadpole (because he was a little Frog), he late became more reverently known as The Professor, the most prolific Grand Prix winner since Jackie Stewart.

Prost was the man who made an artform of coming second in the World Championship points table despite winning most of the races, but it was fourth time lucky last year. Victories at San Marino and Monaco this spring registered his reluctance to relinquish the hard-earned crown, and put him back on top of the standings again.

These recognised stars made Mansell a rank outsider for glory, but he soon brought the odds tumbling. He outraced Senna in Belgium (despite fuel trouble), Prost in France (despite two pit-stops for tyres) and Piquet at Brands Hatch (in an unfamiliar spare car), and romped away unchallenged from them all in Canada and Portugal.

Photograph by Simon Bruty

Five wins is usually enough to bag the title. It was certainly enough for the national media to proclaim the seventh coming. The specialist press, however, knew better. The experts knew Mansell could put Britain at the forefront of international motor racing — but they maintained Britain was there already!

Our affection for the individual sporting hero can sometimes distort reality. So while we sat glued to an exciting scrap in which an underdog Bulldog was striving to fend off a lot of foreigners, the fact that all four protagonists drove British cars was largely taken for granted. Or ignored.

The World Driver's Championship may be the big prize for all concerned, but this is, paradoxically but undeniably, a team sport. And British teams have dominated it for 30 years. For them, the driver is merely the final link in the chain — sponsors, designers, engineers and even humble mechanics can have far more influence on a car's results.

Formula One is the technological peak of a technological sport. Much of the drama is written on the test-bed and in the wind-tunnel. At the race-track, the man in the cockpit is merely a prompter as his machine acts out its well-rehearsed role.

Before any team can contemplate winning a Grand Prix, it needs a 1500 cc engine capable of providing 850 bhp: brakes which have instant impact even when they've been red-hot for an hour and a half. The aerodynamics have to allow straight-line speeds of up to 215 mph despite incorporating bulky, inverted wings to increase traction during cornering. And the bodyshell must encompass complex turbocharging and cooling systems and a 50-gallon fuel tank, while keeping weight and air-resistance to a minimum.

Consider, too, that you need a rubber compound which is soft enough to translate all available rpm into mph by literally glueing itself to tarmac at high temperatures, yet hard enough not to wear itself to shreds (or explode) in the process; an onboard engine-management computer which ensures every drop of the regulatory fuel allocation (and no more!) is utilised; and a squad of paramilitary mechanics drilled to change all four wheels in eight seconds.

Any car which does not have all this, along with the mechanical reliability to complete a 200-mile race, will not require the services of a driver.

Only four different chassis won Grands Prix in 1986. Mansell and Piquet's Williams was manufactured in Didcot, Oxfordshire; Senna's Lotus in Hethel, Norfolk; Gerhard Berger's Benetton in Witney, Oxfordshire; and Prost's McLaren in Woking, Surrey. This last became the first car in history to achieve three successive World Driver's Championships. And your paper told you this was 'almost a good year for Britain,' did it?

Seven of the fourteen current Formula One teams are British. They are not major manufacturers with corporate funding, but independent, commercially-sponsored, professional racing organisations. They build their own chassis, but they buy their engines.

Between 1957 and 1977 these professionals defeated the challenges of many motor manufacturers who decided to build their own chassis in which to race their engines. Only the experienced Italian Ferrari concern still had the nerve to try.

Then Renault arrived from France with a revolutionary little engine fitted with a turbocharger — that is, an attachment which uses exhaust gas pressure to force-feed the engine itself with fuel, improving the efficiency of combustion.

Renault spent eight years and a great deal of money developing their baby in a purpose-built chassis. At first the British teams scoffed at it, overtook it frequently, and dubbed it The Mobile Chicane. Within two years they envied it, they were getting beaten by it, and they started calling for it to be banned.

Spotting their opportunity to outgun the professionals, Ferrari and Alfa-Romeo built turbos too. British builders soon found themselves competing against companies whose megabucks bought megahorsepower. Their very survival was threatened.

But the Brits resisted with Mansellian grit. Continuing to build better chassis, they commissioned other manufacturers to provide them with engines. Thus, when the turbocharger could no longer be defeated, it was they who stole the honours, Brabham in partnership with BMW, McLaren with Porsche and Williams with Honda.

Neither Renault nor Ferrari had produced a turbocharged World Champion. The French conceded defeat last year, leaving professionals such as Lotus to campaign their engines — and leaving the Italian cars to be eclipsed once more by their British rivals.

Rule changes will be bringing Turbo Wars to a close, but they have already been won. The supreme achievement of British motor sport in 1986 has been technical rather than human, and it would have been so even if Steve Rider's party had gone better.

For while the ability of Our Nige — already 32 — to sustain his recent brilliance is uncertain, the continued reliance of his peers on this country's mechanical engineering prowess is now assured — which is why the informed press can keep so cool and complacent in a crisis.

The national media's reportage of the wealthy Ferrari team's bid for Nigel's services seems to be telling us that the balance of power in the sport is changing. It is. It has. But not in the way they claim. Far more telling is the rumour in the specialist media that Ferrari wants to set up a research and development centre in England . . .

A sporting chance

Was 1986 a great year for British sport? ANDREW SHIELDS reports

'HERE's the British lad now! He's looking tired, but that's a really great run to get eighth place. . . . '

Words like that used to greet almost every British athlete when dumped into a head-to-head with the rest of Europe. And as our gallant British lad collapsed over the finish line, Ron Pickering would add, ' . . . in this class of competition'.

A strange thing happened in 1986. Our athletes started winning. Not just Daley, Steve and Seb, but Roger Black, Linford Christie and Fatima Whitbread also strode boldly onto the winner's rostrum where others had fallen at the last hurdle.

And when the 4 x 400 metre replay team struck gold at the European Championships minus one shoe, Britain vaulted to the unparalleled heights of third place in the medals table.

First and second? The Soviet Union and East Germany, of course. Goes without saying. But don't they just use drugs to win everything? Maybe so, but then so do a lot of other countries, according to the authors of a book called *Foul Play*. They suggested that at least 60 per cent of British athletes use steroids and drugs, a figure which sent a deathly shudder through the jolly hockey sticks organisations which run much of our sport. Two weightlifters even go so far as to make cross-channel ferry trips to buy a hormone known as the 'dead man's drug' — because it's extracted from corpses. That's a sinister secret which puts a lot of sporting feats into a new light: how many of them were 'natural' or were they all achieved by junkies?

Drugs of a milder sort were, apparently, to blame for England's cricket performances going to pot. The central figure in the story: Ian Botham. Man more sinned against than sinning, or a criminal who should be in jail for admitting smoking dope?

Even though big Both made a *Boy's Own* return to a demoralised England team by taking a wicket with his first ball, the rest of Gatting's glum gladiators fumbled and bumbled their way to Test defeats by supposedly second-rate nations, India and New Zealand. Which may have convinced 'the gin-soaked dodderers' (quote Ian Botham) in charge of selection that there's something very wrong at the roots of our sporting system — like promising cricketers playing their entire school careers on concrete and tarmac, and never getting even a sniff of grass. That seemed to be all reserved for Botham . . .

Someone once wrote a book about football called *They Used To Play On Grass*. In Mexico, they played on mud baked solid. A far cry from the lush pas-

tures of Wembley, where the bookmakers were so impressed with the plucky 0-0 draw which got the boys in green their plane tickets to South America that they made Northern Ireland rank outsiders for the World Cup and England a ludicrous 8-1. After being humiliated for two-thirds of their qualifying group games, with even the Union Jack brigade sobbing into their tequila, England's miserable month in Mexico was ended by the Godlike hand of Maradona. The boys in green and the Scots, meanwhile, lived down to their reputations.

On the home front, Liverpool did the double and Wolves slumped to the fourth Division, there to join their equally once-famous brothers, Burnley and Preston. At the other end of the ladder of fortune, Wimbledon made it to the top rung while budgeting on the assumption that no-one is going to click through the turnstiles to see them play. Halifax took more money from one Milk Cup tie than from all 42 league matches, while Hartlepool gained the unenviable record of being the first club involved in hooliganism this season. A gang of Cardiff fans decided to pay a visit to the North-East's most spartan of Saturday slums, but had difficulty finding a home fan to fight with.

A ripple of strawberries-and-cream excitement came at Wimbledon as Andrew Castle actually won two matches. While a few months previous and a few miles along the Thames at Twickenham, England's rugby players put their mauling in New Zealand behind them and also won two matches. It wasn't enough to vanquish the French, though, who with garlicky Gallic flair took the Five Nations title ahead of Scotland.

A popular little face during the year was Barry McGuigan. So popular, in fact, that in the few spare moments between kissing babies and opening supermarkets he made a record. Frank Bruno, not to be outdone, dressed in a skirt and recited Shakespeare for Live Aid. Both should have concentrated on their boxing, for their lost fights left egos as dented as their noses. The name now stumbling off the tongue is Lloyd Honeyghan, who sounds more like a hip-hop star than a brawny British bruiser.

Our amateur boxers fared well, though, bringing back a clutch of medals from the Commonwealth Games — which, despite interference from politicians and Robert Maxwell, restored British sport to gritty ground level. The decision of many larger nations to steer clear of Edinburgh, though, left fans slobbering over such tasty morsels as Wales *v* Papua New Guinea at bowls. All good clean fun at the Friendly Games, it seemed, but behind the scenes there were confrontations over Zola Budd which could shred not only the Commonwealth Games, but the actual Commonwealth.

Away from the scorching pace of international competition, another sporting battle was going on — that of getting more people out of their armchairs and onto our pitches, courts and tracks. *Ever Thought Of Sport?* was the slogan, and it all began with a punk toting a lightbulb on her head and daft songs from Alexei Sayle. The aim was to get sport streetwise, and show people that it's not just about muscles, marathons and money.

All things American took off — like baseball and gridiron — as did the martial arts. And a host of smaller events found a few newcomers keen to give sport a fighting chance.

Away from all the glam of Charlie Nicholas, Nigel Mansell, Fatima Whitbread or David Gower, there are literally dozens of unsung games and players that most people don't know exist. And in many of these sporting cul-de-sacs, out of the glare of *Grandstand* and Tony Gubba, 1986 was a great year for Britain. You might have missed our success in real tennis. Or rowing. Or shooting. Or sailing, squash and equestrianism. Fact is, although Chris Ronaldson may not have got the same amount of coverage when he won the real tennis world title as did Linford Christie when he broke the tape in Athens, he's still the best in the world . . .

Next time you're scanning the sports pages of the paper, don't only look at the gloom and doom headlines, the sick as a parrot manager or over the moon football transfer. Read the small print, the snippets. You'll find plenty of Brits actually winning things down there!

A good year for the poses

Designer stubble? DMs? Old school ties? Loose-fitting linen jackets? Which of the year's looks conjured up the feel of 1986 and will make us cringe in ten year's time? JANE BOOTH looks back at the year's high street styles.

THE phenomenal success of the Levi 501 campaign during 86 proved that old denims never die, they simply fade away.

Button fly jeans were elevated to cult status as the perennial fashion favourite cruised into 86 on the backsides of some very hip cats indeed. Sales (and the temperatures of the female population), rocketed as 501s and Levi jean jackets were teamed with crepe soled bovver boots and collared three button polo shirts for the look of spring 86.

There was a summer in the year somewhere. Its arrival was marked, not with a spell of hot weather, but with a new look to partner the polo shirt: boxy, loose-fitting linen jacket and trousers. It was an easy, relaxed look — done very well by French Connection — and it dominated men's commercial fashion during the year.

Loose fitting linen (à la Don Johnson), gave way to a more tailored silhouette for autumn, but the classic two-pleat trousers, tapering to a turn up, continued to wow 'em all year long.

For those holidaying abroad, trouser lengths rose dramatically. There was no room for bashfulness as the same classic two-pleaters were cropped to just above the knee. Shorts looked good in cotton drill and neutral colours of stone, putty and grey. For more colourful clobber there were vivid Madras checks. No points were scored by saving money and rolling up classic two-pleat trousers for a shorts effect — this did the trousers and the circulation no favours whatsoever. Sunglasses were a must for those wishing to take the glare off particularly loud Madras checks.

On cooler days knitwear came into its own. Popular cotton knits — the brighter the better — were selling faster than cheap flights to warmer places.

Those with a penchant for a bit of fancy summertime footwork looked no further than the lace-up plimsoll in black or white. The safety conscious opted for the sailing shoe; designed to keep their wearers upright on sea soaked decks, sailing shoes did a grand job gripping rain lashed pavements. By night, those wishing to trip the light fantastic invested in a pair of taffeta evening slippers.

As a wet summer mellowed into an equally wet autumn, change was afoot. Plimsolls were ousted by sturdy, leather brogues and whether they were fringed, hole punched, laced or buckled, brogues set the pace for the look of autumn 86 — The English Gentleman.

A look that emerged in the Thirties when the cut of your jib was all-important, the classic country look became the blueprint for the well dressed Englishman and generations of American Ivy Leaguers who adopted it as their own 'preppy' look.

This autumn the look that was originally worn by the Prince Of Wales (no, not Charlie) retained its timeless elegance while gaining an Eighties twist.

Re-establishing old school ties was the name of the game as crests, badges and all manner of insignia adorned ties and the breast pockets of beautifully cut blazers and sports jackets. Argyll socks and colourful pocket handkerchieves were all hallmarks of the original Thirties look and accessorised just as well this autumn as they did originally.

Although still available in long sleeved lambswool versions, the ubiquitous polo shirt was replaced in the autumn by a candy stripe shirt that had more of a preppy feel to it. Crisp white cotton (striped with red, blue or green), was the only thing to wear with tailored tweeds and twills, both good old English fabrics, in autumnal shades of cowpat brown and green welly. Double breasted suits in Prince Of Wales check were also popular.

By October, the designers were already looking ahead to 1987 and setting the fashions that will eventually filter down to grace the shelves and rails of the high street shops.

Well, some of them will. The Joseph Tricot collection (with mini-skirted male models putting their best stilletoed foot forward in fetching Dusty Springfield rig-outs), has yet to catch on in Top Man. That kind of outfit would really make a good talking point when the old snapshots of 86 are dusted down and brought out in years to come!

The year of not living dangerously

It wasn't a vintage year for pop music, but 1986 did have its moments. RICHARD LOWE drops his beloved Squire albums in horror as he remembers some of the tried and trusted formulas used by different acts to succeed

WILL Owen Paul be remembered in years to come? Will anyone treasure those halcyon days when mind-blowing acts like Chris De Burgh and Nick Berry whipped the pop-loving public into a frenzy of excitement and shot to the top of the charts?

Probably not, but few will forget **Wham!**. In an era when the kings and queens of middle-aged, middle-brow mediocrity (Sting, Dire Straits, Phil Collins, Gabriel, Palmer, Turner, Stewart, Bowie, Queen) are selling compact discs and car cassettes by the million, Wham! stood out. They were the spirit of teenage pop music made flesh and blood, living proof that the marriage of trash and panache could be one of splendid perfection.

Wham! may have been crass, tacky at times (subtlety was never their trademark) and also clumsily derivative, but they came up with some classic records. Unfortunately their 1986 offering, *The Edge Of Heaven*, wasn't one of them; its 'yeah, yeah' jauntiness sounded a mite contrived, which of course it was.

By now Wham! were experienced pop professionals and only pretending to be the teenage tearaways naively whooping it up that they once genuinely were. Clearly it was time to try something new. George's solo single — the 'moody' *A Different Corner* — was much more encouraging, and he seems destined to fill the niche which the critics have been so eager to carve out for him (the 'mature' singer-songwriter, rather than the shameless purveyor of hack bubble-gum pop).

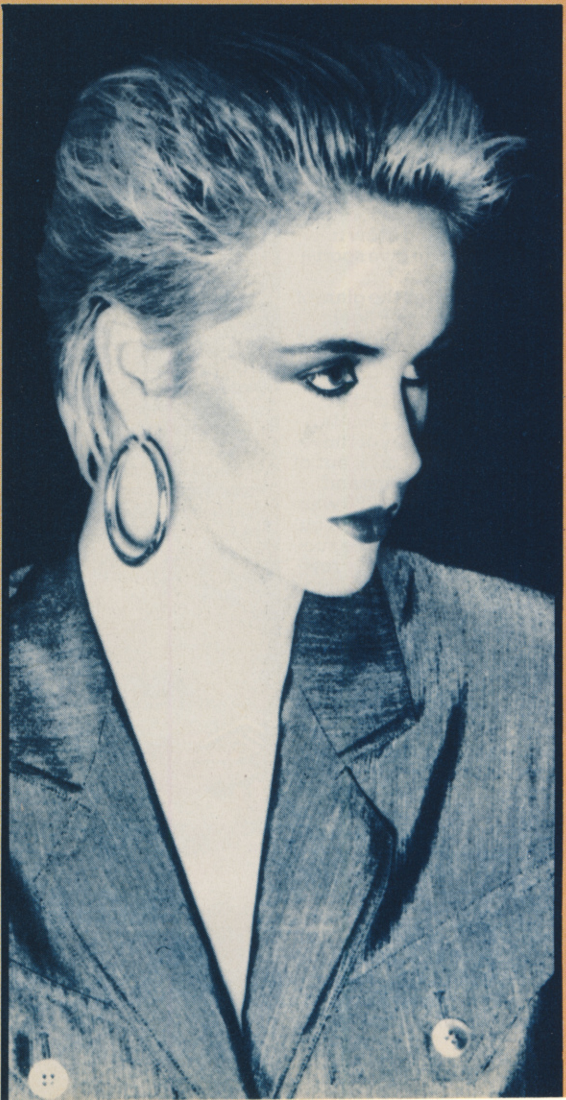
Andrew, meanwhile, has already slipped comfortably into the role of the Professional Celebrity. He'll end up either blown up high and wide across our cinema screens — he only needs an ounce of talent to complement his swarthy good looks — or blown apart on a race track. They'll be sorely missed.

While Wham! bowed out, their fellow giants of Eighties pop bounced back on their fat fannies after a year or two spent swanning around in various tax havens. First to come cap in hand for more pocket money were **Culture Club** with the LP *From Luxury To Heartache* — an apt title in the light of later events. The single *Move Away*, a retread of the familiar Culture Club sound, was a moderate success, but the follow-up, the pleasant (if rather mawkish) *God Thank You Woman*, was a flop and probably accelerated George's downfall. It was sad that one of the most witty, colourful and charming characters in pop turned out to be just another bloated, drugged-up 'rock star' — Keith Richard in a kimono — but that's the crazy world of showbiz for you.

The Human League, who'd been messing about for around two years re-writing, re-recording and re-mixing their new LP *Crash*, fared somewhat better on their return. Teaming up with Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis (the hippest, hottest producers in Christendom) turned out to be an inspired move and produced *Human*, their best single for years. Shame the rest of the LP was a bit drab.

Poor old **Frankie** had a lot more to do. When your initial success depends so heavily on sensational novelty value coupled with the combined bombastic assault of a dramatic producer and a deranged publicist, when your songwriting talent's notoriously flimsy and when anything less than a string of unstoppable number ones will be seen as a failure, you'll likely as not fall flat on your face.

Frankie resisted the temptation to re-enlist **Trevor Horn** and churn out a few remakes of *Two Tribes*. Instead they opted for a new 'harder' sound, paddling in the shallow end of heavy metal, waving their fists in the air and 'giving it loads'. Paul dressed in leather and looked 'well 'ard', while Holly looked and sounded tamer than before and seemed strangely out of place. *Rage Hard* didn't quite get to number one.



Indeed, 'if in doubt, rock out' seemed to be the order of the day, and even those militant anti-rockists **Spandau Ballet** learned that power chords and piercing guitar solos are the easiest musical currencies to convert into dollars. Gary Kemp grew sideburns and became a 'mean axeman' and the LP, *Through The Barricades* contained some choice examples of that old favourite, the Rousing Rock Anthem. Some soul(boy)s are easily bought.

The two closet rockers in **Duran Duran**, John and Andy Taylor, had already acted out their secret desires to be Led Zeppelin in their offshoot 'project', the dreadful Power Station, so when The Durannies finally bothered to make a record they came up with the fashionably funky *Notorious* — a bit clumsy, and Simon Le Bon's still no more of a singer than Nick Berry, but definitely Duran's best effort yet.

With Wham! on the wane and Duran idle for so long, the gap in the teenage heart-throb market was filled by **A-Ha**, the most vapid bunch of Vikings ever to invade our shores. With names like Mags and Pal they sounded like a litter of puppies and had pretty much the same cute'n'cuddly appeal. They reached number one with the catchy *Sun Always Shines On TV* but failed to match this success with their subsequent singles, *Train Of Thought*, *Hunting High And Low* and *I've Been Losing You*. Whatever did happen to Kajagoogoo anyway?

A-Ha had much in common with fellow newcomers Owen Paul, It Bites, Cutting Crew and Belouis Some and their shop-soiled predecessors Howard Jones and Nik Kershaw (the twin ugly sisters of pop - God knows how they ever became 'pin-ups'). Together they all formed a glut of colourless, anonymous acts successfully peddling bland, characterless contemporary pop targeted at maximum radio play and tailored to suit the lowest common denominator of taste.

Dangerously close to blanding out and blending into this morass of mediocrity were **The Blow Monkeys**, who nevertheless came up with the charming *Digging Your Scene*, and the **Pet Shop Boys**, the most successful new British act of the year who got to number one here and

in the US with *West End Girls*, and maintained a consistent presence in the charts with *Love Comes Quickly*, *Opportunitites* and the brilliant *Suburbia*. Not bad for an over-age ex-music journalist who can't sing for toffee.

With all these tame, tasteful 'artists' around, **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** were something of a welcome antidote. It sounded great on paper — bring glamour, fun and excitement back into music, roasting raw rock'n'roll in the white heat of technology, 'designer violence', 'Buy EMI', 'Fleece The World' etc.

Unfortunately Sputnik stumbled at the first fence by making utterly dreary music; their records all sounded the same — a cross between a Sweet B-side and a dodgy Giorgio Moroder soundtrack. Still, it was fun while it lasted, and great to see the media get all flustered and outraged about the great Sputnik 'hype'.

Fact one: nothing can be 'hyped' without the full co-operation of the media; they decide who goes on the cover. Fact two: contrary to the arrogant assumption of the media, records do not get into the charts because the papers go on about them. They get into the charts when little Joe and Joanne Public hear them on the radio, like them and buy them. They liked *Love Missile F-11*, but could do without the follow-up because it sounded exactly the same.

Unfortunately it *is* possible to hype a film, and the poor punters had to fork out their money and discover for themselves that *Absolute Beginners* was crap. Still, it gave **David Bowie** enough exposure to ensure a number one hit for his grandiose theme tune.

Indeed, it seems that most of the records in the chart either had the grim 'from the soundtrack of. . .' warning stamped on the sleeve or were dodgy TV spin-offs. *Eastenders* was the worst culprit. First we had Anita Dobson's nauseatingly sloppy version of the theme tune, and then Nick Berry, with a voice more feeble than a *Crossroads* plot, shot to the top of the charts with his ode to the jilted Lofty, *Every Loser Wins*.

Lofty himself, in his real-life guise of Tom Watt, harboured musical ambitions and released a version of Bob Dylan's *Subterranean Homesick Blues*, Pete Beale tried to cash in on two fronts with *Can't Get A Ticket For The World Cup* and wished he'd stuck to fruit and veg, and Sharon and Kelvin's group The Banned came up with *Something Outa Nothing* (well, at least they changed their name from 'Dog Market').

The man responsible for much of this tosh was Simon May, who wrote the *Eastenders* theme tune, Nick Berry's outrage and The Banned's single and also scored a hit with the theme from *Howard's Way*, the drippy *Always There* by Marti Webb. Hang him high.

Even those zany 'alternative' comedians were at it. **The Young Ones** persuaded Cliff Richard to join them as they knocked the stuffing out of his old hit *Living Doll*, and donated all the proceeds from the chart-topping hit to charity, while the Spitting Image team pocketed the ill-gotten gains from their monstrous smash *The Chicken Song*.

Best of the TV spin-offs was Claire and Friends' *'Orrible Being In Love When You're Eight And A Half*, the deserving winner of *Saturday Superstore*'s hugely entertaining Search For A Superstar competition. Let's hope she doesn't grow up to be as irritating as Sam Fox, the pea-brained Page-Three girl who astonishingly scored two top ten hits with her appalling 'erotic'-disco-for-moronic-*Sun*-readers.

If it wasn't a TV spin-off, every other record seemed to be either an oldie or a cover version. Sam Cooke's *Wonderful World* and Marvin Gaye's *Heard It Through The Grapevine* both enjoyed a fresh romp through the charts on the back of the Levi's 501 adverts, Lulu re-recorded *Shout!* and made an unexpected return to the top ten, while three of the Real Thing's hits from ten years ago (*Can't Get By Without You*, *You To Me Are Everything* and *Can You Feel The Force?*) resurfaced in the charts for no specific reason other than outstanding merit.

A cover version of an old favourite is always a cheap, safe way for an act lacking in imagination and a decent song of their own to revive a sagging career. The device was put to widespread use this year. **The Fine Young Cannibals** revived *Suspicious Minds* and succeeded where their own material had failed, and were followed into the charts by London labelmates **The Communards** and **Bananarama**, who had massive hits with uninspired versions of *Don't Leave Me This Way* and *Venus*.

Others, too, latched onto this wheeze. **Kim Wilde** made a worthless comeback with *You Keep Me Hanging On*, **Dr And The Medics** shot to number one with the dreary *Spirit In The Sky* and even **The Damned** were at it, the 'lovable louts' enjoying their biggest hit ever with the epic *Eloise*.

The worst offenders were **Amazulu**, who somehow managed to squeeze every ounce of zest out of the Chi-Lites' *Too Good To Be Forgotten*, then followed it up with the stunningly dull *Montego Bay*. I suppose they've got a living to make but it's not what I call an honest bob.

As ever it was the consistently strong soul scene that spawned many of the year's most memorable records. The Jam-Lewis production team moulded solid hits for **Alexander O'Neal** and **Cherelle** and, more notably, **Janet Jackson**, who put together a string of hits with *What Have You Done For Me Lately*, *Nasty* and *When I Think Of You*.

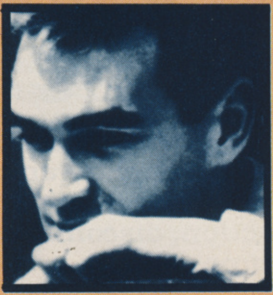
The veteran 'Godfather Of Soul' **James Brown** wooed a whole new generation with *Living In America* and *Gravity*, while **Prince** consolidated his critical reputation with his shows at Wembley and the singles *Kiss and Girls And Boys*. He also penned the sublime *Manic Monday* for The Bangles.

Whitney Houston followed up last year's *Saving All My Love For You* with the catchy *How Will I Know* and the anthemic *Greatest Love Of All*, and **Cameo** finally got the top ten hit they've deserved for years with *Word Up*.

Hip-hop and electro also made significant inroads into the charts this year. **Run DMC** almost made heavy metal fashionable by adding their beatbox bits to Aerosmith's *Walk This Way*, while **The Real Roxanne** combined a wicked rap with that irresistible go-go beat on the storming *(Bang Zoom) Let's Go Go*.

Nor were British black artists completely in the shadows, although it was the poppier end of the range that enjoyed the most success. **Billy Ocean** had a deserved number one with the unstoppable *When The Going Gets Tough*, and **Five Star** established themselves as the most consistent hitmakers of the year. Having milked their first LP *Luxury Of Life* dry after *System Addict*, they came up with an equally strong follow-up — *Silk And Steel* — a fresh collection of inoffensive and annoyingly catchy pop songs, ideal for the radio or the disco. So far the LP has spawned *Can't Wait Another Minute* and *Rain Or Shine*.

Right now only **Madonna** can match them for consistency, and not surprisingly it was another bumper year for her. She opened this year's account with the release of her best ever single *Borderline*, a surprising flop when it was first released in 1984, and followed that up with three new singles of equal quality — *Live To Tell*, *Papa Don't Preach* and *True Blue*. Shame about the film though.



Finally, let's not forget the lovable flat-top and anorak brigade that make up the much-maligned 'indie scene', more vibrant than ever this year and a lot more interesting than mainstream pop. **The Smiths** dominated the indie charts with the excelent *Queen Is Dead* LP — big fish in a small pond perhaps, but they also had respectable chart hits with *Big Mouth Strikes Again*, *Panic* and *Ask*.

The Housemartins managed to break out of the indie ghetto with their perky-but-profound brand of pop, and even if their rather twee and patronising normal-lads-from-Hull image did grate a bit, they made a refreshing change from the standard pop fare.

Not so lucky, but just as deserving were The Shop Assistants, The Soup Dragons, The Mighty Lemon Drops and The Woodentops; I'm sure their time will come. **The Jesus And Mary Chain** finally toned down the feedback on *Just Like Honey*, which slipped into the charts behind Radio 1's back, while the quaintly titled **We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It** almost had a hit despite the gleeful misuse of said instrument on their *XX Sex* EP.

Best of the bunch, though, were **Half Man Half Biscuit**, whose bitter rants about obscure TV personalities were hilarious. It's a formula that'll no doubt get more tiresome than Jimmy Tarbuck but it's fun while it lasts. Anyone with a song called *All I Want For Christmas Is A Dukla Prague Away Kit* deserves to have their own TV show. How could anyone prefer Owen Paul?

Absolute beginnings

CURTIS HUTCHINSON slips into the upper circle — and why not? — to look back at a cinematic year of blood, action, discomfort and a new Aussie superstar.

THE lights go down. The music crackles over the sound system, the guy behind is discussing the intricacies of his souped-up Cortina, the girl in front has decided to swap places with her beefcake boyfriend, the nerd alongside opens his first packet of crisps; scratchy adverts for the local curry house, Sixties fashions and Kia-Ora flash onto the screen followed by a trailer for the latest Stallone nasty, then a heartfelt plea from rent-a-celebrity for the charity of the week.

The lights go up. The collection tin is passed round. Everyone dips begrudgingly into their pockets for the loose change they were saving for the bus trip home. Punters who just 20 minutes ago were braving the elements in a slow-moving queue now decide they need a Choc Ice. The lights go down again, the first latecomers make themselves known, and the whole sorry show gets under way.

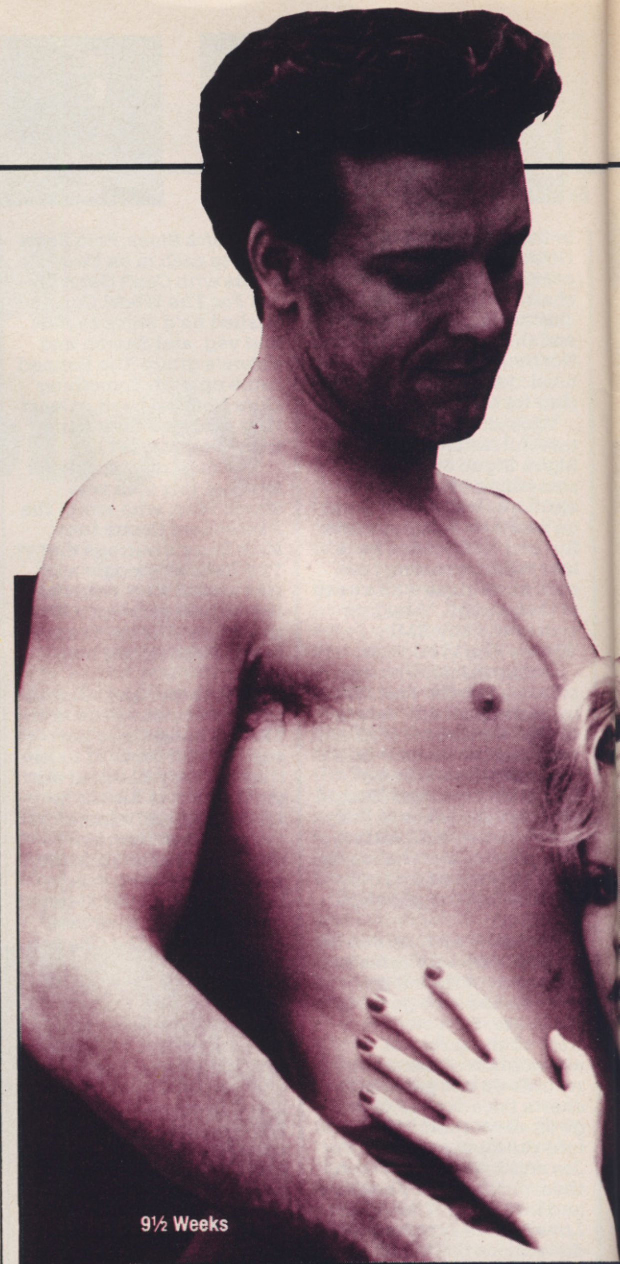
There's no getting away from it: the best place to see a film is on a big screen in a cinema equipped with 70mm and Dolby stereo facilities. The problem is that British cinemas are, by and large, cold, dirty and uncomfortable, not the sort of places where you'd while away a couple of hours in the hope of being entertained. Small wonder that attendance is plummeting as video rentals soar.

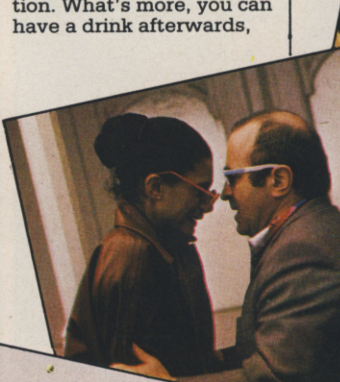
This could all change as a result of the successful opening earlier this year of Britain's first ten-screen cinema complex in Milton Keynes. Multiplexes have been popular in Europe and America for some time, basically because they provide an ideal environment for movie-watching: comfy chairs, steep rakes, good sound and first-rate projection. What's more, you can have a drink afterwards, buy a book or eat a meal.

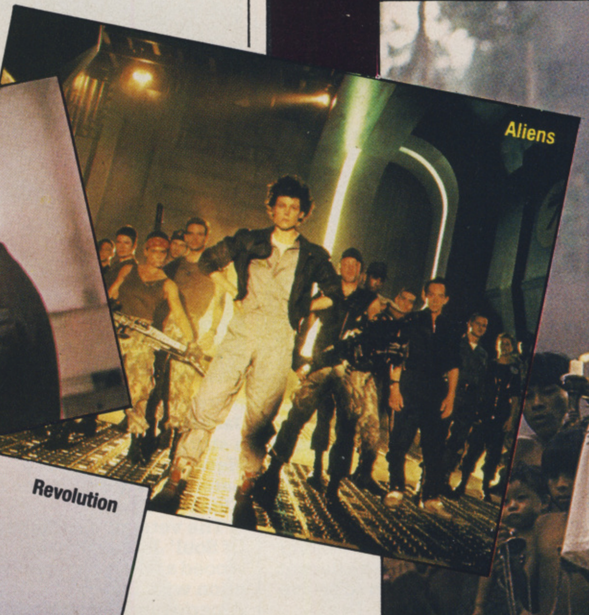
Salivating entrepreneurs have watched the progress of Milton Keynes with interest and put in bids to build multiplexes all over the country. The first of these opens in **Salford** this month with **Slough** and **High Wycombe** following next year.

Well, there's the good news, something in short supply in 86 — especially around the palatial West End offices of **Goldcrest**, the pioneering British film company behind such gems as *Gandhi*, *Dance With A Stranger* and *A Room With A View*. With three biggies poised for release, 1986 was going to be Goldcrest's year.

It wasn't. The misconceived *Revolution* kicked up a ferocious critical storm both sides of the Atlantic and didn't stay around long enough to be seen. Okay, it was a 'quality' movie aimed, rather vaguely, at a post-teen audience. Gold-


9½ Weeks




Aliens

Revolution

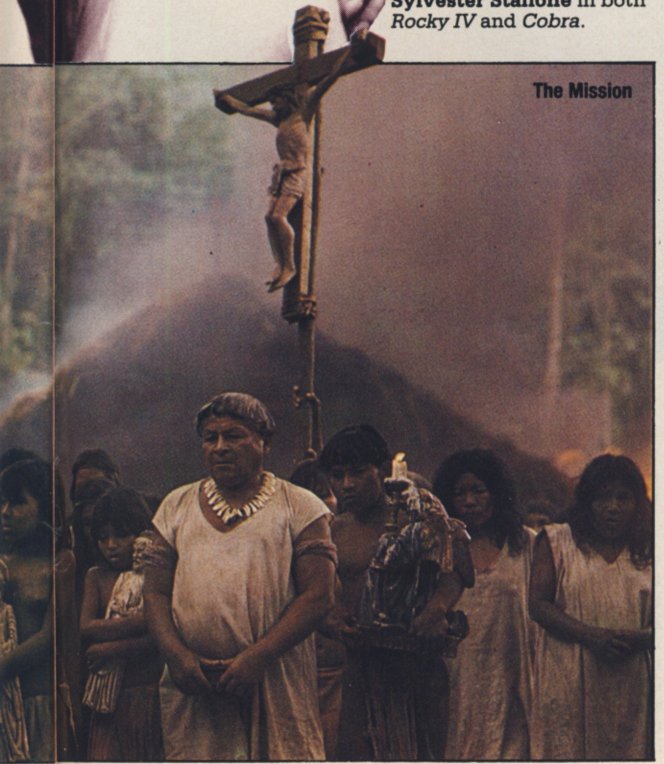
crest blew it, but they couldn't go wrong with their next one, could they? *Absolute Beginners* was a musical set in Soho during the late Fifties, with a soundtrack by the likes of The Style Council, Sade and David Bowie. Sure, it was a lively movie, directed with great gusto by **Julien Temple** (definitely a man to watch); the problem was that the kids hated it.

The hopes of Goldcrest now rest upon *The Mission*, and personally I can't see how a film about Jesuits and Indians getting it together two hundred years ago in the Colombian jungle could fail. Sounds like a winner . . .

As does **David Puttnam**'s appointment as the top studio executive at Columbia Pictures. Puttnam, the first Brit ever to hold such a senior position, has already indicated that he's keen to get started on a sequel to *Ghostbusters* and that he'll be sending plenty of work to British studios.

Back home, the **Cannon Films** buy-out of Thorn EMI Screen Entertainment brought forth a lot of racist nonsense from people within the industry, but the new owners are hardly asset-strippers. **Menahem Golan** and **Yoram Globus** have already shown their commitment to shooting movies over here, starting with *Superman IV*, and ambitiously plan to drag their newly acquired ABC circuit into the Eighties.

Like the bloodthirsty Romans who flocked to watch gladiators beat the shit out of each other, cinema audiences in 86 opted for action, ketchup and more action. Hence the success of **Arnold Schwarzenegger**'s tongue-in-cheek (though ridiculously violent) *Commando* and the brilliantly-shot *Top Gun* (an airborne remake of *An Officer And A Gentleman*, which in turn was a remake of something else). The man who emerged with the most blood on his hands was, predictably enough, **Sylvester Stallone** in both *Rocky IV* and *Cobra*.



The Mission

With all this death and destruction on tap it was rather pleasing that more worthy movies like *The Color Purple*, *Hannah And Her Sisters* and *Mona Lisa* found an audience.

Sequelitis continued to rage unabated from the downright awfulness of *Police Academy III* to the mediocrity of *The Jewel Of The Nile* and the sheer bravado of *Aliens*. Other also-rans included *Poltergeist II*, *Karate Kid II*, *A Nightmare On Elm Street II*, *The Return Of The Living Dead* and *Psycho III*. Movies are sounding more and more like football scores these days.

Closer to home, **Roger Moore**'s protestations that he had too made his last 007 movie were finally taken seriously and we have a new James Bond in the distinguished stage (though undistinguished film) actor **Timothy Dalton**, who's currently shooting the twenty-fifth-anniversary Bond movie, *The Living Daylights*.

Pop stars making prats of themselves included **Sid** in *Sid And Nancy*, **Prince** in *Under The Cherry Moon*, **Bowie** in *Labyrinth* and **Madonna** in *Shanghai Surprise*. Film stars making prats of themselves included **Al Pacino** in *Revolution*, **Louis Gossett Jr** in *Enemy Mine*, **Sean Connery** and **Christopher Lambert** in *Highlander*, **Michael Caine** in anything and **Barry Norman** in *Spitting Image*, and why not . . . ?

New stars? Well, there's **Kim Basinger** who made a lasting impression in the upmarket skinflick *9½ Weeks*; there were also the interchangeable pretty boy pin-ups **Rob Lowe** and **Tom Cruise**, but the surprise new superstar has to be **Paul Hogan**, whose *Crocodile Dundee* has become Australia's biggest export since, well, Fosters . . .

Into the Bright age

NICK STEPHENS rewinds and casts a flickering eye over the cleaner face of video during 1986

VIDEO nasties, cowboy video dealers and the dirty mac brigade have all contributed to the tardy image that video has managed to acquire in its short but hectic career.

Thankfully a clean-up campaign is under way and we're beginning to see some results. The **British Videogram Association** (BVA) and the **Federation Against Copyright Theft** (FACT — a close relative to the computer software industry's FAST) have been making great strides to improve the industry, while the Graham Bright bill (passed by The House Of Commons earlier this year), went a long way towards improving video's image.

The Bright bill — which came into effect on 1 September — stipulates that every video available for rental *must* have a BBFC (British Board of Film Censors) certificate.

It may have improved the industry image, but the bill was a nightmare for local video dealers. It's been estimated that due to the bill the average video dealer lost roughly £2,500 worth of stock, and had to spend countless painstaking hours sifting through the racks of cassettes, putting little sticky labels here, there and everywhere.

The problem was that because videos released before 1 September *didn't* have to be certificated, many weren't. And as some of the companies who released them have since gone under, there's no one around to pay for their certification (an expensive procedure since the BBFC is not cheap)!

Also, some of the uncertificated movies from the big companies were so old it was decided that it was pointless to push them through the rigorous BBFC assault course because they were no longer selling. Thus many local hire-shops offered a bargain bin of ex-rental cassettes for £5 each.

Budget films also rocked the rental outlets. At the end of last year, entrepreneur **Steve Ayres** got his **Video Collection** off the ground. Ayres bought up the rights to a couple of hundred films that were, like his videos, going cheap, and in a few short months he'd had them duplicated into VHS, packaged, shelved up in Woolies and selling for the (then) revolutionary price of just £6.99 a piece. They sold in their thousands.

£6.99 a piece. They sold in their thousands.

Since that time, **Channel 5**, **Video Masterpieces**, **Warner Home Video**, **RCA/Columbia** and several smaller companies have climbed aboard the cheapo charabanc. The year saw films like *Eraserhead*, *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, *Christiane F*, *Dirty Harry* and several *Thunderbirds* movies all on sale for under-a-tenner.

On the hardware side, 8mm video has continued to grow (but still hasn't blossomed), while Ferguson and Hitachi have introduced VTRs with built-in timers programmed to record from the infra-red remote control handset. And VHS-C cam-corders (video cameras into which you put a small VHS cassette) have been selling like hot cakes.

As 86 rolls to a close, it looks as though the great format war is over. JVC's VHS format has finally emerged as the triumphant victor, while Sony's Betamax (ironically a much better format), has come out of it all bruised and bloody.

Terrific.

Nothing on th

Ranting PAUL STRANGE examines the youth TV predicament during 86, while ROD POWELL looks at possible future developments

QUASI-CLASSICAL music, a murky alley, people running down fire-escapes, a jukebox, steam, smoke, coloured lights, flashing neon . . . and that was just the opening titles.

The Tube was back with a new look, a new feel and an adjusted format, but you could have fooled me.

There was the muttering, spluttering Holland, the hearty, tarty Yates and the new dullard Wendy May. It was all of it much of a muchness and much of it much the same. Like the whole of the year's output for the under-30s, *The Tube* was another series in a series, another re-run, another best-of, another repeat showing, another hacked-up, jacked-up pile of toss.

Channel Four ran out of ideas in 86: *Saturday Live* had an end-of-year comeback, but only after an unnecessary and tedious repeat of the first series. Hardly a rivetting programme at the best of times, the show relied heavily on third-rate alternative performers, dodgy, stodgy, podgy Yank comedians and Ben Elton's 'rad' satire. Not a convincing recipe for success.

The Tube replacements — *Solid Soul*, *Revid* and *The Chart Show* — were pretty damn dull too. *Solid Soul* specialised in poor presentation, appalling miming, and archive clips with sycophantic and moronic audiences gyrating seductively in front of the camera. Terrific.

Revid was even worse (cocky, chirpy Crowley and a nerd of a baboon babbling inanely about recent vids), but fortunately *The Chart Show* had a few saving graces. By using fast forward/rewind techniques and avoiding human presenters, it injected new pace into the sterile medium of pop TV, presenting a diverse mixture of indie, HM, soul, and chart videos with the emphasis firmly placed on the music and its performers.

Channel 4 had already pioneered alternative pop presentation with *The Max Headroom Show*. A second series of the stuttering schizoid failed to materialise in 86 (he was probably too busy doing Radio Rentals commercials and Coca Cola ads in the States), although the show is due to return in February 87. Wonderful . . .

Without strong competition from Channel 4, it's no wonder that the Beeb and ITV continue to churn out drivel for the youth market. Saturday morning TV remains a slimy heap of dung: *Saturday Superstore* is identical to the last series (it might just have been repeated, no-one would know the difference), while ITV's *Get Fresh* is decidedly stale even though presenter Gaz Top puts in a sterling performance.

Top Of The Pops continues to spew out excrement every Thursday night. Despite the cretinous deejays, mediocre music, and abysmal miming by preening dullards, 7,000,000 viewers still tune into it every week. Incredible.

And then there's *Whistle Test*, a show that persists with middle-aged presenters and dead-beat Seventies idols. The addition of Andy Kershaw and Ro Newton has give the programme a much needed kick up the bum, but the Beeb should consider a total and utter re-vamp, or drop the bugger totally.

While they're at it, perhaps they could also give *No Limits* the heave-ho. Limp, insipid, wet, and a bloody good excuse to nip out for a beer, *No Limits* is without doubt the worst TV programme ever created — apart from *3,2,1*, *That's My Dog* and *The Late Late Breakfast Show*. Ghastly, amateurish and just plain naff, *No Limits* is a giant uncontrollable vehicle for Jonathan King's increasing ego. We don't need it, and we certainly don't need him. ■

ne box

IN WHAT has definitely been a bad year for youth programmes, it was encouraging to see a few developments which gave a glimmer of hope for the future.

Richard Branson got his feet firmly under the broadcasting table as Music Box (the Virgin-owned pop video cable channel) became a sole source of programme material for all-night-telly in Yorkshire. The experiment has achieved decent viewing figures, and other ITV regions are likely to follow suit. Aimed at the young adult, Music Box is pure pop pap, but at least it's the start of something better. London Weekend Television, for example, is planning *Night Owl* (an 'upmarket style magazine' programme) that will run until 4 am.

In fact, round-the-clock television could soon be upon us. The BBC launched its daytime schedule a couple of months ago, but true to form they totally ignored the youth market. Other than the *Clothes Show*, there's nothing of interest unless you're retired (physically or mentally), and yet there are thousands on the dole who could benefit from sensible daytime youth programming.

There's more to come: Superchannel will be launched next year. A combined effort between the BBC, ITV and Richard (*not again*) Branson, it'll be beamed via a satellite at Europe. Unfortunately Superchannel won't offer much that's new, particularly if you're already receiving Music Box via a local cable station.

Cable has been regularly panned by British critics. Often described as 'too late' and 'too expensive', the criticisms are a trifle unfair. Recently — at Westminster Cable's first birthday party — it was apparent that the 15 or so cable channels offer a far wider choice than any of us could have imagined, and it's an area that's bound to increase.

Earlier this year ITV released some research figures which revealed that 17-20-year-olds believe TV has a greater impact than any other media form. The figures were based around exposure to (and recall of) commercials. With the repeat showings that some of this year's better examples of television advertising have had — Levi's jeans, Griff Rhys Jones/Holstein Pils, Elton John/Cadbury's, Tina Turner/Pepsi Cola — it's hardly surprising (to coin an old cliche), that the commercials have more impact than the programmes they separate.

There's still no youth channel, no daytime slot for young adults, and no national all-night television orientated towards the under-30s, but a few vital steps were taken this year.

NELSON'S COLUMN

As seen through the eye of KEVIN PILLEY

BEDAD!

Strap me across a cannon's mouth and blow my vitals to the four winds if I lie! Give me a taste of the cat if I exaggerate!

New Year's Eves are getting better every year. I should know. I've been at the last 140 of the buggers.

I thought I'd seen it all, but this year's little shindig was wilder than the currents off Santa Cruz and noisier than the Battle Of Copenhagen. I'll eat my hat if I'm wrong.

It was Bedlam. It beggared description beyond that. You could hardly draw a cutlass because the crowds were so big.

There were thousands upon thousands of them. From all over the world they came, like rats to a corn-bin, to run up the Jolly Roger, quaff the rum barrel and, in true nautical fashion, boozily bid God-speed to the year of our Lord 1986.

Lumme, how time flies! It seems only yesterday that I was lying in the arms of my loyal friend and most trusted non-venereal subordinate Mr Hardy on the deck of my beloved flag ship and uttering those famous departing words, 'This is another fine mess you have gotten me into'.

The untameable spirits of youth know no brake. What a time they had carousing into the early hours of the new year. What a debauch! Some must have awoken the following morning feeling as if their bowels were spring-loaded. What a night!

Of course I'm used to staying up quite late every night so the crowds didn't disturb me too much. It only happens once a year, so I suppose they are entitled to kick up a bit of a din and let their hair down.

Naturally I would have loved to have joined in all the fun and games, but that's the way it goes. As a 180 ton granite statue you have to accept your limitations. It's easy to make a dick of yourself.

I like to keep myself to myself. Some people might accuse me of being a bit aloof and stuck up and I know quite a few people think I am just a big poseur, but if you were in my position who wouldn't be?

There's nothing wrong with posing anyway. The birds love it. As a well-known and terrifically handsome London landmark you've got to get used to having birds crawling all over you. I can't help it. I stand out in a crowd. It's called presence. You've either got it or you haven't.

The Prince Consort Albert, down at Kensington Gore, has got it. Did you know that Queen Victoria commissioned the statue just to see what Albert would have looked like if he had been Jamaican?

As a keen student of human nature and current affairs, one of my favourite amusements on New Year's Eve is to catch up on the latest dance sensations sweeping the country. Recently we've had the Chouf Mountain Quickstep, the Howzdeh Marshes Mustard Gas Boogie, the Chernobyl Charleston and the Restricted Waters Jitterbug in which everyone pretends they are frogmen being depth-charged by the Swedes.

Last, but not least, there's the SDP wardance. It's called *The Fizzle* and is popular among large numbers of primitive people.

I am only joshing. Everyone enjoyed themselves this year. That's all that matters. All except those clods in front of the South African Embassy over the way. What a miserable bunch of Boers! A 24-hour vigil they call it. Haven't they got anything better to do? Zola what's it summed it up when they asked her if she missed people back home. She said she didn't because she's got a steady hand and a good gun.

I don't go in much for politics. I try to rise above it. Yet it grieves me exceedingly that the world is still run by this Reagan object. Brains of a musketball.

And this palsy-walsy Comment allez-vous with the Frogs so we can build an undersea tunnel between the two countries is a kick in the plinth for people like me who fought for King and country, keeping them and their bloody smelly snails at bay. If it had not been for some stunning acts of intrepid bravery on the behalf of the Royal Navy (God bless her closing docks), Napoleon would be at the helm of this nation today. On second thoughts, perhaps she is.

As years go, 1986 wasn't that bad actually. I lost a bit more hair and my cheeks grew a little more sunken, but that's wind erosion for you. You are asking for it 150 foot above Trafalgar Square.

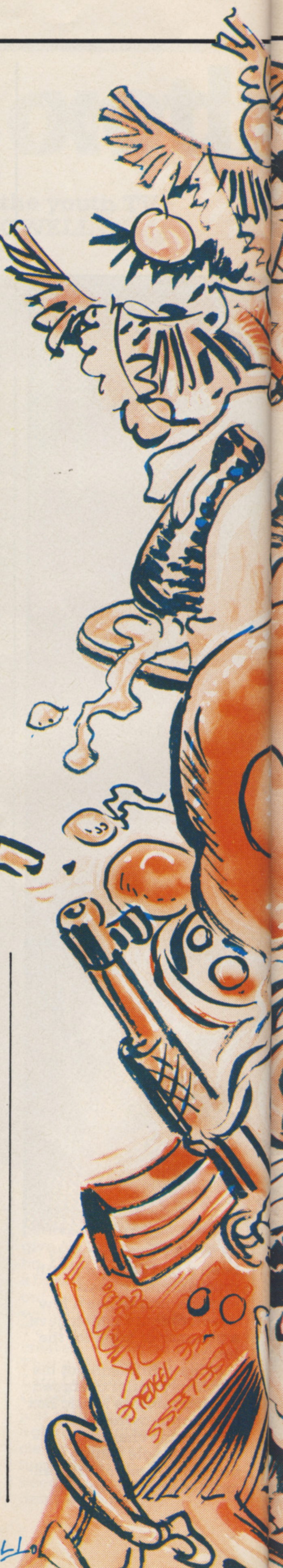
I'm looking forward to lots of things in 87: jobs, cheaper housing, a Health Service that works, unilateral disarmament, 20 years on since Sgt Pepper and that new youth magazine with the funny cover. Yes, it's going to be a good one.

If not, I suppose I'll just have to turn a blind eye.

LM

What does Christmas mean to you? Do you care? Well RICHARD LOWE does, and here he examines the real meaning of Christmas.

Festive sneer



FORGET all you've been told: Father Christmas really *does* exist, and he's a much more sinister and mysterious figure than legend has fooled us into believing.

For a start, he chooses to bestow his plentiful bounty not on those angelic, deserving children who are obedient and well-behaved all year and who go to bed especially early on Christmas Eve so mummy and daddy can get on with that wrapping they've been putting off for three weeks and bugger off to the pub while there's still room to breathe and time to get legless.

No, his beneficiaries are less deserving but nevertheless grateful: department-stores, publicans, restaurateurs, off-licences, nightclubs, toy manufacturers, brewers, distillers, tree-rustlers, jewellers, purveyors of hangover cures and indigestion tablets, card manufacturers, record companies, book publishers, television companies, Slade, wrapping-paper and gift-tag makers, the Post Office, Fisher Price, Palitoy and the rest of that evil syndicate, the VAT men, butchers, bakers and probably even candlestick makers, British Rail, the fella who invented Trivial Pursuit, taxi drivers, postmen, dustbinmen, pop stars, priests, parfumiers, pudding makers, and, last but not least, the manufacturers, distributors and retailers of handkerchiefs (particularly those who trade in sets of three), ties, gloves and socks.

Father Christmas is not a kind old man with a white beard, a fur-trimmed red coat, a sledge, a sack, a crack team of elves and reindeers and a knack for shinning down chimneys that have been blocked up since the Blitz. All that was a fib.

In fact, Father Christmas is the code-name (coined by a team of top psychologists who've been looking into the phenomenon) for a sudden bout of inexplicable madness that grips us all every year toward the end of December.

The Father Christmas syndrome can be more specifically defined as 'a sudden malfunction of the normal restraints and inhibitions that govern our behaviour', and the symptoms are familiar to us all.

Pillars of sobriety down enough sweet sherry and port and lemon to guarantee cirrhosis, the thriftiest of misers spend money as if they've been told that any left over on 2 January will be confiscated by the Treasury; boiling passion and fiery lust surface in the most timid and frigid of creatures and suddenly the meanest, most miserable, unfriendly bastards turn into models of cheer, goodwill and generosity.

The Father Christmas syndrome explains why we all start decorating our houses and High Streets with coloured lights and gaily-festooned fir trees, why we buy unwanted presents for our friends and family, why we feel a sudden urge to be reunited with distant relatives, why we give money to charities and people who come and sing on our front doorsteps, before launching ourselves wholeheartedly into an orgy of alcohol and rich food and then suffering cold turkey until the next fix of decadence at New Year.

The Christmas caper has its roots, of course, in a religious feast, and many still cling forlornly to the notion that what we are all celebrating is the birth of Jesus Christ. But the 'Put Christ Back Into Xmas' campaigners have more on their hands than persuading the great British public to spell a word of more than five letters correctly.

For, despite our vociferous protestations to the contrary, Britain is no longer a Christian country, and while a majority may pay lip-service to the Church Of England, only 15 per cent of the British people are practising Christians.

If Christmas were just a religious feast, it would be a tiny minority festival by now, meriting a small item on *News At Ten* and perhaps a special bumper edition of *Songs Of Praise*.

It isn't even the most important date in the Christian calendar; the resurrection of Christ is far more fundamental to the faith than His birth. Those who make their annual appearance at church on Christmas day ('I know I'm not a

To JOANNIE
MERRY XMAS

regular churchgoer, but Christmas is special isn't it, all the atmosphere and singing — it's better than the Last Night Of The Proms') should really look into making a token gesture at Easter.

Christian devotion at Christmas has become the quaint quirk of a small minority. For the rest of us, Christian virtues tend to stay in the back seat as we engage in a shameless pagan romp through the Seven Deadly Sins. And anyone who doesn't clock up impressive scores in the categories of Gluttony, Covetousness, Lust and Sloth might as well change their name by deed poll to Ebenezer Scrooge.

If Marx were alive today it wouldn't be religion that he'd call 'the opiate of the people', but that most modern of mass devotions, Rabid Consumerism. Instead of putting in the ritual appearance at midnight mass, we should all be flocking to a special two-hour edition of *The Price Is Right*, because at Christmas, anything that's put on display in the shops and looks vaguely festive will be snapped up by eager punters.

Shopkeepers aren't dumb. They know that no-one ever has a clue what to buy anyone else for Christmas, and they know that if they market anything properly (ie make sure the wrapping depicts either a sprig of holly, a robin or a pudding dripping with white sauce) some mug will buy it. And it's the perfect opportunity to unload on the public, stupefied by sentiment and desperation, all the crap that's been selling like condoms in a nunnery all year.

When else would anyone buy socks, or cranberry sauce, or books of any description, or Baileys Irish Cream, or Slade singles, or driving gloves? (I have a theory that this mysterious product 'driving gloves' was invented by some bright spark solely to fill that gap in the Christmas market loosely defined as 'something for Dad/Uncle Herbert' — one of the simplest and cleverest cons ever devised.)

But the cruellest con of Christmas is played on children. Invariably Christmas is a time for the most glaring hypocrisy (a sudden pious concern for the poor, elderly, and lonely, for instance), but there's none more guilty than the parents who pronounce, through mouths stuffed with truffles and chocolates, that they 'only bother with Christmas for the sake of the kids'.

The truth is that it's the grown-ups who get all the fun at Christmas and children who get the rawest deal. It starts sometime in mid-November, when parents suddenly realise that the presents they're buying for their cherished offspring give them a strong strategic advantage in the skirmishes of family life.

Immediately the parents launch a campaign of fiendish bribery. The poor mites pay a rich ransom for their promised Tonka toys, Rambo machine guns and BMX bikes. Any hint of mischief or disobedience is countered with the familiar veiled threats: 'Father Christmas doesn't come to children who call their mother a bossy old witch with worms for hair and a face like a pig', or 'if you don't eat your nice spinach-and-stewed-prune casserole guess who won't be coming to visit'.

True, the kids have been rooting through mummy's wardrobe, making detailed inspections of all the goodies coming their way, but that does nothing to lessen the threat — they know the rules governing the return of goods, and they saw the receipts in her purse that time they were 'counting her money'.

And after the weeks of impeccable behaviour, the day itself is even worse. Hordes of elderly relatives suddenly descend on the house to patronisingly pat the little ones on the head, tell them how much they've grown, give them laughably unsuitable gifts and chomp their way through all the chocolates and sweets (including personal Selection Boxes) in the house; the Queen's speech is compulsory, and escaping to play with friends is out of the question.

As for the poor kids in hospital, they have to contend with all the minor celebrities who come crawling out of the woodwork and into the wards at Christmas. It's bad enough being in hospital as it is, without being plagued by the likes of Timmy Mallet and Paul King, armed to the teeth with Cabbage Patch Dolls.

So this year, while you're copping off at the office party, getting bladdered in the pub, and generally misbehaving, spare a thought for the children.

'Come to bed, darling, it's our honeymoon night.' Gene Wilder as Larry Abbot discovers the pleasures of the marriage bed in HAUNTED HONEYMOON.

Circuit training

MARTIN SUTTON slips with unseasonal reluctance into the stalls for this year's Christmas films

A lonely moment for Dale Turner (played by Gordon Dexter), as he plays street blues on his sax in ROUND MIDNIGHT.

WHAT no Crimble blockbusters?

Traditionally Christmas has always been the period when the distributors eventually unleash the biggies they've been teasing us with for most of the year. Surprisingly there are no Spielberg or Disney epics this time, no eagerly awaited sequels or anything resembling a *Back To The Future* or *Ghostbusters*. In fact apart from *Labyrinth* (which left our very own David Currie unimpressed), there's not that many traditional, family films on release this Christmas.

Most of the national circuit appears to be clogged up with unseasonal heavy dramas, many of which wouldn't be welcome at *any* time of the year, let alone Christmas.

What's going on? Have the distributors forgotten the fine art of attracting spend-crazy consumers to the box-office?

Of the lighter films that *are* around, check out **Gene Wilder**'s new horror spoof *Haunted Honeymoon* (PG). It has a few good one-liners, though it was all done much better in Mel Brooks' similar *Young Frankenstein*.

For something more original, try *Crocodile Dundee* (15), a blockbuster Aussie comedy which has been packing 'em in down under and Stateside. **Paul Hogan** plays a rough but honest outback croc-hunter who braves a visit to the streets of New York City. The innocent abroad scenes and Fosters lager-style humour are pretty corny, but Hogan rises above it as a tongue-in-cheek superhero in leather hat and singlet.

A good creepy horror movie is always a useful corrective to too much festive goodwill. *Critters* (15) is just the job, and reminiscent of the marvellous *Gremlins*. The creatures of the title are furry balls of fanged ferocity who flee from another planet to beseige a cute, white-painted mid-Western farmhouse. Definitely worth seeing.

Less recommended, but still good, is *Psycho 3* (18). Just when you thought it really *was* safe to go back in the shower, Norman Bates dusts off his knife, restuffs mom, and opens the motel again. This time around, **Anthony Perkins** gets to wield the knife *and* sit in the director's chair. Gadzooks!

Of the heavy dramas, *Kangaroo* (PG) is a rather flat, over wordy adaptation of **D H Lawrence**'s thrown together novel, based on his stay in Australia in 1922. Once again, Lawrence proves a boring old fart, expounding on sex and society as if he understood either.

Just as stodgy — like wading through cold porridge — is **Natassja Kinski** in *Harem* (15). A modern-day white slave trade tale which is offensive all round, it proves that Ms Kinski needs acting lessons immediately.

A little more interesting is *Eat The Peach* (PG), an off-beat Irish comedy/drama featuring a down-at-heel biker who builds a wall of death at the end of his backyard. Nice idea, shame about the way it's constructed.

If you do need a dose of the heavies, you can do better. *Smooth Talk* (15) is about a teenage girl, growing away from her parents, who invites the attentions of a half-crazed rapist. It evokes small-town teen boredom very nicely, but the suggestion that she deserves her fate is less intelligent.

Don't be put off by *Twice In A Lifetime* (15), the story of a married man (**Gene Hackman**, in great form) who falls for another woman on his 50th birthday. It's funny, tender and sure puts oldsters in a new light.

Best of all, though, is a jazz drama called *Round Midnight* (15). It's all smokey Paris cellar bars, seedy hotel rooms, a brilliant though alcoholic saxophonist, and music which will have you dusting off your old man's LPs. It moves slowly, like an old blues number, but hang on in there as this one is the bizz.

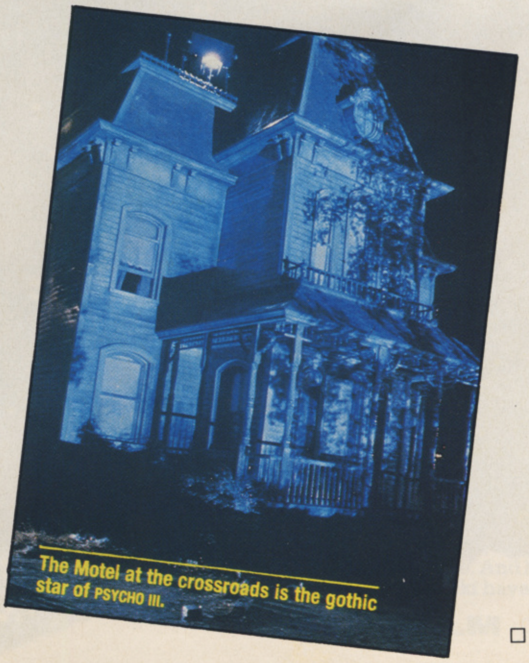
Finally, *Real Genius* (15), *Labyrinth* (U), and *Explorers* (U) are aimed at the indistinct 'youth' market. Aptly enough, *Real Genius* is the most intelligent and unpatronising of them. With a good script and brilliant performances, it's about a group of teen scientific eggheads getting their brains picked by militaristic authorities. The balance between hilarity and message is fairly well sustained, though it's fair to carp at the lack of even one interesting female character. *Labyrinth* has twice the pretensions, many times the budget, and works only half as well (see review in main Bowie feature).

Explorers — director Joe Dante's first film since *Gremlins* — is an eye-popping Spielberg-style space epic which triumphs by being totally off-the-wall. The three teenage heroes, and the aliens they closely encounter, are outsiders to their respective worlds. This is the full version, unlike the video now on release, so see it at the cinema

Well, there you have it. Is it to be Norman Bates on taxidermy, a holiday harem in the Atlas Mountains, an alcoholic saxophonist on the Left Bank or hi-tech Muppets? Or can you take the lot? I doubt it.

Everyone's typical macho Aussie honcho, CROCODILE DUNDEE is played by Paul Hogan.

EXPLORERS — a cuddly alien takes a peek.



The Motel at the crossroads is the gothic star of PSYCHO III.

LM

GETS YOU PISTE

But LM's ROUGH GUIDE travel team still manage to find their way around the ski slopes of Europe. JOHN FISHER reports on the before, during and *après*-ski

If you're prepared to rough it in the often bitterly cold and windy weather, then Aviemore can work out very cheap.

EVEN if you don't know your piste from your stem christie, or wedelling from schnapps, a short ski trip can create a convert for life. It's a thrill which, as any skier will tell you, no other sport can match. It's also the best known means of coming home with a great tan in the middle of February.

Trouble is, it's probably also the most expensive form of entertainment devised since the three card trick. You may see **From £45** flashed across the front of all the brochures - but don't for a moment believe that you can really ski for that little (see **Hidden Costs**). £200 a week would be more realistic once you've added in skis and other special gear and all the food and drink you'll get through once there. Even to do this you'll need to study the brochures carefully and to resist the powerful temptation of ski shops full of wind-tunnel tested, fully-lined mink underwear.

So what do you really need? Skis and boots obviously — but these you'll hire when you arrive. It's a waste of money buying them if you're just starting out and there's no advantage to hiring before you leave — it won't be any cheaper, you'll have to lug heavy equipment halfway across Europe, and you won't be able to change the boots when they turn out not to fit. As for clothes, try and borrow them. If you know anyone who skis this is easier than you might think — ski gear is fairly baggy so exact sizes don't matter too much, and all skiers feel secretly guilty about spending fortunes on silly clothes they only wear once a year.

The important thing is to stay warm (and dry) even when the weather turns really rough. A good anorak — preferably one that does up high round your neck and has loads of pockets — is essential; but it doesn't have to be one made specifically for skiing. Make it big so you can cram plenty of layers underneath. Trousers do need to be special — best are the big quilted dungaree-type *salopettes*. These may look stupid but they're warm, comfortable and the padding comes into its own when you land in the snow twentieth time around. Decent gloves are important too — hefty leather or plastic bikers' or skiers' jobs. And you shouldn't venture out onto the snow without sunglasses (better than goggles except when there's a blizzard), the strongest sun tan cream you can buy (at this altitude the rays burn even through cloud) and a woolly hat.

Thus equipped you're ready to go, and the only outstanding question is where. And how? All the countries where you can ski have per-

▷

of their own; France super-efficient, modern and charmless; Austria for olde worlde charm and bonhomie in the bars; Switzerland outrageously expensive and flooded with the beautiful people; Italy cheaper and friendlier, but with rickety old run-down lifts. These alpine countries have been at it for years; now a generation of ski countries are baying at their heels and in terms of price giving them a thoroughly hard time. Pyrennean skiing in Andorra and Spain, Balkan slopes in Yugoslavia and Romania, even a Highland fling in Aviemore can prove better deals these days.

Once you've studied the small print, there's not much to choose between all the package tour operators, but it is worth comparing which is best value for the place you want to go at the time you want to go — they all have slightly different ideas on what are high and low seasons. The cheapest deals mostly involve travelling by overnight coach, not particularly comfortable but a big money saver over the plane. Look too for all-in beginners' packages which include equipment hire, ski school and a lift pass, and for companies which charge no extra for departures from your local airport/coach station.

NAT (*Holiday House, Domestic Rd, Leeds, LS12 6HR*; 0532 434077) offer both these: **Campus Travel** (*52 Grosvenor Gardens, London, SW1* and at USIT student travel offices in Bristol, Oxford, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Dundee) are if anything even better value, and aimed particularly at young people. Other good cheap deals from **Tentrek** (*152 Maidstone Rd, Ruxley Corner, Sidcup, Kent, DA14 5HS*; 01-302 6426); **Top Deck** (*64 Kenway Rd, London, SW5*; 01-373 5095) and **Ski Lovers** (*11 Liston Court, High St, Marlow, Buckinghamshire, SL7 1ER*; 06284 76991). Or for a more consciously 'fun' atmosphere try **Club 18-30**, **Freestyle** or **Ski Youngworld**.

APRÈS SKI
OLI.

■ Soldeu, Andorra and Super Molina, Spain

ANDORRA seems to be the place where all the budget ski deals head first — as much for cheap booze as for the cheap skiing. **Soldeu** is much the best of the resorts, with good beginners skiing let down only by long walks to get there. It's not a pretty country, but if you plan to get seriously drunk each night you'll find nowhere to do it in better company or for less money.

Spanish resorts just over the border have been growing fast too, and for the skiing as opposed to what happens *après* I'd choose one of these. **Super Molina** is probably the best, a scenic old resort with new bits added up the mountain and snow making machines to ensure skiing all season on the nursery slopes.

■ Borovets, Bulgaria and Sarajevo, Yugoslavia

EASTERN European skiing can appear more expensive than it really is — it's a much longer flight to get there in the first place and you'll probably be staying in a relatively classy hotel. But once there spending the money you've taken can be a real problem. And not only because there's nothing worth buying in the shops. Of the resorts, **Borovets** is cheap but rather basic; **Sarajevo** (site of the last Winter Olympics as well as the assassination that started World War I) has yet to be much discovered despite all its wonderful new facilities — try **Yugotours**. It has amazingly lively night life too.

■ Livigno and Bormio, Italy

ITALIAN skiing always used to be a bit of a joke around the Alps, but nowadays it's the Italians laughing as the others price themselves out of existence. Okay so things are bit ramshackle and inefficient, but if you get into the local pace of life that's all part of the charm. **Livigno** is a duty-free valley trying to compete with Andorra in the cheap alcohol stakes — long journey to get there but great skiing and scenery once you do. **Bormio** is probably more for people who've skied before but it would also be a good place for mixed groups of beginners and better skiers; plenty to do when you're not skiing, good Italian food and excellent nightlife.

■ Flaine and Tignes, France

FRANCE looks cheap in the brochures mainly because it's close — once you get there prices are relatively high. Nevertheless if you want to ski and do very little else there's nowhere to match it. **Flaine** is typical: a little cluster of high-rise blocks dumped in a bowl of mountains high above the tree line where you step out of your apartment door (mostly very cramped self-catering affairs) straight onto the snow and ski down to the lift or to ski school. Not much happens at night but by day you can ski non-stop on a whole range of easy and intermediate runs, and when you progress you can ski over the mountains to similar places in adjoining valleys.

Tignes looks much the same but set, in the valley next to Val d'Isere, in the midst of some of the world's best ski slopes, it really justifies the superlatives in the brochures (and the high prices). Maybe not for beginners, this is paradise for serious skiers prepared to give up the nightlife in return for rewards by day.

■ Alpbach and Obergurgl, Austria

IF you're stuck with a vision of yourself supping *gluhwein* and slapping your thighs in a picture-postcard Alpine chalet, it'll have to be Austria. **Alpbach** is the resort which exemplifies all this tradition: very pretty, lots of jolly nightlife and fattening food, and the skiing's not to bad either. People who've done it before can get more serious about their skiing at **Obergurgl** — a much larger place with a more extensive terrain which still does its best at village atmosphere.

■ Aviemore, Scotland

YOU might be forgiven for thinking that skiing in Britain would be much cheaper than crossing the Channel to do it, and if you live in Scotland it is. From south of the border, however, it rarely works out that way. This is partly because there are hardly any package deals, partly because, from most of England, it's as far to the Cairngorms as it is to the Alps. Add to that the weather which is far too often bitterly cold and extremely windy, plus fewer skilifts than even the small resorts in the glossy brochures, and it's not really worthwhile unless you live close enough to drive up for the weekend.

Having said all that, **Aviemore** can work out very cheap if you're prepared to rough it a bit and to make your own arrangements. **National Express** buses will get you there for around £30 return from London, £25 from Manchester (direct) or from just about anywhere else if you change in Glasgow (slightly more expensive): £39.50 from Bristol; £35 from Birmingham; £29.50 from Leeds). In Aviemore, if you book ahead, there's a **Youth Hostel** which charges only about £4 a night (tel. 0479 810345). Add ski hire, ski school, lift pass and food and you might still get a week's skiing for less than £150.

HIDDEN COSTS

FIRST of all, remember that the £50 deals are usually in the first week of December before the snow has arrived (saves money on hiring skis etc, but rather defeats the object) or at times which for other good reasons (foul weather mostly) are out of season. Then add the following things which are going to violently escalate the price of your skiing holiday.

■ Ski and boot hire: about £20 a week in the cheaper places, half as much again in Austria, twice as much in France.

■ Ski School: however good the friend who offers to teach you may be, you won't learn properly without taking classes — from £20 a week depending on how many hours you do.

■ Lift Pass: the big one, and the main reason why it's not worth beginners going to a big resort where you can pay as much as £70 a week — more realistically, from £30 in Andorra to £60 in Tignes, France. In some places beginners are best off buying individual tickets for lifts, but this can become an infuriating waste of time.

■ Watch out that all these prices vary quite a lot from country to country and with changes in the exchange rates, so check what your brochure says about surcharges or, if you're going to be paying yourself, how the 'typical' prices quoted in the brochure (and here) might have changed.

SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS

The heavy clatter of transcription echoes around LM's Ludlow office as PAUL STRANGE puts THE STRANGLERS' Hugh Cornwell through his paces.

I **MUST** have caught him in a bloody good mood.

Renowned for pulling pranks, kidnapping journalists, upsetting foreign police and often choosing the right to remain silent, Hugh Cornwell is regarded as a hack's nightmare.

Perhaps he's mellowed. Perhaps he's matured. Or perhaps he needs the press.

One thing's for certain: he's pleased with the new Stranglers' album. He can't stop talking

▷

about the thing, and to be fair he's got a point. *Dreamtime* — The Stranglers' ninth studio LP after 12 years in the business — is an encouraging, intriguing, sometimes rivetting work, reminiscent in feel, commitment, style and sheer bravado to the band's first three albums, but with the musical diversity and dexterity found in their later work.

Cornwell nods.

'It's the best album we've *ever* done,' he declares, settling into a comfy chair at his publicist's office just off Marylebone. 'Everything sounds *exactly* as I wanted it to sound. When I listen to it I don't want to switch it off at any one point. I listen to it all.'

He scratches his bonce thoughtfully, looks at his shoes, realises he's not wearing any socks, checks his flies and continues.

'Some of the songs on *Dreamtime* are individual ideas, while others look back at lost causes. *Big In America* — which could be our next single — is an individual one.

'Everything's big in the States: they have the biggest cockroaches in the world, Vietnam veterans are big, and women are *very* big — I mean emotionally and personality-wise, not physically. Women are so big emotionally that it seems the *men* have got to be liberated!

> **In America a guy will say 'I'm going out to get laid'. It probably means a guy sitting there, waiting for a woman to come up and grab him, throw him on a bed and start bonking his brains out!**

'In England a lot of guys will say 'I'm going to *pull* tonight' — which assumes the active role of meeting women — whereas in America a guy will say 'I'm going out to get laid', which is a *passive* way of describing something. It probably means a guy sitting there waiting for a woman to come up and grab him, throw him on a bed and start bonking his brains out!

'American men seem scared of showing any sort of primitive, caveman activity because American women will go 'HEY! This is an emancipated society and you're not allowed to *do* that in this country!'.

'If a woman did that over here, blokes would say 'She must be a *dyke*,' which is just as stupid. I'm not advocating that women should act that way over here; I'm just fascinated by human behaviour and the way people think.'

He pauses, scratches his five'o clock shadow, checks his shirt buttons and takes a sip of tea.

'I'm proud of all the lyrics on *Dreamtime*,' he continues. 'They're well sorted because we had about 18 months to think about them.

'*Dreamtime* itself is based on an Aborigine concept. It seemed to symbolise something to us — the idea of lost causes and Utopian concepts being overtaken by the harsh realities of modern life. The Aborigines are a perfect example of that; they've got this wonderful culture — which is difficult to explain in English — and slowly they're being robbed of it.

'Australian mining companies are realising that the Aborigine's sacred grounds are full of uranium so they're taking the land off them and destroying it for purely commerical reasons. The Aborigines have turned round and said 'Look, this land is part of our culture. If you're going to destroy it, then you're destroying us'.

'Dreamtime is the closest word in English which pins down this concept of Aborigine culture. They look at the world *objectively*, whereas in the modern world western people see the world *subjectively*. In the west everything has meaning through *you*, but the Aborigines believe that they're just an accident, that the world happens whether you're there or not, and the world happens anyway through using you; you're part of it, but you're immaterial.

'It's a fatalistic attitude, and it's not very conducive to the competetive world we live in. At the same time it pinpoints the importance of Nature, it gives Nature the central role in life and everything else is just circumstantial.

'The Aborigines look at their landscape and say 'My forefathers were here and my mother was born there and now she's in that rock over there, and I will become that tree'.

'It's a nice way of looking at things because when they cut down a tree they are cutting themselves down or one of their parents, so it makes them aware of their environment.

'We would probably look at a tree and say 'Oh well, I'll cut it down and burn it because it's going to make me warm', whereas they see it differently. It's a naive way of looking at things but an attractive way.'

Utterly fascinating. Go on.

'*Too Precious* is about the diamonds in South Africa — the black culture there is almost a lost cause, while *Mayan Skies* is about the raping and pillaging of Mexico for commercial interests by the Spanish a long time ago.

'You see the way we look upon things now doesn't seem to be any more sophisticated than it was two million years ago — it's just as stupid, just as naive, just as self-centred and just as fucked up as it ever was. Nothing's really changed; instead of carrying clubs about, we've all got video screens now.'

And what of the video age?

'I love it. We've just been rehearsing in a studio and they've got a video game there called *Gauntlet*. It's all on different levels, *what a game*! Sorcerers meeting seraphim and grunts and things, and you get to another level and it says (adopts deep, authoritative tone) 'Remember on level five, sorcerers can be invisible, and grunts bite', and all this. It's so sophisticated . . . I think it's great.

> **We've just been rehearsing in a studio and they've got *Gauntlet*. What a game! Sorcerers meeting seraphim and grunts and things. It's so sophisticated . . . I think it's great.**

'I don't know where it's going to end though. I'm sure that at some stage you'll be able to buy a film and take part in it. You'll be able write the plot and determine what happens in the film because they'll have a chip in there which will give you different possibilities.

'You'll be in the film battling against Al Paccino or somebody, and you'll have ten options. Whichever option you take will change the plot . . . I'm sure it's going to get like that.'

More tea arrives and Cornwell takes a breather. Five minutes later he's back, fuming about the video for *Always The Sun*. The video ran into problems when it was offered to children's TV programmes; they objected to Cornwell firing a gun in it.

'Ridiculous,' he says. 'Every day on kid's programmes you see 20 people being shot and blasted by things. I fired the gun not at a person but at a target. It's hypocrisy. Anyway, we've done an arty version without the gun so they'll be happy now.

'There are some quite serious references in the song, but it should be viewed optimistically. If you wake up in the morning and the sun isn't shining, you might as well forget about it. In the end — whatever goes wrong and however crazy it gets — as long as the sun comes up in the morning there's something to live for. You've got to start worrying when the sun *doesn't* come up in the morning.'

'And *Nice In Nice* (which refers to a riot at a Stranglers gig in Nice a few years ago and resulted in a spell of imprisonment for Cornwell), is a humorous memory. I always look back at it and laugh; it was so stupid.'

The song was reminiscent of the 'old' cold and hard Stranglers' sound, circa 77/78.

'Yeah, a certain kind of person bought it, whereas *Always The Sun* seems to be going right across, everyone seems to like that one.'

What sort of person buys Stranglers' music?

'All sorts of people . . . it doesn't bother me *who* buys our records — be they 70-year-old groovers or 15-year-old nutters!'

Is it hip to buy a Stranglers' album?

Cornwell shifts uneasily in his chair.

'I'm so busy with my work that I haven't got *time* to worry about that,' he says. 'It's all meaningless anyway. People that are hip today are un-hip tomorrow, so I'd rather not be involved with any of it. It's absolute nonsense. That peer group, you know, '*We've* got a hip audience, and *they* haven't got a hip audience . . . I mean you're either doing it because you enjoy doing it and you want to make a living from it, or you're not.'

When The Stranglers first started did you ever consider that you'd still be together 12 years later?

'I thought that I'd still be involved in music as a living, but you never know how you're

going to end up. I thought we had a pretty good chance of being together because it was a strong unit, particularly once Dave Greenfield joined us on keyboards.'

The new wave coincided neatly with your arrival.

'Yes, it was rather fortunate. I'm glad it happened when it did. It was *very* funny to see some of those groups actually manufacturing their look. There was nothing manufactured about us — we had torn clothes because that was all we had.'

The new wave was a backlash against the lumbering super-groups of the early Seventies, and yet The Stranglers are still plodding on, 12 years later.

'Yeah, I'm sure a lot of people look at us as one of the dinosaurs of rock, just as we did with Yes and Genesis back in the mid-Seventies. If they think that, then they should replace us. I'd be quite happy.

'But current music is dull. There's very little around. I guess if you were talking to a kid of 15 they'd say 'Oh no, there's hip-hop, The Smiths, The Jesus And Mary Chain' and so on, and although I can see certain elements in those kinds of music which are appealing, because I'm not a 15-year-old I can't see *any* substance there. The Stranglers have already been superseded because I'm able to say that, but at least I'm *aware* of it.

> **"Current music is dull. There's very little around. I guess if you were talking to a kid of 15 they'd say 'Oh no, there's hip-hop, The Smiths, The Jesus And Mary Chain' and so on, but I can't see any substance there."**

So why are The Stranglers still successful?

'Audiences are getting older and bigger. Sometimes I take a mini-cab and the drivers are 45, or 50, and they've got the new Dylan or Dire Straits tape in the car. Twenty years ago, people of that age weren't appreciating music that was around at the time. Audiences are getting much, much bigger and so there's more room for people like us to continue and still have a big audience.'

And the future?

'I've no idea. If the group's plans don't conflict with individual plans, then there's no reason why we shouldn't continue.

'It would be sad if we ended up hating each other. We're all pretty creative, we've been together so long that we know what works, everybody's got their role in the group and it works well. And although those roles are quite staid, it's the most creative way that things happen. Individual projects are still important though, because otherwise you stagnate.'

Cornwell looks at his watch, and leaps to his feet.

'I've got to go,'he says. 'I should have been the other side of London about 15 minutes ago.'

Extraordinary. Any parting thoughts?

'Yeah, I think we've been around so long that we've become part of the establishment. I'm sure it's getting to the stage where some parents who want to buy their kid an album for Christmas will think 'I'll get them The Stranglers' one, because they're bound to like that.'

'Now *that's* a really funny way of looking at it.'

You said it, Hugh.

Hunter S Minson's

Mondo Bizarro

In which our intrepid hero, life, visa and AmEx in hand scours the streets of Los Angeles on the

Hollywood Trail

THE flight seemed a lot longer than eleven hours and I started to know how a battery hen feels. No room to stretch. Nowhere to walk. Even the odd bursts of conversation with the woman who had flown from Kenya to London, before joining this plane to Los Angeles, had died out. God — she must have been more screwed up than I was.

If I ever make a flight of this length again, I'll ensure that whoever is paying is conned into providing, at the very least, First Class Accommodation. Because when you sit for eleven hours, right behind the Business Class compartment, you also start to share the feelings of the French Revolutionaries.

While your meal comes complete with an abundance of cling film around a small portion of neatly cubed plastic dessert, you can glimpse the weary businessmen being served fresh fruit from a basket before the stewardess twitches the curtain — it can easily become as potent a symbol of social inequality as the wall of the Paris commune. Now where did I put the guillotine?

So I rolled off the plane in an advanced state of paranoia, by now unsure what lay ahead in this, my first encounter with America's western seaboard. Actually, my whole body had no idea of where it was or what time it should be. It felt like a long, exhausted sleep, while the daylight told it that it was still late afternoon.

Officially, I was in LA for purely hedonistic reasons. Stick around a week and soak up some atmosphere. But what I didn't tell the immigration official, who wanted to know whether I'd be working (in which case I could get straight back on the next plane for some good ol' English unemployment), was that I had an interview lined up. An interview with the last great independent film director. The man who invented the nudie film. The greatest king of exploitation . . . ever!

Or rather — I almost had an interview lined up. What followed was at times nightmare, at times farce, as messages were left and appointments made, cancelled, then reinstated, through no fault of either party. The one thing that could be said of this limbo, as I awaited the eventual meeting, was that it gave me time to explore the City of Angels.

There is one other important feature in this tale. I was not travelling alone. For reasons too long and unbelievably complex to explain here (plus it could get libellous if I name names), I had a companion whom I had never met before.

In fact, we hadn't met until we were within a hour or so of LA International Airport, one of the most dangerous places in this whole psychotic city. I heard of a female cab driver who was pulled out through the open window of her cab and mugged. Like the signs say, 'Welcome to LA'.

Anyhow, my compatriot and myself decided to drown out jetlag in the nearest bar we could find. We would have drunk at the hotel, but our failure to arrange second mortgages before leaving home meant that we'd have been limited to a choice of iced water or tepid water.

Instead we ended up knocking back Wild Turkey at something like three dollars a shot, and keeping it happy with pathetic little cocktail beers. I spent at least eleven quid in a couple of hours, and as I did so it became obvious that my companion and myself did not share the same tastes. The more we drank, the more he urged me to blow another fifty quid on a coach to Disneyland.

'It's not what you think,' he kept saying. 'It's not for kids at all.' I remained as polite as I could, but in my mind I kept telling myself that the only way I'd visit that hell-hole of family entertainment and good clean fun was in a state of terminal craziness, induced by every dangerous and illegal substance I could lay a finger on.

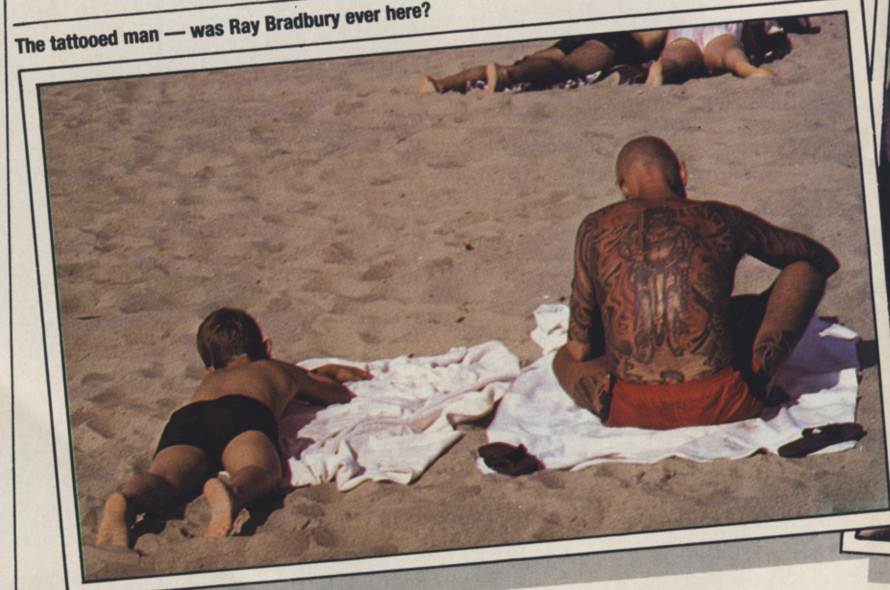
And the Disney organisation doesn't look too kindly on that sort of behaviour. Disneyland is well sanitised. Where the odd real horse has been allowed to stray into a parade, there are Mickey Mouse poop scoopers following its every step. Listen, if they follow a horse because it might shit, what would they do with a babbling journalist in a Hawaiian shirt who kept shouting obscenities into a tape recorder strapped to his left arm?

No, I didn't feel clean enough or crazy enough to try to storm the wholesome empire so I vowed to make my own pilgrimage in this, the immortal city of a thousand myths.

Severely hung over and with a body that was still in a state of not knowing whether it was Danton or a bantam, I stepped off the bus at Hollywood and Vine. This is the corner where, according to legend, it all started. If Broadway is the great white way because of its theatre lights, Hollywood Boulevard is the great white way because of the prodigious cocaine tracks that decay the nasal cavities of stars, producers and no-hopers alike.

Now in Los Angeles, nobody walks. In some areas of Beverley Hills, walking is considered such a suspicious act that you'll get arrested for it. True! I got shown an apartment block where each dwelling came complete with a free Rolls Royce. Considering you'd almost inevitably own one of these status symbols on wheels if you could afford a flat here, that would make you a two Roller family.

The tattooed man — was Ray Bradbury ever here?



I was travelling by bus though, when I had to, in a hot, noisy, wild throng of street punks and Spanish-speaking Mexicans from downtown. And at other times I was going on foot. Because that's how you get to encounter the street life.

Though I was rather taken with the musical knickers, my favourite piece of haute couture had to be the male undergarment neatly sewn into the shape of an elephant. 'Hey honey — are you glad to see me or is it just feeding time for Dumbo?'

Actually, as I crossed one side road into the midst of a crowd consisting of two Spanish pimps, four or five painted whores and a gaggle of bikers, I began to wonder if a car wasn't a bad idea. But even then you're not safe, and the LA PD seals off areas of the city at night and leaves them to the mercy of the roaming gangs.

Still, it was worth it, because this is where you'll find the legendary — like everything in this town is legendary - Frederick's of Hollywood exotic lingerie shop. For decades now, Mr Frederick has been supplying split crotch panties and edible posing pouches by mail, to the swinging folk of the mid-West. 'Elmer, stop screwin' that chicken and see what just came through the post.' 'Ah prefers the chicken.'

The last important shrine you reach on Hollywood Boulevard, if you survive the pimps, pushers and flashy, beautiful punks, is Mann's Chinese Theatre. This is the one where plastered stars fall down in the cement and make their imprint.

Actually, I challenge anybody not to be moved by the messages scrawled in the pavement. Here are the words of those who were driven to early graves by the very fame that fed them. Monroe. Garland. But perhaps more moving are the early stars, household names in their day, but who has heard of them now? Such is the fickle nature of fame.

Linger long enough here and a tear will come to your eye. And as you wipe it away somebody will steal your money and you'll be mown down by a fast moving gaggle of tourists on their half day tour of the Hollywood high-spots. Blue rinsed matrons with savage horn-rims, watching the world go by through a mini-bus window.

The only way to go now, as the heat builds up, is to the ocean. Santa Monica boasts a pier but little else in the way of real life. But turn left any weekend and you come to Venice, hang out of weirdoes on roller skates and some of the most extreme busking you'll ever see. Would you believe a jazz pianist in the middle of a beach?! Venice is a laid back sensual delight. It's the place where the body builders pump iron in the pen until they can't get their arms down by their sides. It's the place where you buy crystal balls from a stall.

Alternatively, do as I did. Take the bus to Malibu beach. Get off just before, where there's nothing much. Just a strip of sand and waves. Yeah, just sit there and watch the surfers — black dots on the rolling ocean, gliding effortlessly into land.

The sky had become overcast and a cold sea mist rolled around. The hot barbecue sauce from my sandwich coasted my fingers, looking like I'd been gutting fish. The plastic mug of coffee steamed by my feet — and the jet lag almost felt better.

Disneyland, you can keep. It's rank commercialism actively expanding its coffers by creating and supporting a myth that will appeal to the greatest number of people. The result is, inevitably, bland and toothless. But set off and walk those mean streets that Chandler referred to, and you'll become part of another fantasy. A grubbier, downright dangerous, but exhilarating dream of a city. And the real dirt is worth more than any plastic diamonds.

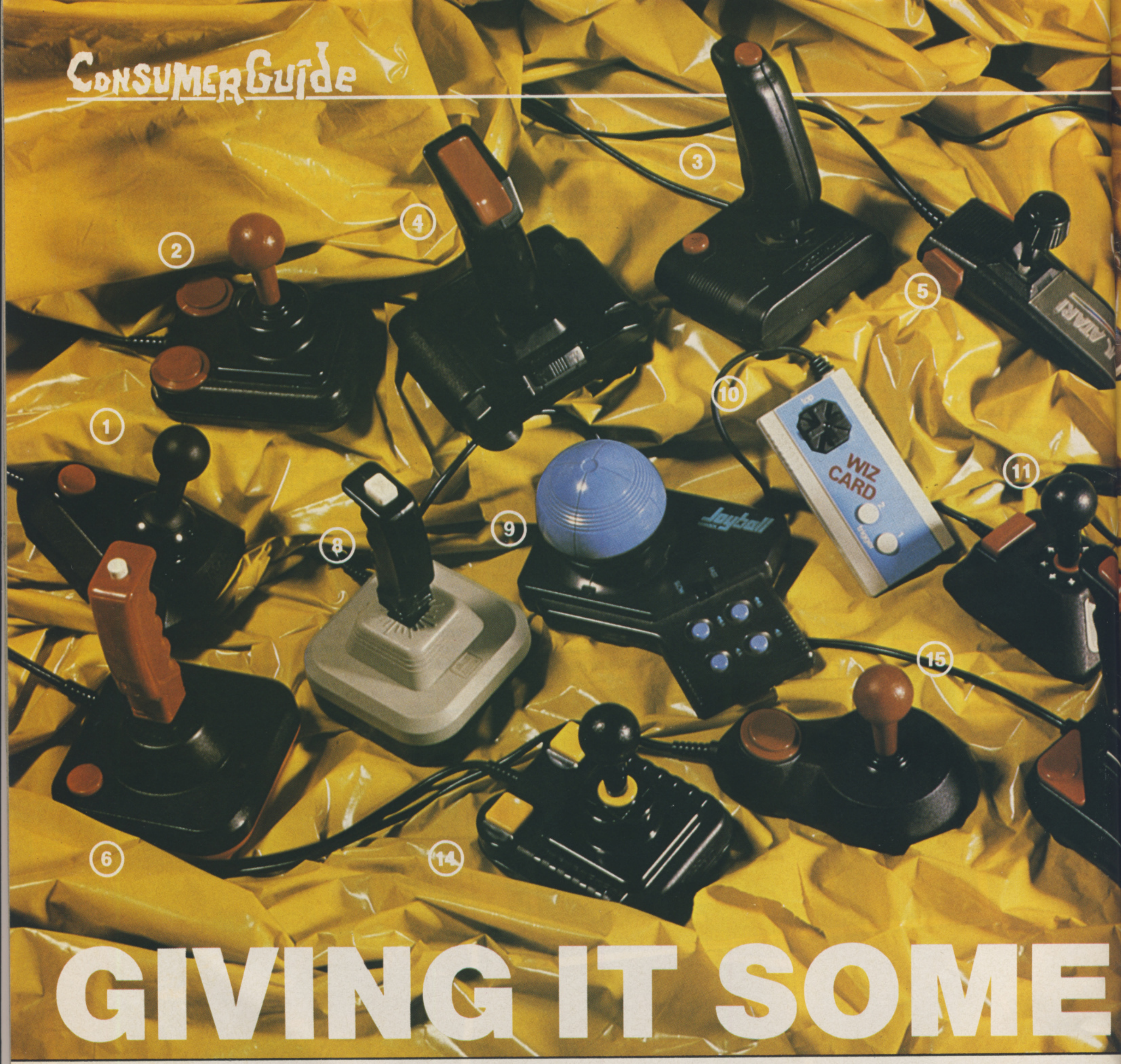
Hollywood and Vine — the corner where it all started.

An extreme busker entertains.

You've gotta have crystal balls to walk the sands of Venice.

At Venice body builders pump iron until they can't get their arms down by their sides.

Skating over the cocaine tracks of the stars.



GIVING IT SOME

Photograph: Cameron Pound

BECAUSE we're giving away issue zero of LM with a computer magazine, it seemed appropriate to offer some buying advice on a related subject, and what goes across the board better than joysticks? If your old stick is feeling a touch limp from all that frantic waggling over the last 12 months then Christmas is a heaven-sent opportunity to persuade an unwilling relative into purchasing you a new one as a stocking filler. Of course, they'll have no idea what to get, but there's still a couple of weeks to go — time enough to advise them. Take your pick from LM's top selection of tried, tested old favourites and some of the newer exciting ideas from the world's leading manufacturers and suppliers of joysticks.

The testers are Newsfield's various games reviewers from CRASH, ZZAP! 64 and AMTIX! magazines. They've given an overall rating out of 100 per cent to each for stick and fire button responsiveness, ergonomics (how easy it is to hold and use), durability, and value for money.

1. ARCADE TURBO

Price: £22.95

The Arcade Turbo is well designed, appealing to look at and comfortable to hold. A rubber washer supports the steel shaft, making length of travel short but life expectancy long. For table use three rubber feet on the base give reasonable stability. The base fire buttons have a short and springy travel, making rapid fire easy. Base or top fire buttons are selectable although the latter isn't as easy to use. Although the stick is a little stiff when first used, it soon wears in nicely to become very responsive, making those pixel jumps all that more perfect. Pricey, but for what it offers, certainly worth it.

Overall 93%

2. COMPETITION PRO

Price: £16.95

Big brother to the Arcade Turbo and just as tough and reliable. Uses the same mechanics and so enjoys the same responsiveness as the Arcade (only it doesn't need as much wearing in). Stick travel is slightly longer than its smaller 'brother' and requires less 'force' to gain appropriate results. Two large, round fire buttons on the base offer excellent response and feedback for both left and right-handed players. An excellent joystick that will last through many delicate, aggressive and skilled gameplaying sessions and it's this quality that justifies the seemingly high price tag.

Overall 97%

3. QUICKSHOT I

Price: £7.95

The Quickshots I and II are the most popular of joysticks because of availability and because they offer a number of features for a reasonable price. Using the Quickshot I is a bit like holding a banana since it tapers and has a smooth stem. It requires some wrenching to get it from one position to another. In testing the stem became very loose and felt as though it could well break up. At the top sits one fire button, the other is on the base. They aren't very responsive and make rapid fire a chore. Cheap perhaps, but its poor durability and unresponsiveness make it inferior.

Overall 53%

7
12
13
16
STICK

4. QUICKSHOT II

Price: £11.95

This joystick starts where the Quickshot I leaves off. It incorporates a better grip with improved fire buttons and an autofire facility. Suckers on the bottom keep the stick stable during play. The stem is comfortable to hold with two fire buttons at the top forming an index finger trigger and a thumb button. In test similar problems were encountered as with the Quickshot I — creaks and groans and the familiar looseness, but the better contacts make for quicker response times. The autofire left us unimpressed, it shoots in 'pulses' rather than a steady stream of bullets. A reasonable buy for the delicate of hand but if you play rough you could well end up with a heap of twisted black plastic.

Overall 62%

5. SUPER CONTROLLER

Price: £9.99

This unusually shaped stick looks more like a thin wedge than something to help you play a game. The two side-mounted fire buttons can be rotated up/down to to suit your hands. The stem is very short and mushroom shaped with a comfortable grip on the top. Stiff when new, it's incredibly responsive once worn in because of its short travel. The slim base makes it comfortable to hold, although the side-mounted buttons are awkward and they make table play pretty ineffective. It proves extremely hard wearing and at only £9.99 is below the average price of a joystick.

Overall 85%

6. BAT HANDLE

Price: £27.99

The Bat Handle is very tough and pretty simple in design with a square base and long tapering stem. The two fire buttons are mounted on the base and on the stem. The long travel distance between contacts makes it unresponsive and rather sluggish especially when pixel-crucial jumps and adjustments are needed. It isn't very comfortable to hold and although the base fire button is good, the top fire button is just about useless. Generally the stick just doesn't seem anywhere near good enough to warrant its huge price tag.

Overall 77%

7. THREE WAY

Price: £32.99

Effectively a deluxe version of the Bat Handle, being very similar in appearance but not in performance and price. The stick comes with three freely interchangeable grips that slip, with some difficulty, over the steel shaft. A Red Ball, a Bat and a Grip Handle are provided. None are particularly comfortable and make the shaft feel separated from the base. The responsiveness of the leaf switch mechanism is undone by the shaft travel distance, making the stick slow to respond to movement. Two different gatelock controls restrict movement to either four or eight directions. The grip fire and base fire buttons, both of high quality, may be used together or just the grip. One to be recommended if it weren't for the ridiculously high price.

Overall 87%

8. THE BOSS

Price: £15.99

One of the cheapest sticks Wico produce and one that suffers as it doesn't have the same 'quality' feel as the Bat Handle and Three Way, even though it is made from heavy duty components. A single top fire button is unresponsive and sluggish to use. Despite leaf switches the stick is slow, insensitive and 'uncooperative', although its shape makes it comfortable to hold. Diagonals are a pain to get, especially in a tight spot, and the lack of a base fire button makes it unfriendly and awkward to use.

Overall 65%

9. THE JOYBALL

Price: £29.95

Initially regarded with much cynicism, the 'Cherno-ball' as it has affectionately become known, performs excellently. You hold it like a mouse, but it responds like a joystick. There are two fire functions, either rapid fire at one of two selectable speeds — fast or slow — while the other is a single shot fire button. 'Stick' travel is short, so the Joyball is sensitive and proves perfect for precise movements but diagonals are not that easy to obtain. It takes time to get to grips with this most unusual method of control, but it's worth the effort. The Joyball is a delight to use; it's comfortable, responsive, tough, and adheres to the table well. Rather expensive, but if you have the cash to spare then this is a worthwhile investment.

Overall 93%

10. THE WIZ CARD

Price: £8.95

This one uses a large floating button instead of the more traditional stick for control. The two fire buttons are not independent but pounding away on two responsive fire buttons is easier than beating only one to death. However, the 'stick' itself isn't so easy to use. It works well with most platform games, but it's not so hot on games requiring hard, fast, precise movements, and diagonals are a pain to obtain. Overall a very good, alternative 'controller', and although by no means exceptional, it is tough and very reasonably priced.

Overall 82%

11. PRO ACE

Price: £11.95

This one doesn't perform too well. The stick is slow to respond to movement, and has a long length of travel which makes using it a bit like stirring thick syrup with a plastic spoon. The fire button is fairly responsive, although it feels as if it is also suspended in treacle, which makes it too sluggish for effective rapid fire. The weakest link in an otherwise powerful chain of quality Euromax product.

Overall 52%

12. MICRO ACE

Price: £15.95

Between the Pro Ace and the Micro Ace there are two differences — a red handle and micro switches. Obviously the colour of the handle isn't too important, but the micro switches are, making it a good joystick although it has the same fire button as the Pro Ace. The stick is responsive, and all movements are met with a positive micro switch click. It doesn't 'feel' quite as good as the Euromax Arcade — which is the same price — but it's just as tough and reliable.

Overall 90%

13. MICRO PRO

Price: £16.95

At first glance you might mistake this stick for the Euromax Competition Pro — the two are identical in looks and price. However the Micro Pro has micro switches all round but in test proves only to be as reliable as the Comp Pro, not more so. Initially very stiff, a few waggles soon wear it in very nicely. Rapid fire is easily obtained, and both buttons (and the stick itself) take a lot of punishment.

Overall 97%

14. PROFESSIONAL PLUS

Price: £19.95

The first designer joystick? Don't be misled by the trendy chic black casing, yellow fire buttons and matching bangle at the base of the shaft — it performs as well as it looks. Seemingly loose to begin with, it doesn't take long to get used to the feel. Microswitches provide a responsive click and medium length of travel results in great speed and precision. An autofire on/off switch positioned neatly at the side stays firmly in position rather than slipping at inopportune moments. A bit steep in price but well worth it as it seems to have no faults and stands up to virtually any degree of punishment.

Overall 97%

15. ELITE

Price: £16.95

Two circular pads house the stick and the fire button. Microswitches provide a more positive feel but the thin, tapering shaft feels slightly loose and makes diagonals fiddly. The small size also makes fast waggling difficult. As an all-rounder the Elite doesn't come up to the mark. It looks great, but feels strangely delicate — as if it might break with the slightest over-exertion. One for the younger gamesplayer, perhaps?

Overall 78%

16. MACH 1

Price: £14.95

Based on The Cheetah, the Mach 1 apparently took nine months to develop, and is equipped with microswitches. It also includes a 'high grade' metal shaft and a comfortable moulded grip. Unfortunately it is lacking in a few areas. It doesn't feel particularly sturdy, although no major problems were encountered during playtesting. Its length of travel is far too long, making most games tested surprisingly difficult to play and diagonals hard to obtain. The base fire buttons aren't overly responsive and need to be worn in while the top two fire buttons are superfluous and don't perform at all well — the on/off autofire switch does however.

Overall 80%

The Arcade **(1)**, Competition Pro **(2)**, Joyball **(9)**, Wiz Card **(10)**, Pro Ace **(11)**, Micro Ace **(12)**, Micro Pro **(13)**, Pro Plus **(14)** and Elite **(15)** are all by Euromax Electronics Ltd, *Pinfold Lane, Bridlington, North Humberside YO16 5XR.* Tel 0262-601006/602541

The Quickshots I **(3)** and II **(4)** are by: Spectravideo Ltd, *165 Garth Rd, Morden, Surrey SM4 4LH.* Tel 01-330 0101

The Super Controller **(5)** is by Atari Corporation (UK)

The Bat Handle **(6)**, Three Way **(7)** and The Boss **(8)** are by Wico, supplier: CGL, *CGL House, Goldings Hill, Loughton, Essex IG10 2RR.* Tel 01-508 5600

The Mach 1 **(16)** is by Cheetah Marketing, *1 Willowbrook Science Park, Crickhowell Road, St Mellons, Cardiff CF3 0EF.* Tel: 0222-777337

HASSLES

Have you got a problem? Perhaps LM's resident confessional box, LLOYD MANGRAM, can help

Dear Lloyd,
I live at home but I think I should be able to live my life without having to explain what I'm doing, who I'm doing it with, when I'll be home and all the other things my Mum wants to know. I don't ask her how she spends her time.

I pay for my keep and I've told her she's got no right to ask questions, but nothing stops her. What do I do?
Andrew, Sale, Cheshire

■ Andrew, it's supposed to be a free country and so you have every right to act like an insensitive pig and exploit your mother. Lots of mums put up with it without complaint, though I don't know why. From what you say in your letter, you get all the benefits of living at home — cheap accommodation, maid service, someone concerned about you — yet you won't accept that in return it's only fair to share part of your life with your mother (I'd never advise anyone to tell everything to their parents, but a little is a good idea). Whoever you live with needs a little consideration. You might even find your mum's life interesting if you found out more about it.

If you can't bear the thought of actually communicating with your mother, then you really don't have the right to use her. Maybe if you got out and found a place of your own, and discovered what that costs in time and effort, you might lose some of your interest in insisting on leading a totally independent life.
LM

Dear Lloyd,
I've just had a row with my girlfriend who is six months pregnant. Now she says she won't give our baby my surname.

Surely I can insist, after all I am the father.
G Rainbow, Kent

■ Technically you may be the father but unless you marry, your girlfriend will be the sole guardian of the child and that means she can choose any name she likes; hers, yours, a mixture of the two, or something entirely different.
LM

Dear Lloyd,
I'm sure I've got a money spinning idea and want to start my own business. I have saved some money, but need help to get it off the ground. The government scheme which pays new businesses £40 a week for a year seems the ideal solution, but is this only for people who are unemployed? I'm on a Youth Training Scheme at the moment.
Peter S Knight, Rubery, Birmingham

■ On checking into my massive files I found that the government scheme is called The Enterprise Allowance Scheme and to qualify you must have £1000 to invest in the business, plus have been under notice of redundancy, signing as unemployed OR on an MSC sponsored job creation or training scheme for at least eight weeks. That means your period on the Youth Training Schemes makes you eligible. Also talk to the Small Firms Service. It operates an excellent advice and counselling service for anyone who is considering setting up a business and you can contact them by dialling the operator and asking for Freephone Enterprise. There, how's that for service?
LM

Dear Sir,
There isn't a lot of use looking for work here, it just doesn't exist. There's no way I'm going to be exploited by the sort of employer who reckons he can treat you like dirt, make you work ten hours a day without a break, and pay you peanuts. I've experienced it once and it got me nowhere. I was still made redundant at nineteen and a school leaver taken on. I won't do that again, and if I can't get a decent job I'm not going to be anyone's slave.

Now I'm being hassled by the DHSS. I've had two letters asking me to go and discuss why I'm not working. I thought that was daft — the reason's obvious, there's no jobs going. So I didn't bother turning up. Next thing I knew, my giros stopped.

Can they really do this to me? I never thought anyone would be left to starve in 1986.
F Parry, Oldham, Lancs

■ Sorry Mr Parry, but I'm afraid the DHSS can stop your benefit for all sorts of reasons. Remember, you receive benefit because you are unemployed AND willing and available for work. Give them a reason to suspect you are not prepared to take suitable work, or not available if a job comes up, and your right to benefit disappears.

The fact you didn't show up for the interview suggests maybe you don't want to work. So the money's stopped until you make it clear you do. You will have to go for an interview with the Unemployment Review Officer, and you would be wise to show you understand the conditions attached to getting benefit. You are expected to have made some attempt to find work, and if you're putting restrictions on the type of work you'll do, to show these are reasonable. If your restrictions mean it looks like there's no chance to getting a job, you run the risk of having your benefit withdrawn until you change them.

I'm not saying that you're not quite right to refuse to consider some of the jobs on offer these days. A lot of employers do try to get young people as cheap labour, and from what you say you've had your taste of this. Not all jobs are that bad, and most opportunities have to be looked for, so it's still worthwhile putting effort into trying to find a job you might enjoy.
LM

Dear LM,
I'm living in a flat and use a slot meter for electricity. Recently while I was out at work, someone got in the flat and broke open the meter.

Now the electricity board say I have to pay again for the electricity, since they never got the money.

I don't think it's fair to hold me liable. After all I have paid for the electricity already. Why should I pay twice?
J Singh, Wembley, Middx

■ The electricity board ought not to hold you liable if you reported the break-in to the police right away and there is no evidence to suggest it was you, or a member of your household, who took the money.

That's the theory anyway, but some boards still try to make the consumer pay for what is stolen from their meter.

Don't let them con you into paying up when you don't have to. Start by disputing the matter yourself, but if you don't get anywhere, then contact an advice bureau or your local Electricity Consumers' Council (address in the phone book) who can back you up by quoting the law to the electricity board.
LM

Dear Lloyd,
I left school with no regrets and no exams, but now I've met a girl who is a real high-flyer I wish I had tried harder. She says I shouldn't worry but sometimes I feel a real wally when she's talking with her mates. I'd like to be on their level, but my job involves shifts so evening classes are out of the question. Is there any alternative?
Paul, Southampton

■ Obviously it will depend on the degree of your personal application to learning, but there are a large number of correspondence courses available and the best idea is to choose a college which is a member of the Association of Correspondence Colleges. If you write to the address below they should send you details. I found that when I went back to studying I got a lot more satisfaction from learning a subject than I did at school, and perhaps you will too. An extra qualification might help on the job market as well as improving your small talk with high-flying girls.
Association of British Correspondence Colleges, *8 Francis Grove, London SW1*
LM

'A problem shared is a problem halved', runs the old adage, but often a problem is one that simply needs a dose of common sense applied to it, or some hard facts not available to the sufferer.

If life is getting you down, if your skin problem is out of hand, if your flat's in a mess and if your bank balance is out of this world, you can always try me out for an answer. I'm a bit of an expert having been something of a mess myself. Guaranteed results are not offered, but if half a problem is worse than none at all, then at least it's better than a full-scale disaster.

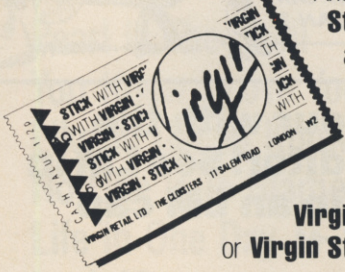
Write to: Hassles,
LM, PO Box 10,
Ludlow, Shropshire
SY8 1DB

Virgin

GAMES CENTRE

Stick some new games software into your computer with Stick with Virgin!

The **Virgin Games Centres** offer you the most exciting range of games this side of **Christmas!** A massive selection of computer games on all software formats from **Spectrum, Amstrad, Commodore, Atari, MSX** and **IBM.** Plus Trivia games, War games, Family games, Role-playing and Fantasy games.


STICK WITH VIRGIN
Virgin
CASH VALUE 1/2p
VIRGIN RETAIL LTD · THE CLOISTERS · 11 SALEM ROAD · LONDON W2

And now, **Virgin Games Centres** give you the chance to get **FREE** with our incredible **Stick** with **Virgin** Offer! Spend **£5** at **Virgin Stores** and you get one **Stick** with **Virgin** stamp and a **FREE** collectors stamp album. Collect **10** stamps and you can choose a **FREE** game to the value of **£4** from any **Virgin Games Centre** or **Virgin Store!** Collect **30** stamps and you can choose a **FREE** game to the value of **£12** and so on.

Plus **Stick** with **Virgin** entitles you to choose **FREE Records, Tapes, Compact Discs, Videos** and huge discounts on return flights with **Virgin Atlantic Airlines!** Pick up a **Stick** with **Virgin** leaflet for full details. Next time you spend **£5** or more on games at your **Virgin Games Centre** or **Virgin Store,** present the voucher below and you'll get **DOUBLE Stick** with **Virgin** stamps!

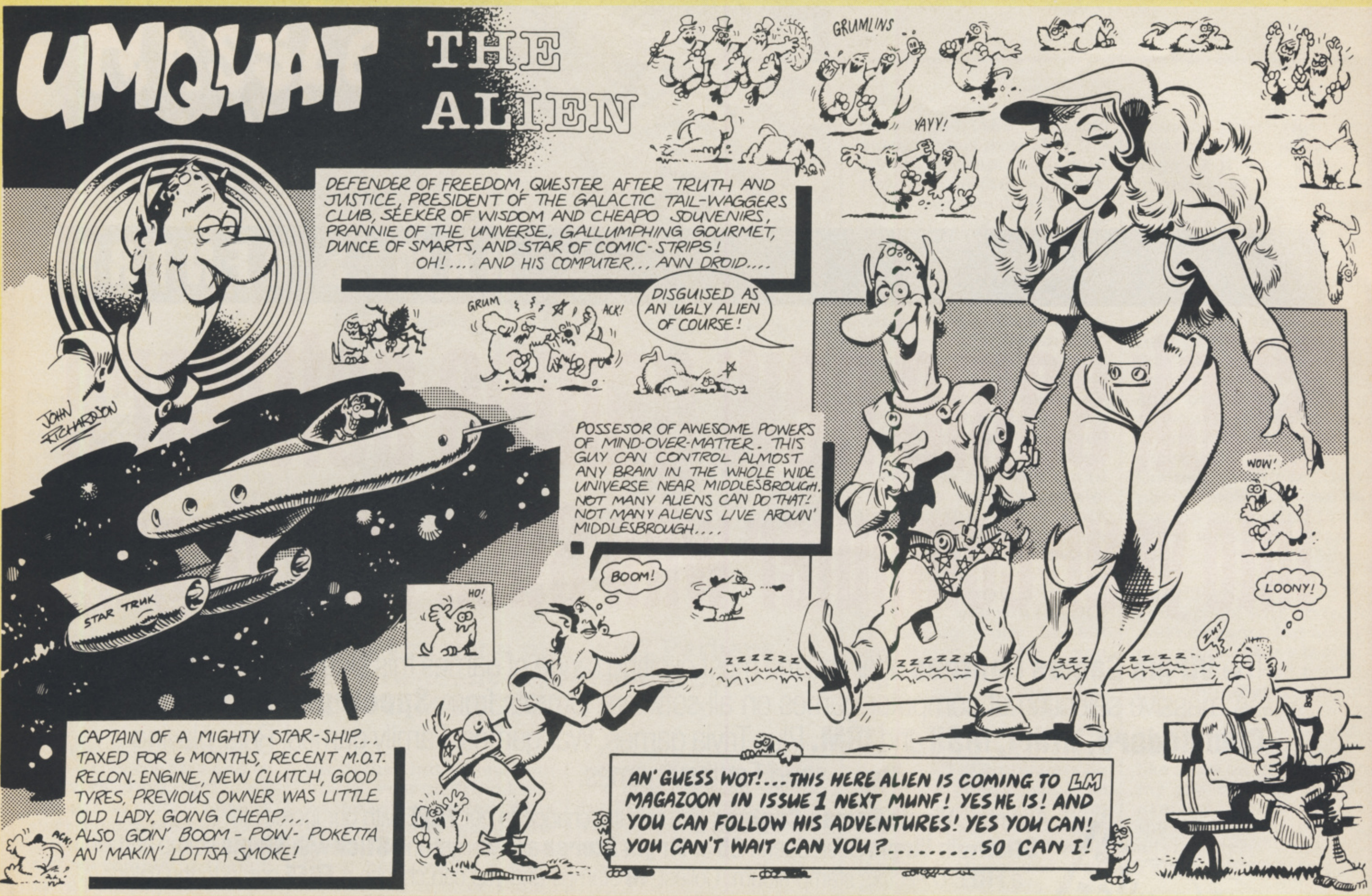
the **no. 1 choice** for **games**

ABERDEEN 46, Union Street ■ **BIRMINGHAM** 98, Corporation Street ■ **BRIGHTON** 156/161, Western Road
BRISTOL Merchant Street ■ **BROMLEY** 140/144, High Street (in Burtons Menswear)
GLASGOW 28/32, Union Street ■ **LEEDS** 94/96, Briggate ■ **PLYMOUTH** 105, Armada Way
LONDON 100, Oxford Street. ■ **TOP MAN** Oxford Circus. ■ **NEW STORES** at **EDINBURGH** 131, Princes Street
NOTTINGHAM 6-10, Wheelergate. ■ **OXFORD** Unit 13, Westgate Centre
COMING SOON in **DUBLIN, DURHAM** and **YORK**

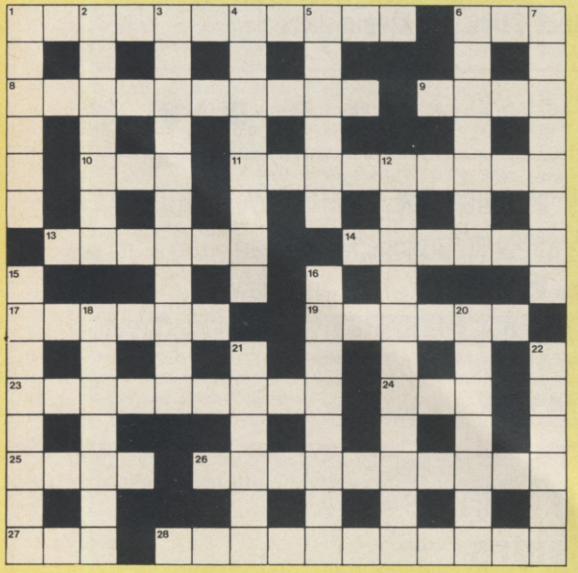
DOUBLE Stick with Virgin Stamps from your Virgin Games Centre

Name ______________________________
Address ______________________________
____

when you redeem this voucher before **December 31st 1986.**


UMQUAT THE ALIEN
DEFENDER OF FREEDOM, QUESTER AFTER TRUTH AND JUSTICE, PRESIDENT OF THE GALACTIC TAIL-WAGGERS CLUB, SEEKER OF WISDOM AND CHEAPO SOUVENIRS, PRANNIE OF THE UNIVERSE, GALLUMPHING GOURMET, DUNCE OF SMARTS, AND STAR OF COMIC-STRIPS!
OH!.... AND HIS COMPUTER... ANN DROID....
GRUMLINS
YAYY!
GRUM
ACK!
DISGUISED AS AN UGLY ALIEN OF COURSE!
JOHN RICHARDSON
POSSESOR OF AWESOME POWERS OF MIND-OVER-MATTER. THIS GUY CAN CONTROL ALMOST ANY BRAIN IN THE WHOLE WIDE UNIVERSE NEAR MIDDLESBROUGH. NOT MANY ALIENS CAN DO THAT! NOT MANY ALIENS LIVE AROUN' MIDDLESBROUGH....
WOW!
LOONY!
STAR TRAK
HO!
BOOM!
ZZZZZ
ZZZZZ
ZZZZZ
ZWT
CAPTAIN OF A MIGHTY STAR-SHIP... TAXED FOR 6 MONTHS, RECENT M.O.T. RECON. ENGINE, NEW CLUTCH, GOOD TYRES, PREVIOUS OWNER WAS LITTLE OLD LADY, GOING CHEAP.... ALSO GOIN' BOOM - POW - POKETTA AN' MAKIN' LOTTSA SMOKE!
ACK
AN' GUESS WOT!... THIS HERE ALIEN IS COMING TO LM MAGAZOON IN ISSUE 1 NEXT MUNF! YES HE IS! AND YOU CAN FOLLOW HIS ADVENTURES! YES YOU CAN! YOU CAN'T WAIT CAN YOU?.........SO CAN I!

WIN A CURRY!


1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28

ACROSS

1 They boss pop (anag) (3,4,4)
6 Help for live band (3)
8 Torturous heavy metal band (4,6)
9 This band really motored (4)
10 Elvis' first label (3)
11 Sam Cooke rattled this one out in 1959 (5,4)
13 Small-time rugby competition (6)
14 The Kid's language (6)
17 Pip pip! This band went like clockwork (6)
19 Gear shifter (6)
23 Drag Lance around to hear Paul Simon album (9)
24 Streisand finds support in her first name (3)
25 US state where a hut is rebuilt (4)
26 What Ben and Tracy have (10)
27 Tennis player with cash (3)
28 The Boss (11)

DOWN

1 His royal purpleness (6)
2 This role was a drag for Dustin (7)
3 The group that spawned Heaven 17 (6,5)
4 British singer, possibly related to 1 down (8)
5 A rope's rearranged for these musical productions (6)
6 Language of *The Chicken Song* (7)
7 Calvin Klein's resigned to being one (7)
12 Anthony Perkins' psychotic motel owner (6,5)
15 One of Daley's big events (4,4)
16 It gets hot here for the Bears and the Redskins (8)
18 Stuart Goddard, the unyielding pop star (4,3)
20 Picture a John Lennon song (7)
21 Silver platter (6)
22 Leader of one of Frankie's two tribes (6)

Don't forget to fill in this form and send it with the crossword. Send a photocopy if you don't want to cut up the magazine.

Name ....
Address ....
....
.... Postcode ....

Curry favour with the London Editor! See LM in action! Win an LM cap and T-shirt!

WHAT's all this then? Yep, it's the very first **LM** prize crossword, a stunningly difficult and fiendish puzzle designed and destined to keep you fascinated, thrilled and enthralled for, oh, at least *five* minutes.

London Editor David ('Pass me that curry') Cheal sussed it within seconds, but Dep Ed Paul ('Here come my bhajees') Strange was still stuck after seven hours (mind you, crosswords have never been his strong point; dot to dot puzzles give him a hard time as it is).

Enough of this guff; back to the business in hand. Since this is a special issue of **LM** we thought we'd offer a stunning and highly unusual prize for the first correctly answered crossword to come out of the mailbag after the competition's closing date.

Not only will you win a highly treasured **LM** cap and T-shirt, but the London Editor will treat you to a free curry at a restaurant of his choice. Alternatively (if you live nearer **LM**'s Ludlow HQ), the Deputy Editor will treat you to a free curry at the restaurant of his choice and show you round **LM**'s office. Gripping, huh? And if you don't like curry, then tough. Oh, all right then, we could make it fish 'n' chips, but it's not quite the same is it?

Right, get down to it then, cut out your completed crossword form, and send it to **LM Curry Favour Crossword Competition, LM, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB**.

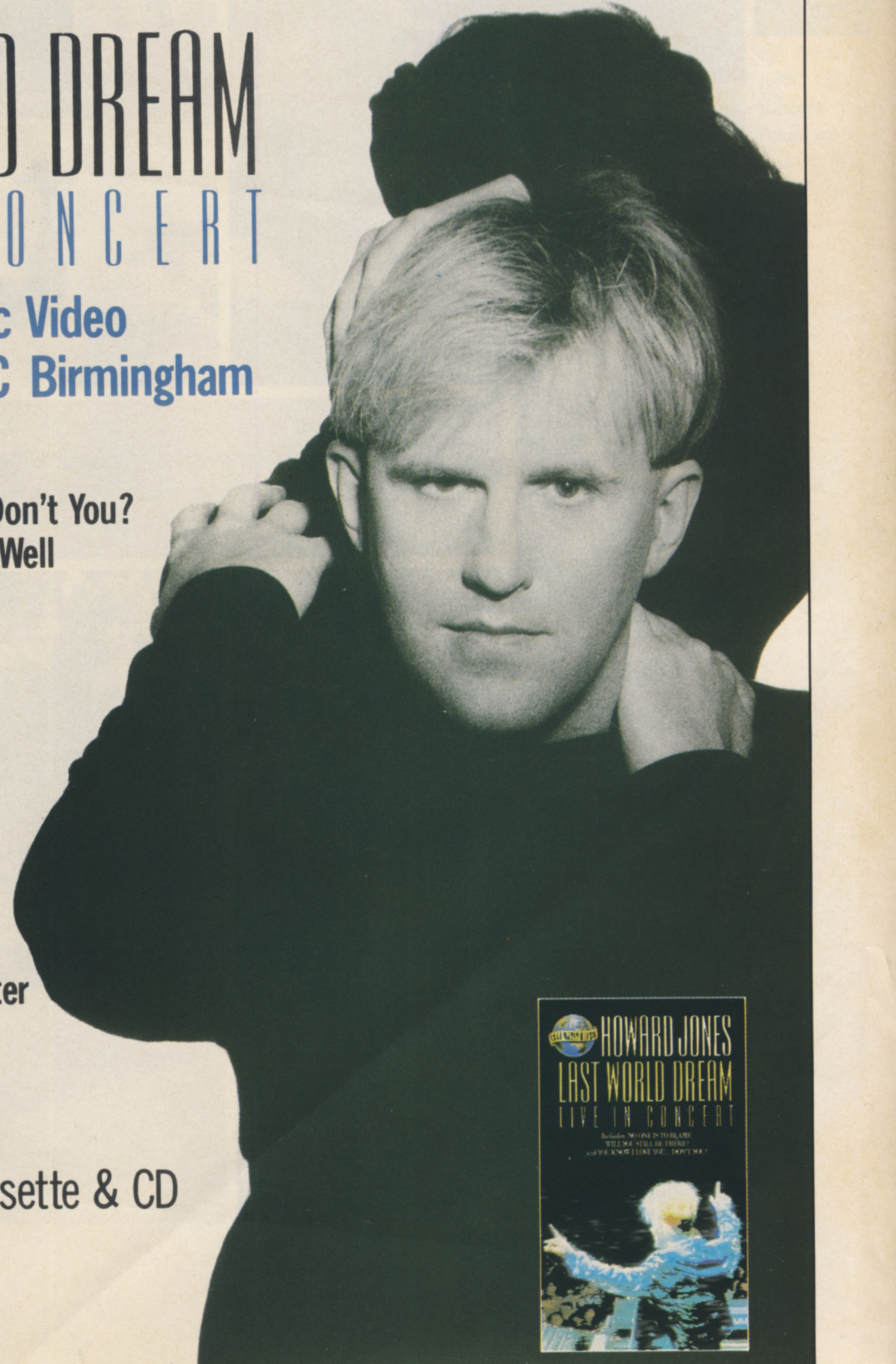
State your T-shirt size — small, medium or large — although we'll probably ignore this information because we're utter bastards. Closing date for entries is **Friday 19 December**, and we'll publish the solution in the first edition of **LM** (on sale 15 January, get your order in now, nail the newsagent to the floor, etc.). The prize winner will be announced in **LM**'s second edition.

And that's it. Simple, huh?

HOWARD JONES

LAST WORLD DREAM

LIVE IN CONCERT


HOWARD JONES
LAST WORLD DREAM
LIVE IN CONCERT
Includes: NO ONE IS TO BLAME
WILL YOU STILL BE THERE?
and YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU... DON'T YOU?

The Stunning Music Video
Filmed At The NEC Birmingham

Includes:

Pearl In The Shell
You Know I Love You... Don't You?
Like To Get To Know You Well
No One Is To Blame
Life In One Day
Look Mama
Will You Still Be There?
Always Asking Questions
Hide And Seek
Dream Into Action
What Is Love?
New Song
Things Can Only Get Better

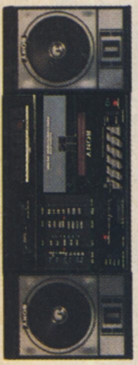
Directed by Wayne Isham

Colour/Stereo/Running Time – 58:30
VHS: 242 005-3 · BETA: 242 005-5

Also Available Now!
The New Album, Cassette & CD
'ONE TO ONE'

Distributed by
wea MUSIC VIDEO

Or £69.95 buys a CFS 240L with "space sound" effect and two way speakers.

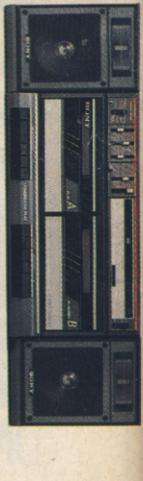


Or £79.95 buys a CFS 3300L with detachable two way speakers and 5 band graphic equalizer.

3 BANDS
SONY
SONY
3 BANDS

£49.95 NOW BUYS A SONY FOR EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE.

Or £129.95 buys a CFS W440L with double cassette decks. detachable two way speakers and graphic equalizer.



Or £99.95 buys a CFS 4000L with detachable two way speakers. autoreverse cassette and 5 band graphic equalizer.

ALL PRICES ARE RECOMMENDED MINIMUM ADVERTISED PRICES

A NEWSFIELD PUBLICATION
No.21 1986/1987
£1.95

ZZAP! 64

Christmas Special

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR COMMODORE SOFTWARE

LIFE
ZZAP! 64
LM
LM
LM
OLIVER FREY

OVER £9,000 OF PRIZES!!

WIN! A Gauntlet Arcade Machine! A Ghettoblaster! A Midi Hi-Fi System! A Weekend In Paris! A BMX Bike! A Remote Control Colour Television! A Personal Stereo!

The–Arcade–Masters

Spectrum	Cassette	£7.95
Amstrad	Cassette	£8.95
Amstrad	Disc	£14.95
Commodore	Cassette	£9.95
Commodore	Disc	£14.95
C16	Cassette	£7.95

"Officially Licenced Coin Op Classic"

SPACE HARRIER
SEGA SPACE HARRIER
SEGA
SPACE HARRIER
elite

Screen shots taken from various computer formats.

"The Most Outstanding Coin-Op Game of the Year!!

Sega™ invite you to take a trip to the Fantasy Zone in the fascinating 3D-Action game that set the Coin-Op world alight.

Steel your nerves, alert your senses and prepare for a thrilling trip into the future.

After months of development he's finally here–Scooby in his own hilarious computer cartoon. Designed and coded by Gargoyle Games, Scooby Doo is a fast-action arcade game that's as funny to watch as it's exciting to play–Scooby-Dooby-Doo!!

SCOOBY-DOO
elite
SCOOBY DOO

Mail Order, just send a cheque or postal order payable to Elite, or quote your Credit Card number.

Access VISA

Elite Systems Ltd.,
Anchor House, Anchor Road, Aldridge,
Walsall, West Midlands, WS9 8PW.
Telephone: (0922) 59165.
Telex: 336130 ELITE.G.

elite

ISSUE 21 CHRISTMAS SPECIAL 1986

Publishers **Roger Kean, Oliver Frey, Franco Frey**
Publishing Executive **Graeme Kidd**
Editor **Gary Penn**
Production Controller **David Western**
Staff Writers **Julian Rignall, Richard Eddy, Sean Masterson, Lloyd Mangram, Paul Sumner**
Art Director **Richard Shiner**
Assistant Art Director **Gordon Druce**
Illustrators **Oliver Frey, Ian Craig**
Production **Matthew Uffindell Anthony Lorton, Cameron Pound, Jonathan Rignall, Timothy Croton, Mark Kendrick, Sebastian Clare**
Advertisement Manager **Roger Bennett**
Advertising Assistant **Nicholas Wild**
Subscriptions **Denise Roberts**
Mail Order **Carol Kinsey**

Editorial and production:
1/2 King Street, Ludlow,
Shropshire SY8 1AQ
☎ 0584 5851
Mail order and subscriptions
PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire
SY8 1DB
☎ 0584 5620

☎ Advertising Information & Bookings
0584 4603 or 5852

Printed in England by Carlisle Web Offset (member of the BPCC Group) Newtown Trading Estate, Carlisle, Cumbria. Colour origination by Scan Studios, Wallace Road, London N1

Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middx UB7 7QE

No material may be reproduced in whole or in part without the written consent of the copyright holders. We cannot undertake to return any written or photographic material sent in to ZZAP! 64 magazine unless accompanied by a suitably stamped addressed envelope. Unsolicited written or photo material which may be used in the magazine is paid for at our current rates.

A NEWSFIELD PUBLICATION

ABC
MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
JAN-JUN 1986
Total: 59,356
UK: 54,399

Rockford appears in ZZAP! 64 by kind permission of First Star Inc., whose copyright he remains.

Cover by Oliver Frey

FESTIVE FEATURES

35 THE ZZAP! LADS
Inside-leg details on the personalities behind the faces under the Spiky hairstyles

39 DENTON DESIGNS REVISITED
Rumours of a split send Julian Rignall scurrying up to Liverpool

46 DESERT ISLAND 5¼'s
We discover what famous programmers couldn't do without on the hackneyed scenario of a tropical island

50 ROCKFORD'S ROUND UP
Casting an eye back on 1986 and the games it brought us

60 TAMARA KNIGHT
Part One of a continuing saga of a teleporter sales-being of the future. Mel Croucher reveals (nearly) all

69 INTER-MAGAZINE CHALLENGE
The Scorelord masterminds a Challenge to end all Challenges

78 MASTERBLASTER
So you think you're up on C64 games, do you? Find out NOW

113 ZZAP! READER'S AWARDS
Vote for the best of 1986

152 TAMARA KNIGHT
Seeing as it's Christmas, here's Part Two

168 THE ZZAP! SCRAPBOOK
All those embarrassing photies from the archives

COMPETITIONS

42 WIN A £600 HOLIDAY
INCENTIVE is launching two adventures written on GAC. Your chance to collect a holiday for two . . .

44 DESIGNER T-SHIRTS ON OFFER
A host of goodies donated by software houses from around the country is up for grabs. Enough clean clothing for a month! And (ahem) a special wordsquare on page 24 . . .

62 BRING BACK ROCKFORD!
Rocky's sulking. Stop him and you could win a limited edition T-Shirt and the BOULDERDASH CONSTRUCTION KIT

77 TAKE TO THE AIR
DURELL have a radio controlled airplane to give away. Plus games of course . . .

82 GET WITH THE BEAT
A Personal Stereo tops the HEWSONS prize list, which includes . . . games!

107
A HARDWARE COMPETITION KONIX are giving away a disk drive and a printer. Lots of SPEEDKING joysticks up for grabs, too

NORMAL BITS

9 EDITORIAL

11 ZZAP! RRAP

68 THE SCORELORD SPEAKETH

85 ZZAP! TIPS
Jazza gets to grips with lots of tips. Maps galore — DRUID, HACKER II, INFILTRATOR and GLIDER RIDER — amongst other useful things

118 COMPUNET
Mr Liddon returns from his London exile to run up the ZZAP! phone bill . . .

124 ZZAP! CHARTS

126 RESULTS AND WINNERS

134 CHRONICLES OF THE WHITE WIZARD
BUGSY, DRACULA and COLOUR OF MAGIC get the treatment . . .

157 THE ART GALLERY
Art entrepreneur Brigette van Reuben appreciates more binary art

172 NEWSFLASH
Early peeks at the follow up to DRAGONS LAIR and URIDIUM PLUS as well as AVENGER from the GREMLIN GRAPHICS crew

108 GAUNTLET Part Two
The second instalment of a competition that will see someone collecting a GAUNTLET arcade machine from US GOLD

110 SPLATTER A SPIKY HAIRED ONE
A Chance to enter the COMBAT ZONE and fire pink paint at ZZAP! reviewers, courtesy of PIRANHA

117 ALBUMS, GAMES, SHIRTS
ARIOLASOFT offer a range of stocking fillers

142 MARTIAL ACTION
Get to blows with OCEAN's YIE AR KUNG FU II — 50 copies to be won

146 GRAB A GREMLIN GOODIEBAG
Lots of Hi-Fi equipment on offer from Uncle Ian at GREMLIN

150 RIDE AND LISTEN
Two competitions from ELITE with BMX Bikes and Personal Stereos on offer. Plus the usual dose of games, of course

162 SPRINGTIME IN PARIS
French Software house INFOGRAMES invite a reader to a weekend in Paris

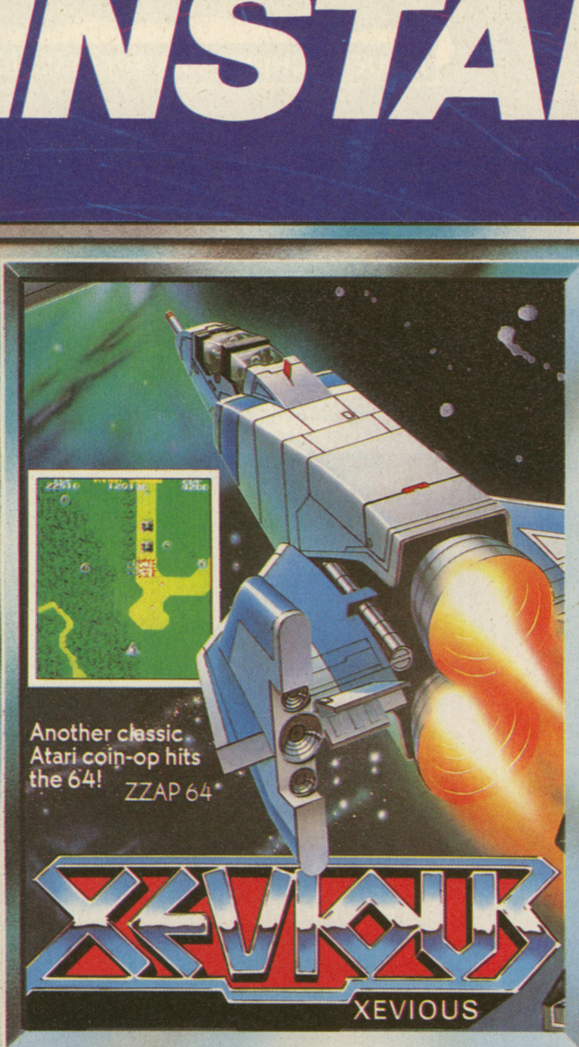
166 WIN A ZZAP REVIEWER'S KIT
Colour telly, complete set of ZZAP!s, jog suit and hair-styling equipment on offer courtesy of The Powers That Be

The next issue of ZZAP! goes on sale from January the . . . erm, ah. Better take a look at the calendar in the centre of this issue . . .

INSTANT CURE

ADDI

No more pushing, no more shoving. Long agitated queues in noise filled emporium of glitter and shine. And then when you get to your ultimate challenge, the test you've eagerly longed for..... it's over..... money gone, gobbled up by insatiable drones in a matter of seconds. Will you ever attain superhero status? Don't wonder any longer, U.S. Gold bring you four outstanding classics with all the excitement and realism of their arcade originals in the comfort and warmth of your own home.



Another classic Atari coin-op hits the 64! ZZAP 64

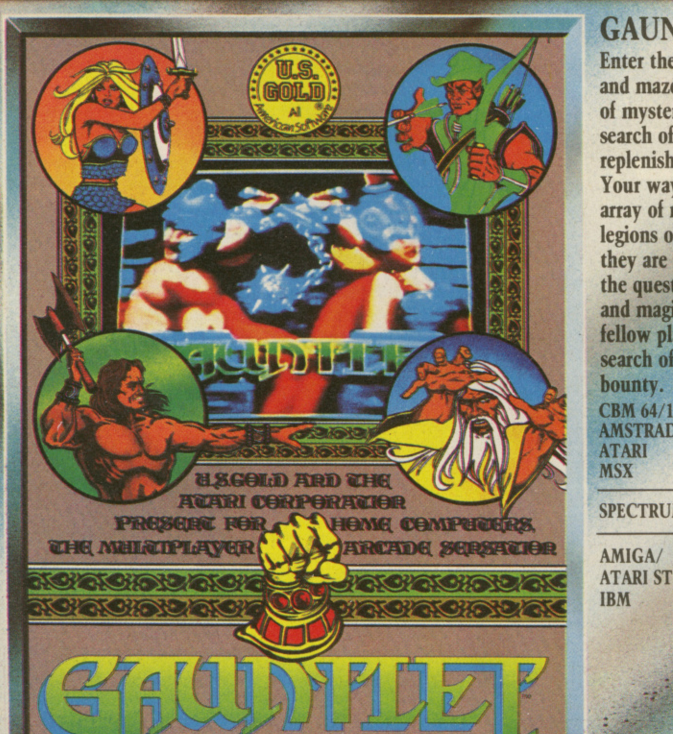
XEVIOUS

Many eons ago, an advanced technologically orientated civilization was forced to evaluate the Earth prior to the Ice Age. Now, these Xevious people are returning to reclaim their heritage through conquest. From the controls of your Solvalu super spacecraft, you must defend the Earth from takeover by the Xevious invaders!

CBM 64/128 AMSTRAD £9.99 ⓣ £14.99 ⓓ

SPECTRUM 48K £7.99 ⓣ

100x 10p


U.S. GOLD All American Software
U.S.GOLD AND THE ATARI CORPORATION PRESENT FOR HOME COMPUTERS THE MULTIPLAYER ARCADE SENSATION
GAUNTLET

GAUNTLET

Enter the world of monsters and mazes. Travel the path of mystery and combat in search of the food that replenishes your 'health'. Your way is barred by an array of monsters and legions of enemy beings but they are not your only foe in the quest for food, treasure and magic potions – your fellow players compete in search of the same good bounty.

CBM 64/128
AMSTRAD
ATARI
MSX
£9.99 ⓣ £14.99 ⓓ (no disk)

SPECTRUM 48K £8.99 ⓣ

AMIGA/
ATARI ST
IBM
£24.99 ⓓ

100x 10p

U.S. Gold Ltd.,
Units 2/3, Holford Way,
Holford, Birmingham B6 7AX.
Tel: 021 356 3388

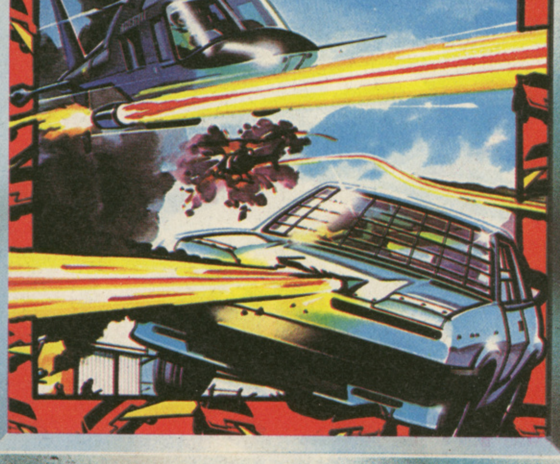
E FOR ARCADE
DICTS

BREAKTHRU

Your mission – retrieve PK430 your country's revolutionary fighter... location – 400 miles behind enemy lines... possible enemy armaments – flame throwers, helicopters, tanks, jeeps, landmines... your equipment – the world's most sophisticated armed vehicle... mission status – vital... mission consequences – world peace... mission objectives – you must...

	Ⓣ	Ⓓ
CBM 64/128 AMSTRAD	£9.99	£14.99
SPECTRUM 48K	£8.99 Ⓣ	

100x **10p**

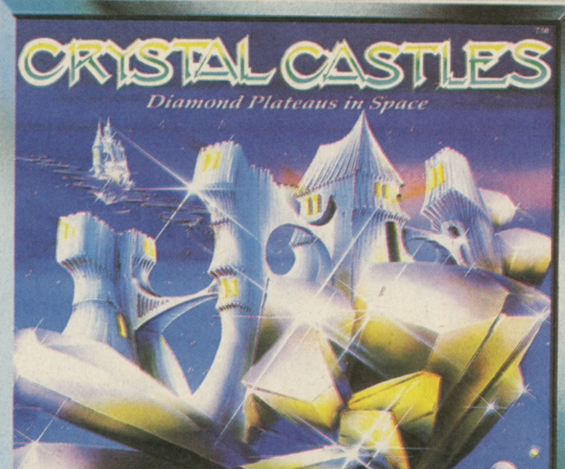


CRYSTAL CASTLES

Crystal Castles is a once in a lifetime opportunity to experience a true software legend. A legend that will continue because it is to be produced as a Limited Edition. Now that you've heard of it you must buy it otherwise you'll have missed a true software experience.

	Ⓣ	Ⓓ
CBM 64/128 AMSTRAD BBC	£9.99	£14.99
SPECTRUM 48K ELECTRON	£8.99 Ⓣ	

100x **10p**



A CONSTELLATION OF SENSATIONAL GAME COMPILATIONS

From one of the UK's leading software creators comes the finest collection of game compilations. From the finest software houses.

Gremlin Graphics
Bubble Bus Software
Gargoyle Games
Alligata Software
U.S. Gold
Ultimate

4 MORE HITS
CRASH Smashes II
Star GAMES
MONTY ON THE RUN
GREMLIN GRAPHICS SOFTWARE LTD
SWEEVO'S WORLD
GARGOYLE GAMES LTD
BOUNDER
GREMLIN GRAPHICS SOFTWARE LTD
STARQUAKE

Monty on the Run
Sweevo's World
Bounder
Starquake

CRASH SMASHES

Pan the horizon, eyes peeled, for the most amazing collection of characters and events – an earth bound catastrophe from out of space; high flying, fast moving, bouncing balls; a furtive furry mammal dodging the law and a robot out of control and out of his mind. Excitement, fun, game appeal.... it's got the lot.

4
AMTIX! Accolades
Star GAMES
MONTY ON THE RUN
GREMLIN GRAPHICS SOFTWARE LTD
SWEEVO'S WORLD
GARGOYLE GAMES LTD
BOUNDER
GREMLIN GRAPHICS SOFTWARE LTD
STARQUAKE
BUBBLE BUS SOFTWARE

Monty on the Run
Sweevo's World
Bounder
Starquake

AMTIX ACCOLADES

Watch out for the invasion not just from space but the aerial bombardment of a bouncing ball as you grapple with the antics of a comic roboid and underworld supermole frantically on the run.

Tape
£9.95

C16
PLUS4
CLASSICS III
4 GAME COMPILATION

Sword of Destiny
Jetbrix
Gullwing Falcon
Reach for the Sky

Disk
£14.95

C16 CLASSICS III

A unique opportunity to enter into combat as fought through the ages – hand to hand combat with muscle and sword; the aerial skill of World War II flying; precision and control of jetpac and handlazer and the thrilling excitement and power of 21st century spacefighter. If you like a challenge these contrasting gameplays will put you to the test.

4
MORE HITS
ZZAP
SIZZLERS
II
MONTY ON THE RUN
BOUNDER
STARQUAKE
Star GAMES

'Z'
Monty on the Run
Bounder
Starquake

ZZAP SIZZLERS II

Colourful encounters of the extraordinary kind. Enjoy a futuristic shoot 'em up in sci-fi terrains or mysterious star systems. Go on the run with a furry little mammal or find yourself "jump sick" with an effervescent ball.

MSX CLASSICS
GROG'S REVENGE
BOUNDER
VALKYR
WANTED
GUNFRIGHT
ALIVE
Star GAMES

Grog's Revenge
Gunfright
Valkyr
Bounder

MSX CLASSICS

From stone age man to 21st century space hero, with brief stop-overs in the lawless West and 1980's to master the antics of an irrepressible bouncing ball, this rivetting compilation provides power packed excitement that transcends time.

Star GAMES

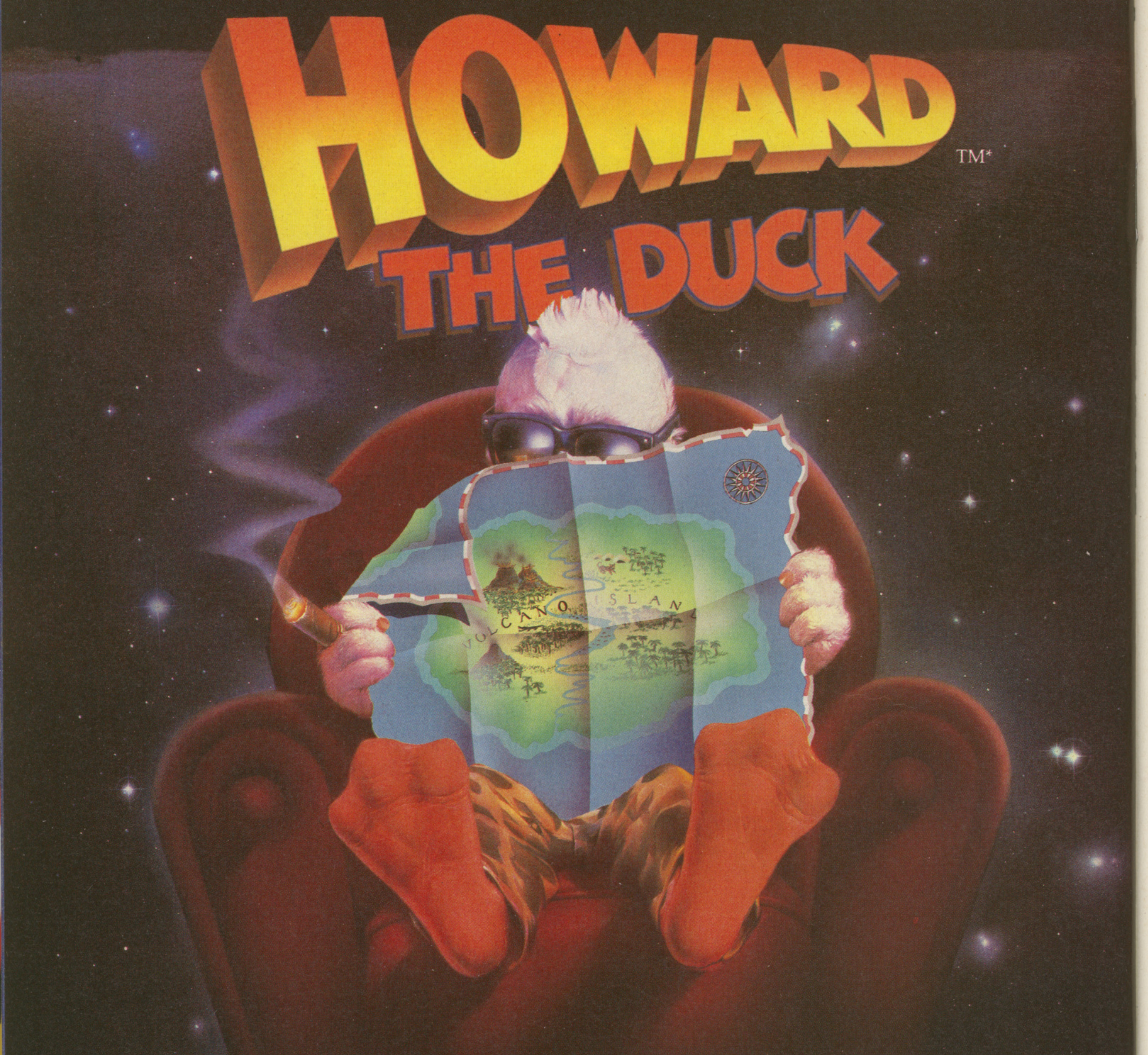
GREMLIN

GREMLIN

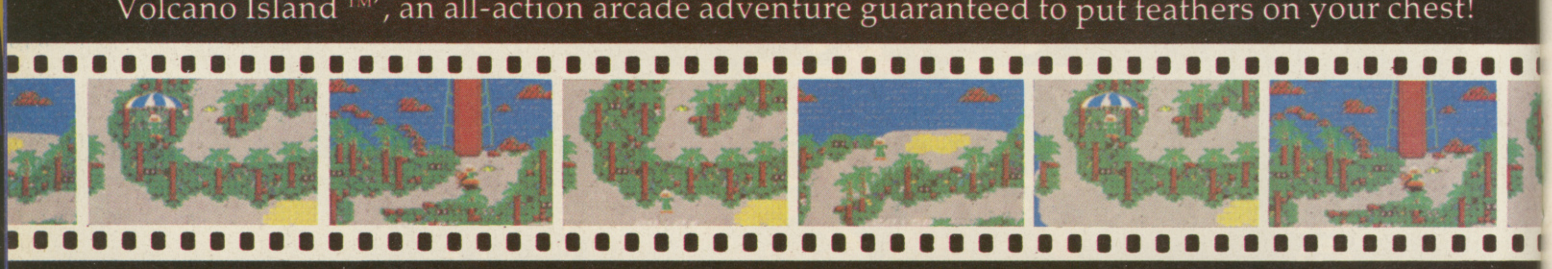
Light years ahead for Compilations

Star Games, Alpha House, 10 Carver Street, Sheffield. S1 4FS. Tel: (0742) 753423.

ACTIVISION ENTERTAINMENT SOFTWARE
PRESENTS



Movie Star. Comic Book Hero. Now making his debut on the computer screen in 'Adventure on Volcano Island ™', an all-action arcade adventure guaranteed to put feathers on your chest!



COMMODORE SCREENS

ACTIVISION
ENTERTAINMENT SOFTWARE ®

Available on Commodore 64/128K cassette (£9.99) and disk (£14.99). Coming soon for Amstrad and Spectrum home computers.

Mail Order: 23 Pond Street, Hampstead, London NW3 2PN

TM* & © 1986 Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. Computer Software program © 1986 Activision Inc. All rights reserved.

ZZAP! ED

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU
FROM ZZAP! 64

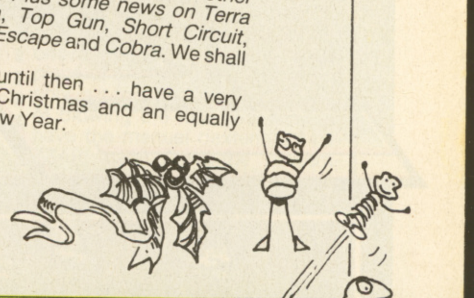
A TALE OF YULETIDE WOE

I suppose it had to happen. An issue without a Sizzler or a Gold Medal (well — there is *Bard's Tale* from Ariolasoft but that's a role playing game so it doesn't count). Surprisingly, very few games arrived for review in this issue, and what did arrive was fairly mediocre, as you can see.

Christmas is just around the corner and so much exciting software was promised. But as I write (the end of November is rapidly approaching), none of it is complete and won't be ready for several weeks. Most disappointing. I remember something similar happened this time last year, only the situation wasn't quite so dire. Still, I can hardly blame the software houses for wanting to make sure they get it right this time. I wouldn't want to see a glut of disappointing 'rush jobs'. And I'm sure you wouldn't either.

Ah well, at least it bodes well for the next issue in which we should have reviews of (promises permitting): *Gauntlet*, *Tenth Frame* (the ten pin bowling simulation from Bruce and Roger Carver, who also wrote *Leader Board*), *Championship Wrestling*, *Ikari Warriors*, *Space Harrier*, *Scooby Doo*, *Cyborg*, *Labyrinth*, *Aliens*, *Highlander*, *Judge Dredd*, *Avenger*, *Lightforce*, and *Spy vs Spy III* — *Arctic Antics*, amongst other things. Plus some news on *Terra Cresta*, *Top Gun*, *Short Circuit*, *Great Escape* and *Cobra*. We shall see.

But until then . . . have a very Merry Christmas and an equally nice New Year.



GAMES REVIEWED

1942	193
Assault Machine	34
Bard's Tale *(S)*	134
Bazooka Bill	191
Bugsy	138
Bulldog	192
Camelot Warriors	184
Captured	187
Colour of Magic	137
Crystal Castles	175
Donkey Kong	183
Dracula	139
Flash Gordon	28
Galivan	33
Kettle	181
Nuclear Embargo	188
Panther	182
Super Huey II	26
Warrior II	176
Yie Ar Kung-Fu II	186

ZZAP! ADVERTISERS INDEX

Activision	8
Addictive Games	25
Argus Press Software	54, 143
Ariolasoft	164
Cascade	90
Creative Devices	81
Creative Sparks	58
Databyte	38
Datel	144, 145
Digital Intergration	102
Domark	112
Durell	18, 19
Dynamic Marketting	136
Electric Dreams	15, 32
Electronic Services	23
Euromax	129
Elite	2, 129, 154
Evesham Micro	122, 123
Firebird	76, 93, 106, 121
Gargoyle	97
Gremlin	6, 7, 48, 49
Hewson	17
Imagine	30, 31, 75, 186, 196
Konami	83
NMC	58
Mancomp	136
Martech	156
Micropool	20
Mr Chip	63
Ocean	29, 43, 84, 95, 130, 185, 195
Piranha	171
Robtek	116
Softek	160, 161
Superior Software	65, 111
Thalamus	10
Turbosoft	13
Trilogic	37
US Gold	4, 5, 66, 67, 178, 179
Video Vault	63
Virgin	115
ZZAP! Backnumbers	64
ZZAP! Binders and T Shirts	131
ZZAP! Mail Order	132, 133
ZZAP! Oli Posters	155

THALAMUS
SANXION.
RAINBOW I
1UP 000250 3 0778

By
STAVROS
FASOULAS

CBM 64/128
CASSETTE **£9.95** DISK **£14.95**

THALAMUS LIMITED,
Front Office,
1st Floor Advance Works,
44 Wallace Road, London N1 1PQ

Distributed by US GOLD LIMITED, Unit 2/3 Holford Way, Holford, Birmingham B6 7AX Tel: 021-356 3388

ZZAP!
ZZAP!
IT'S COLD TODAY
Dear Zzap!
JOE
ZZAP!
RRAP
LOOK AT THE SNOW
DEAR ZZAP
HAPPY XMAS
ROT RUBBISH

The time distortion produced by our production schedules continues: as I settle down to this month's collection of letters, Dick Eddie and Gary Penn are perched on stepladders, taking the Christmas decorations down again. We've all but finished work on the Christmas Special and soon words will be flowing into the February issue. Yet bonfire night happened last week . . . Life in Ludlow can be very strange at times.

Although this bumper issue is set to appear on the shelves of newsagents right in the middle of the Festive Season, when 'Goodwill to all Men' is the prevailing philosophy, this month's selection of letters doesn't warrant a Letter of the Month prize. Goodwill or no Goodwill, I'm holding back on the prize until next month. I hope the nice long rest you are all set to have over Christmas will produce some well-argued, pithy letters for my mailbag.

REPAIRMAN BLUES

Dear ZZAP!
Having enjoyed playing the arcade machine of *Ghosts 'n' Goblins* I decided to buy the computer version.

Unfortunately, 20 minutes into playing the game the zombies started walking backwards and the gatekeeper bounced around without any legs. Then, after freezing on the screen, it decided to crash.

After I tried re-loading, it crashed almost immediately. (The other side of the cassette acted the same). Assuming I'd bought a dud, I exchanged it for another copy and found the same results.

I then sent it to a colleague from work who tested it and found nothing wrong.

And, after testing the game myself, with another C2N and getting the same results. . . . and with another Commodore 64 and getting no trouble at all, I came to the conclusion that my computer was malfunctioning — (there's a big word!).

So, on scanning the adverts in the local paper I came across only one computer repair centre, (who shall remain nameless!)

After having it repaired there and paying a hefty, very hefty, £43.95 invoice for it, I was extremely annoyed, in fact fuming, to find the same trouble occurred.

I also found some other games had started to go wrong, including *Uridium* and *Scarabaeus*. (My recently acquired games *Warhawk* and Iridis Alpha have also begun to play up.)

In a foul mood, I returned my Commodore 64 to the repair shop, with my copy of *Ghosts 'n' Goblins*: I was told to collect them in 2 — 3 weeks.

When this happened a 3rd time, the bloke there insisted that nothing was wrong with either the game or my computer, and would not take my Commodore back again for repair.

I've only recently heard that others have been conned out of their money by the same repair shop.

So, a warning to other ZZAPPers: Take care when looking for a repair shop, and be wary of the small adverts in the local paper.
Andrew Sanders, Cambridge

This isn't the first tale of woe I've heard about difficulties experienced at the hands of Commodore repair companies. Maybe other readers would like to pass on their experiences? If Computer repairers get in touch too, to put their side of the story, I might be able to persuade Gary Penn to write a small feature on fixing broken machines . . .
LM

TUNEFUL APPEAL

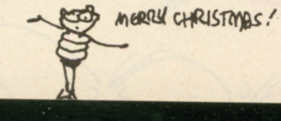
Dear Lloyd
After reading the ZZAP! Rrap pages month after month, I decided it was time to amaze and astound you and my fellow readers with my airs and views.

First, I thank profusely the programmers and musicians who continue to produce first class software like *Green Beret, Rambo, Monty On the Run, Knight Games*, and so on. My discerning ears are very partial to a bit of inspiring music (I can't be the only one, surely?!) The aforementioned games all contain music which I consider to be 'Top 10' stuff. *Datahits* was a novel idea, but it was too 'gimmicky'. What would really liven up the album charts is to have a massive compilation of the best music from the most popular games. I think that many other readers (perhaps even thousands) would like to see this idea put into practice, too. So, Rob, Martin, David, Tony, Ben and all you other musicians and software houses.....HOW ABOUT IT?!!!

Secondly, I would like to bring Gazza Penn's attention to the plight of many 64 owners. I, for one, am sick and fed up of using a piece of wire to reset my '64. Not only is it tedious, but I run the risk of blowing the fuse (we don't all have the manual dexterity of the ZZAP! team). Can't the 'powers-that-be' run a reset switch offer or something? I've tried and tried but cannot buy one anywhere.
Stephen Fathers, Pakefield, Suffolk

Part of your plea has already been answered this month, Stephen. Mr Penn has included a chart devoted to the music that accompanies games. This month, it kicks off with the ZZAP! team's own favourites, in order. From now on, you'll get a chance to vote for your favourite tunes every month as part of the 1987 ZZAP! Charts.

As for an album of your favourite Commodore hits, a whole new year is about to start, and as I've said before, who knows what it will bring? And as for a reset switch — any hardware manufacturers out there reading. . . . ?
LM


MERRY CHRISTMAS!

C.A.
UTTER ROT!

ZZAP! RRAP

PIRATES AHOY!

PIRACY HAS reared its ugly head once again with allegations against the computer trade itself and publisher Newsfield.

Leading firms have become hugely upset about the matter — no doubt because they have enough problems with pirating by the public.

Illicit copies

Hewson recently discovered the source of pirated copies of *Alleykat* only thanks to a security numbering system and the honesty of a lad from Liverpool. Elite however, fears that the situation is particularly grave. It has slashed its number of pre-production trade and review copies from 100 to under 20, after finding illicit copies of *Airwolf II*.

"It seems that there is a kind of organised amateur network. We've been caught with our trousers down — but we're doing something about it," commented Elite boss Brian Wilcox.

Rignall

Another firm understandably incensed by games appearing before release is Activision. The principle charge concerns *Hacker II* and was made against Julian Rignall of Newsfield (publishers of *Crash, Zzap* and *Amtix*). This was backed up by another software house which also named Rignall.

Newsfield's publishing executive Graeme Kidd side-stepped the specific allegation. He claims that if Rignall's name has appeared on pirated copies then this was not his doing.

Boasting

Instead, he thinks it's a pirates way of boasting. "If they put his name on it, then they can tell their friends that they know him and got the game from him."

GROUNDLESS ALLEGATIONS

Dear ZZAP! 64
I refer to the enclosed article from BANG Issue 5. In this article they named Julian Rignall as being the leader of an 'amateurish software piracy organisation!' They have no real proof that he is involved with pirates. Serious allegations like this should not be made unless there is concrete evidence to support it. Julian's name on a few illicit copies does not mean he is a pirate. It was probably a move to gain attention from their friends. 'I know Julian Rignall, look here's a cassette I got from him!!'

From BANG's point of view it was probably a reader pulling stunt to swell the ranks of BANG readers, and also to discredit ZZAP! and NEWSFIELD. Why do some rival magazines always have to play dirty tricks to gain an audience? Perhaps it isn't good enough to attract readers, without first stealing other magazines' loyal readers. Surly a magazine should be a reliable reference point, not a place to print silly allegations and childish squabbles.

Well that's my moan out of the way, and I hope in future other companies will please take note! Thanks for a great read.

J D Funnel, Hastings, East Sussex

Oh dear. Your own letter illustrates the way in which rumours tend to spread and the way in which the printed word can so easily be misinterpreted. Nowhere in the BANG *article that you refer to did they say that Julian was the leader of an 'amateurish software piracy organisation' — yet you quote those words directly in your letter!*

Shortly after the story in question appeared in BANG, *one of the allegations made against Julian collapsed totally. Furthermore, the* Hacker II *investigation conducted by Activision has now been concluded and Julian cleared of any involvement.*

Coincidentally, BANG, *like the allegations it printed, collapsed recently — the last issue appeared early in November.*

LM

IN PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

Dear Lloyd
About your rating system: do you think it is correct to award a game 100% in any of the categories? I believe 100% is perfect, and because games are improving all the time, I think a game should not rightly be awarded 100%. I agree with Issue 19's letter of the month (I won't say his name because it will boost his ego even more — I know this because he is a friend of mine and he keeps telling me he has had his name printed five times. I think his ego is about three times the size of J R's and that is **BIG**!) saying that reviews are only guides. I accept this but would appreciate your opinion on this matter.

The second thing is to do with Issue 18, on page 56 you said that the *Expert Cartridge* from **Trilogic** would cost £28.95, but on page 93 **Trilogic**'s advert says it costs £31.95, I found the only difference was a free dust cover in the advert. Does this 'free' dust cover cost an extra £3.00?

John Simmonds, Eastbourne, East Sussex,

If you consult your ZZAP! archives you should find that the only 100% mark that has been awarded so far was given to Paradroid *for 'Presentation'.*

Admittedly, once a game has been given a 100% rating, then it is difficult to see how subsequent games that are even better could be rated. Which is where the time element comes in. All reviews are written for a specific issue of the magazine, and as such a time element is incorporated into the ratings.

Standards tend to rise as time goes on — which is why ZZAP-BACKs *often throws an interesting perspective on the development of games programming. And I have always maintained that percentages are only a guide — the written comments provide the most informative analysis of a game.*

LM

UGLY MUGS

Dear Lloyd
I can't take anymore, I've had it up to here (I'm not very tall and 'here' is above my head — in other words I'm swimming in it!!) Several things are beginning to get on my nerves and I've got to put pen to paper or. . . . well, who knows?

Firstly, it concerns the question of 'individual taste' with regard to software reviews. I agree that they are just opinions and that the reviewers might have different ideas of what makes a good game, and that their ideas might differ from mine (probably in fact, because they all look like a bunch of weirdos — just a joke fellas!). But, what I dislike about these opinions is that not only do we get a paragraph or two or written opinion but also a 'mug-shot' drawing. Now if it happens that two games on opposite pages were disliked by the reviewers, we get an eyeful of obvious discontent before we've read a word! Hardly makes for appetizing reading, now does it? You could say, "but just ignore the 'arty-thing' dear boy" (and probably will) but that's not the point! Why give the reader an immediate impression of 'this is junk'?

Secondly, I think that most people would agree that even a software review magazine can't exist by reviews alone. So let's have something that has lasting interest, personal involvement, excitement and above all — what I want!! — something along the lines of *Final Conflict* as in the now extinct PCG.

Get rid of these 'chance meetings' that seem to fill the pages in one guise or another, (twiddling thumbs, The Butler did it and so on) and give us something with lasting appeal.

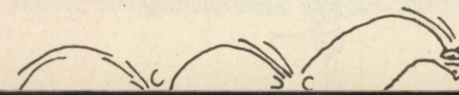
You know it makes sense, don't you? There are other things I don't like but others have hit upon them already so I'll leave it at that.

Graham Anderson, Lincoln

I agree with your first point in part, Graham. But I would have thought that the facial expressions on the drawings of our reviewers should make very little difference — it's the fact that the pictures of the 'weirdos' are there in the first place that turns you off. . . . only joking fellas!

As for something 'that has lasting interest . . . personal involvement' etc, I have heard whispers that The Powers That Be may have some plans in that general direction for next year. Wait and see. . . .

LM



MISSING TABLES

Dear ZZAP!
Alright, a joke is a joke, but where is the Hi-Score table in *Supercycle*? Eh? In Issue 18 I sent off for the *Supercycle* and *Beyond the Forbidden Forest* offer. I have recently received my games, and was very pleased with them but to my disappointment there was no, and I quote, 'huge Hi-Score table' in *Supercycle*. Admittedly it does not effect the game play but there is no incentive to do better to beat your Hi-Score!.

Is it me? Am I not good enough at the game (highly unlikely because I've finished it all on the first level so I should have a little checkered flag next to my name on the Hi-Score table)? Have I got a dodgy tape?

Please assist me! or I might do something drastic. . . . like . . . stop buying ZZAP! and you wouldn't want that, would you?

Steve Roff, Ashtead, Surrey

No we wouldn't . . . Ooops! A slight omission on our part it seems, and another apology is called for. Supercycle *does have a Hi-Score table on the disk version, but in common with most games, the cassette version of the game doesn't feature an updating Hi-Score table. A bit surprised you didn't work that one out, though*

LM

128 APPEAL

Dear Lloyd
I will start this letter in the time-honoured tradition: I never write to magazines but . . . I felt I had to state my views on two subjects.

First, let me tell you a story. On the 10th July I trundled down to my newsagent and bought Issue 16 of ZZAP! Great, I thought looking at the cover, must be a review of *Green Beret*. But, even better, upon turning to pages 98 and 99, I saw a review of a 128 game, *Kickstart 2*. Since it was a SIZZLER, I saved up my pennies and bought it, loaded it up into my year-old 128, and found a brill game.

What a happy story, you might be thinking, but no! Now I see in subsequent Rraps, letters from moaning 64ers complaining that two pages out of 116 were given to a 128 review, and I saw with horror that you do not intend to review any more 128 games! Just because a 128 is 70 quid more than a 64 doesn't mean that us 128ers can buy every 128 game, good or bad. We need a guide of some sort, and ZZAP! is the only mag yet to review a 128 game. In my mind it does not seem that 64ers are going to miss the odd page or two every so often. Since 128 games are coming out at a very slow rate (only six have been released since the 128 came out) there would only be the occasional review.

So, all you 128ers out there, write in and show that a lot of ZZAP's readers own 128s and would appreciate your reviewing the few 128 games around. Any 64ers who do not want to read a 128 review can, I'm sure, summon up the energy to turn the page and ignore it.

Which brings me onto my other gripe. I am sick of seeing letters in Rrap from moaning minnies who don't like this feature, or don't agree with that review. If a reader does not like an article don't read it! You don't have to read every bit of ZZAP! And please don't write in demanding such a such a section be removed, there are other people who probably like it. Also, the ratings are not Gospel, so if you buy a game and don't like it, don't blame ZZAP! If you know that you don't like sports simulations, don't buy *World Games* just because it was a GOLD MEDAL, then complain by cluttering up Rrap with boring letters. Leave it free for more constructive criticisms. Just remember that the rating are based on the reviewers' opinions only and since not everyone is Jazza or Gazza, not everyone will like the games they like.

Marc Henry, Pinner, Middlesex

Maybe if lots of 128 owners wrote in, there might be a slight change of policy in the future . . . but whatever the outcome, I tend to agree with your view that some sections of the magazine are likely to be disliked by some people and raved over by others. There is no simple way to please everyone all of the time — but we do try to please as many people as often as we can.

LM

▶

TURBOSOFT

DISKSPEED 64

THE NEWEST AND THE BEST

Fast load/save cartridge yet **DISKSPEED 64** is compatible with 1541/70/71 drives.

DISKSPEED 64 cuts down loading, saving and verifying times to a fraction of normal.

DISKSPEED 64 incorporates a reset button, fast file copier, fast format, disk backup in approximately 2 minutes, and much more.

ONLY

£12.95

GUARANTEE

At Turbosoft we are so confident in the quality of our products we will refund your money if you return your purchase to us within 28 days of your receipt, undamaged, with or without a valid complaint.

ALSO AVAILABLE ONLY FROM US

TURBOSOFT SUPERKLONE

For tape backup on Commodore 64/128, Vic, Pet home computers.
Full instructions supplied.
No software required.
100% safe to use. 100% successful.
All you need to use **Superklone** is your computer and access to 2 datacasettes.
Superklone will copy any tape program that will load into your Commodore. In may cases the copy may be of better quality than the original.

****

WARNING
It is an offence to copy copyright protected software for gifts or resale

****

STILL ONLY

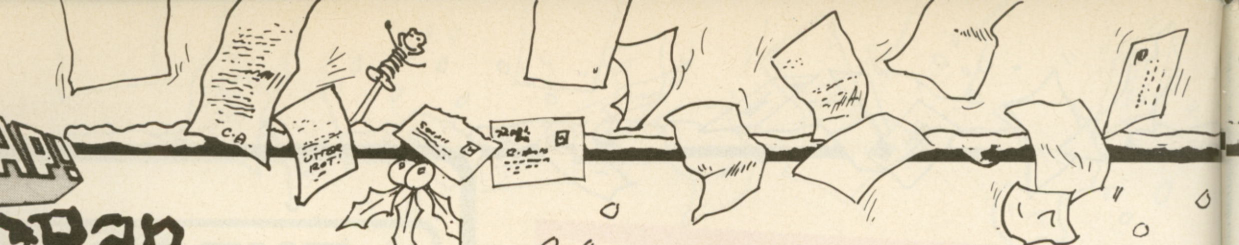
£8.95

To receive these products cross your cheque or P.O. make it payable to Turbosoft and send off today to

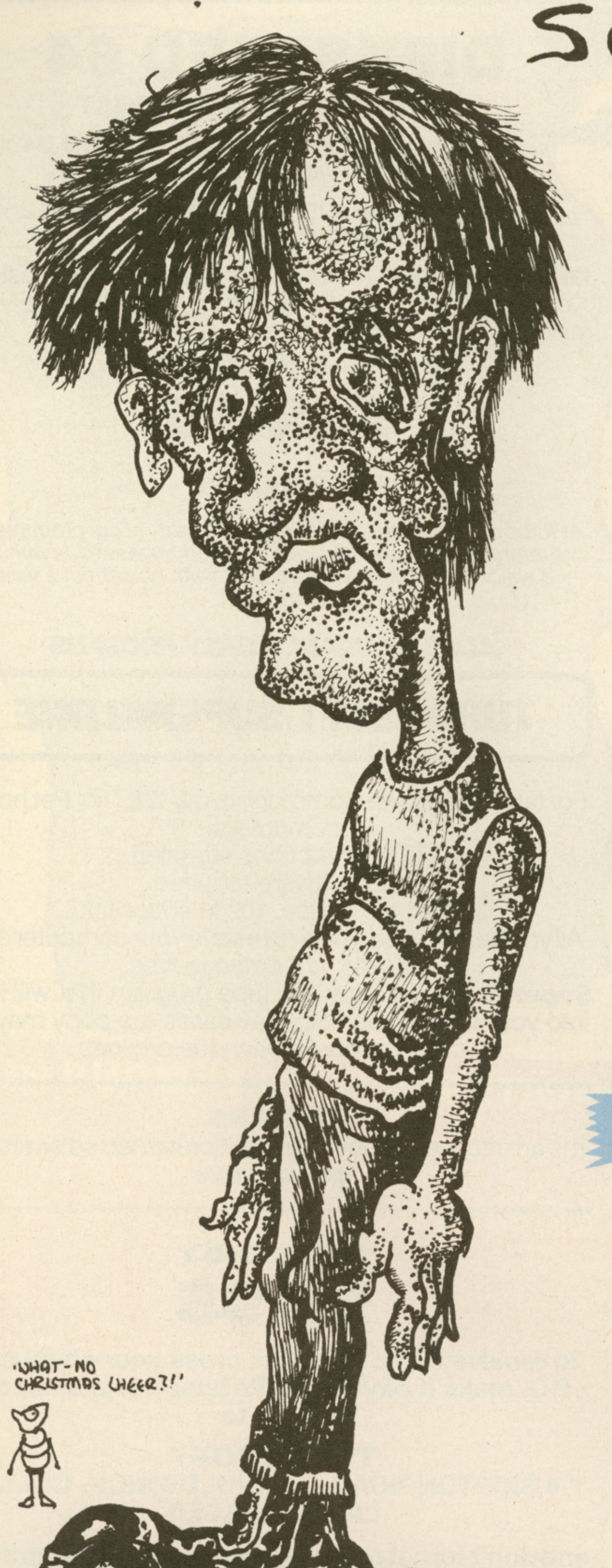
TURBOSOFT
74 SKIPTON ROAD, BARNOLDSWICK, COLNE,
LANCS BB8 5EG

and don't forget to include your name and address

DISKSPEED 64 £12.95 inc P & P
SUPERKLONE £8.95 inc P & P



ZZAP! RRAP


'WHAT- NO CHRISTMAS CHEER?!'

SUBSCRIBING TO ZZAP! 64 REAlly SCREWS you up! - (JOHNE)

PERSECUTED BY POST

Dear Lloyd

What has this magazine got against me? I've been a reader since Issue 1 and a subscriber since Issue 2. I've never bought CCI and enjoyed reading it, yet how is it then, that I nearly always get my copy of ZZAP! two days late?

Once I had to ring subscriptions to tell them that I had not got my copy (about a week after it was on sale!), and now it has happened again with the latest, Issue 19. It was on sale on Wednesday 9th October, so I expected to get my copy on Saturday. Nope, my copy has gone astray again. (Do you think someone in the Post Office keeps pinching mine?) So, I thought if I ring subscriptions on Monday and tell them I haven't had my copy. I would have to wait until Tuesday or Wednesday. I could not wait so I went and bought a copy from the newsagent! So I'll let you off this time!!

When my subscription runs out I don't think I will carry on with it, I'll just buy it off the shelf, it's quicker . . .

I still think it's a great mag (shame about the service).

John Palmer, Tiverton, Devon

Sorry. Sorry. Everso Sorry. If your copies of the magazine are arriving shrink-wrapped, then the postie can't be having a good read at your expense, but if they're not arriving at all, something's clearly going wrong. There used to be delays with subscription copies in the past, but now subscribers' copies are posted at our printers before the lorries that deliver ZZAP! to newsagents leave the premises.

We've definitely got nothing against you . . .

LM

OLD FLATULENCE

Dear ZZAP!

I can't believe my eyes! I quote from Simon Brown's letter: 'EVEN I CAN SEE HOW (those) 17 YEAR OLDS WOULD BE SLIGHTLY PERSUADED BY THOSE REFERENCES TO OLD FLATULENCE BITTER' oh yeah really, can just picture it on Eastenders . . .

Angie: Sharon, why are you drinking?
Sharon: Well Mum, I read about Old Flatulence bitter in ZZAP!

I mean can you imagine a 17 year old being persuaded by a magazine to drink by a magazine — yeah, his friends could persuade him but being persuaded by a magazine?

Secondly, people who were offended by words like CRAP, and F'K'N. Have you just been born, are you really trying to tell me your schoolfriends and parents don't swear in front of you? But if these words do offend you follow the 3 simple instructions :

1. Don't buy ZZAP!
2. Cut your ears off.
3. Pour acid in your eyes.
4. Fly to the sun.

Now, if ZZAP! had nude women in it, I wouldn't find it offensive but I would call it unnecessary. But ZZAP! has not, nor have any computer mags (to the best of my knowledge) included this type of crap.

On to a more pleasant note, I like ZZAP! a lot — it's very good and it being the best seller does not surprise me. The only thing it lacks is an ARCADE section, Okay, it hasn't anything to do with the CBM64, but most people bought the 64 with the idea of playing games like them arcade thingies!

Malcolm Harrison, Reading, Berkshire

Somehow, I doubt that ZZAP!'s influence is all-powerful but you never know . . . As for the Arcade idea, who knows what 1987 will bring?

LM

STARSTRUCK

Dear ZZAP!

I collected six blue and six red stars for the calendar in the January issue. Having done this I sent the calendar and a cheque for £1 to cover postage and packing to the address printed on the bottom of the calendar. That was four months ago. I wrote to **US Gold** and I have received no reply and still haven't received the game which I chose (*Infiltrator*), although **US Gold** have cashed the cheque for postage and packing.

As the Calendar involved ZZAP! 64 I wondered if you could help me in getting my game sent to me as I can't get a reply.

After waiting four months I have nearly completed my second calendar and I hope you can help me and hurry them up for me.

Thank you.

P Hanlon, Stafford

I can only apologise on behalf of US Gold here — but Gary tells me your letter has been forwarded to them. Infiltrator was only released a few weeks ago (at the time of writing), so with luck you should have received Infiltrator by the time you read this.

LM

MORE LOLLIPOPS!

Dear ZZAP! 64

The reason I've put penn to paper (sorry couldn't resist the pun) is because that nauseating son of a (cont page 202) Anthony Jacobson has again insulted ZZAP! by saying:

'ZZAP! are suggesting to their readers that they should read CCI, it shows very agreeable humility when one magazine acknowledges the superiority of another'.

How dare he! How on earth can he carry on slagging off ZZAP!. He goes on like his magazine is the No 1 bestseller. Maybe Mr Cream Cracker is provoking an answer, but I trust you are more sensible than to waste publishing space on a fool like him.

Also, in their September issue he has Felix the Cat wearing rubber gloves and holding a pair of tongs. In the tongs is a radio active lollipop, which is being sent to you. But instead of ZZAP! they've put Zzurps. Obviously this shows that they are a bunch of twerps and I can only conclude that the lollipop became radio active after Mr Cream Cracker had finished sucking it.

Rocky Ming, Whalley Range, Manchester

Weli, I suppose if you've already lost the war, all you can do is snipe! Like Eugene, Mr Jacobson seems to be a man with an axe to grind

LM

DISK DEBATE

Dear Lloyd

I can't help noticing that more and more ZZAP! readers are becoming worried about the amount of disk-only software. But software houses are obviously finding it difficult to fit complicated games on cassette and are being forced either to put games on disk or just stick to arcade conversions and other unoriginal games.

Many readers complain that they can't afford a disk drive and get themselves all worked up. But if they can afford a 64 in the first place then they should be able to pay out the same amount again, maybe a year or so later. See, it's simple really! If someone wants a disk drive enough then they will find a way to get one. This does not apply to everyone, but to most ZZAP! readers this should make some sense.

Andrew Webley, Stoke-Sub-Hamdon, Somerset

In an ideal world, everyone would be able to afford a disk drive but the truth is, not everyone can. There are still many more 64 users relying on cassettes to load program than are using disks and software houses are aware that there's a huge market for cassette-based products — nearly ten times as large as the market for disk games.

Present day loaders load data from cassette nearly as fast as a disk drive running at normal speed, so the waiting time need not be that much greater. Multiload disk products use disk turbos which accelerate things rather more, so the cassette system starts to lag behind again.

It's only really in the adventure world that disk-only games have been released, and they rely on continual access during play. If you're really keen on adventures, the day may come when buying a disk drive may become more essential, but otherwise there shouldn't be too much cause for concern. Software houses tend to know which side their bread's buttered on and are unlikely to move away from cassette games for some while.

LM

Strip Teasers

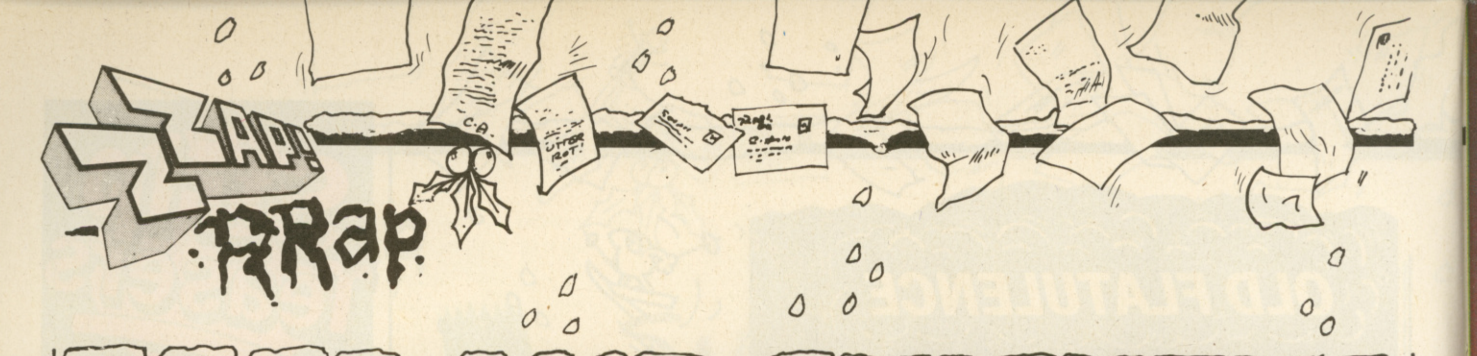
Star Raiders II™
The Great Galactic Adventure Continues

Star Raiders II is a trademark of Atari Corp.

COMING SOON ON
SPECTRUM
COMMODORE
& AMSTRAD
HOME COMPUTERS

Electric Dreams
SOFTWARE

Electric Dreams Software,
31 Carlton Crescent,
Southampton, Hampshire S01 2EW.
Tel: (0703) 229694



EGGS AND CHICKENS

Dear ZZAP!

I have been a subscriber to your jolly good magazine since the beginning. Keep it up and prove that the 64 is not dead and will be around for quite a bit yet.

What concerns me more is not the 64 however, but its big brother the 128. I upgraded to this wonderful machine as soon as it was released, and since then I have seen ONE review for it (*Kikstart II*) and that is just a disk only version of an utterly ancient game, on which I had in it's original incarnation by **Mr Chip Software** ages ago, and it cost me £8.00.

Software houses, what is your problem?

Numerous software houses have stated that they will provide for the 128 when more people buy it, but if there isn't any software (other than business — B-o-r-i-n-g!) no-one will buy the machine anyway. If it is cost that bothers people — after owning seven 64's over a period of three or four years — the 128 is a godsend. Everything about the machine is perfect (Okay, there were a few very annoying compatability problems, but these seem to have been ironed out now, thank you **Ocean**) and after 64 BASIC, 128 Mode is a joy to use.

I totally disagree with Tony Crowther over the fact that 'the 128 is just a 64 with a good keyboard'. Have the bulls been in here 'cos I can smell something!

One hundred and twenty eight kilobytes of memory! Read my lips for Heaven's sake! Just imagine how much better games could be, (not technically, but there would be more! MORE of everything). *Commando*! Imagine a 128 *Commando*! Or *Ghosts 'n'* (bad collision detection) *Goblins*!

Issue 19 contained two of the most pathetic things I've read in your magazine's history: first the question on Cameron Saunder's letter:

"Why the 128 review? It isn't ZZAP! 64/128 yet."and secondly, the reply:

"No-one liked the idea (review) so that sort of 128 coverage won't be repeated in future."

Cameron quite obviously doesn't own a 128 or he wouldn't have written that. Does he write in to CRASH and complain about the Spectrum 128 reviews? Did he have a fit when he saw the review? He didn't have to read it, just like I didn't have to read the **Atari** *Elektraglide* preview. Humph.

I've said all I want to say. Please read this letter in the spirit it was written and give a mature reply; if not at least take heed of my comments.

Owen Bailey, Bassingham, Lincolnshire

Certainly, the extra capabilities of the 128 mean that bigger and better games can be written for it. The problem is that software houses have to spend more time, and hence more money, developing a larger game that takes advantage of all the facilities offered by the larger machine. They are less certain of recouping their costs at the moment, because the number of 128 owners is still quite small.

Games written for the 64 require a certain level of investment, and software houses know that there is a large market of 64 owners to sell in to, and hence are fairly confident of recovering their costs. Until there are a lot more 128s out there, writing a game specially for the 128 machine is not going to be an attractive proposition.

What is likely to happen, is what happened on the Spectrum front, where companies began producing enhanced versions of games for the larger machine. If bigger, better versions of 64 games appear, people may begin to see the advantages of owning the 128 and start to upgrade. Once the user base for the 128 grows, it will become commercially viable for companies to start producing original games for it . . .

So don't despair of ever seeing another 128 review in the magazine . . .

LM

TORN TO SHREDS

To ZZAP! 64

Yes, I've now decided to write a letter full of complaints, although I may say something nice. I'll start with your **US Gold** calendar, last one that is. After buying a sufficient number of games, I cut the stars out of ZZAP! spoiling my prized collection for a game. I put a postal order and the rest of the necessary biz in an envelope and posted it away. I still have no reply, so please could you, being the mag with the name, go and tell the people down at **US Gold** to send me my free game. I still feel uneasy about my cut up ZZAP!s, but it seems that you still have competitions which need you to cut up the magazine.

Please try an alternative as I don't have a colour copier nearby. In your last ZZAP! I saw the ratings for *Druid*, and after buying the game I thought it was brilliant and deserved a SIZZLER at the least. I do admit I owe ZZAP! a great favour as I thought about buying *Knight Rider*, so I thank you for that.

I may have complained here and there, but I'm a loyal reader so please answer my letter.

Andrew Banks, London

Your letter has been passed on to US Gold *Andrew, but if you ordered a game which wasn't ready for release you may have had to wait a while. Sorry for the delay, in any event — matters should be sorted out by the time you read this. When it comes to cutting up the magazine to enter a competition, there's no need to get to a colour photocopier — an ordinary one will do fine, unless we specifically need a coupon as was the case in the first part of the* Gauntlet *competition. Spot the Difference competitions are obviously difficult . . . but you could always copy out wordsquares and entry forms in your best handwriting!*

LM

GOLDEN BIAS

Dear Biased reviewers

Why, why, why are **US Gold**'s games always given a good review. Is it because they give games to you and then you sell them to us at a moderately cheap price? Is it because that they are distributors of NEWSFIELD's new software company THALAMUS? Or is it because that you like to get people to waste their money on crappy games such as *Infiltrator, Super Cycle,* and *Beyond The Forbidden Forest*? Please print this letter because I am sure that lots of other people would love to know why you are so biased towards **US Gold**.

Dominic Sabatini, Jordanhill, Glasgow

For none of those reasons, Dominic. We aren't biased towards US Gold. *If you look back through your ZZAP! collection, paying a little more attention, you will discover that* US GOLD *have had a poor ride on occasions. Look in Issue 15, for instance . . .* New York City*: 40%;*Moon Shuttle*: 13%;* Neutral Zone*: 9%; and* World Cup Carnival*: 11%. If we were favouring* US Gold *we might have done better to have run a competition for* World Cup Carnival *and avoided reviewing it, as was the case in another magazine. . . .*

No, if you look back into ZZAP! history you will see that US Gold *have suffered from the slings and arrows of poor reviews just as much as anyone else —* Legend of the Amazon Women, Conan, Buck Rogers *— the list goes on. Given the fact that the release many more Commodore games than any other software house they are bound to get more good reviews than anyone else — and it's easy to overlook the fact that they also get more bad reviews.*

As to the three game you cite, I'm afraid it's down to a matter of personal taste — and in the case of the three games you mention, the majority of reviews they received in the computer press were favourable.

LM

▶

FIRELORD

THE HEAT IS ON!

Get spellbound – and hot – with this unique medieval arcade adventure.

Another fast-moving, richly animated scorcher from 1985's Programmer of the Year, Steve Crow – author of "Wizard's Lair" and "Starquake".

Available for Spectrum, Amstrad and Commodore
SPECTRUM/AMSTRAD/ COMMODORE CASSETTE: £8.95
AMSTRAD DISK: £14.95
COMMODORE DISK: £12.95

For Mail Order send a cheque/P.O to Hewson Consultants Ltd. Order by Credit Card sending your Access/Barclaycard number, and a specimen signature. Don't forget to enclose your name and address.

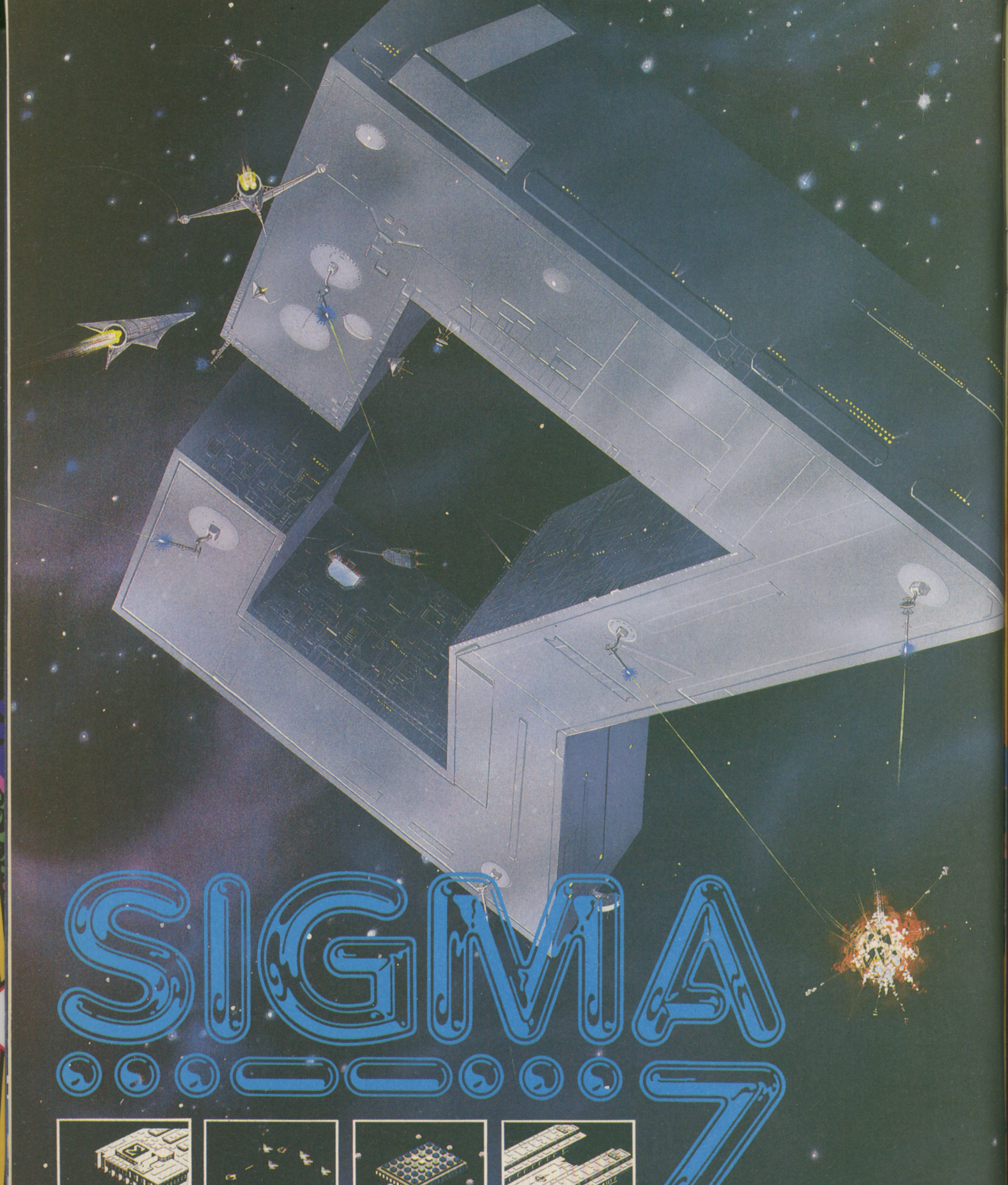
CHRISTMAS With HEWSON
FREE GIFT

Free Gift with every purchase
Offer closes 31st December

HEWSON

56b Milton Trading Estate, Milton, Abingdon, Oxon. OX14 4RX

As part of our continuing development of innovative software we are always happy to evaluate software sent to us with a view to publication



Commodore 64 available **November 20th**
Spectrum & Amstrad available **February**

DURELL

Sales dept.,
Castle Lodge, Castle Green,
Taunton, Somerset TA1 4AB
England Telephone (0823) 54489 & 54029

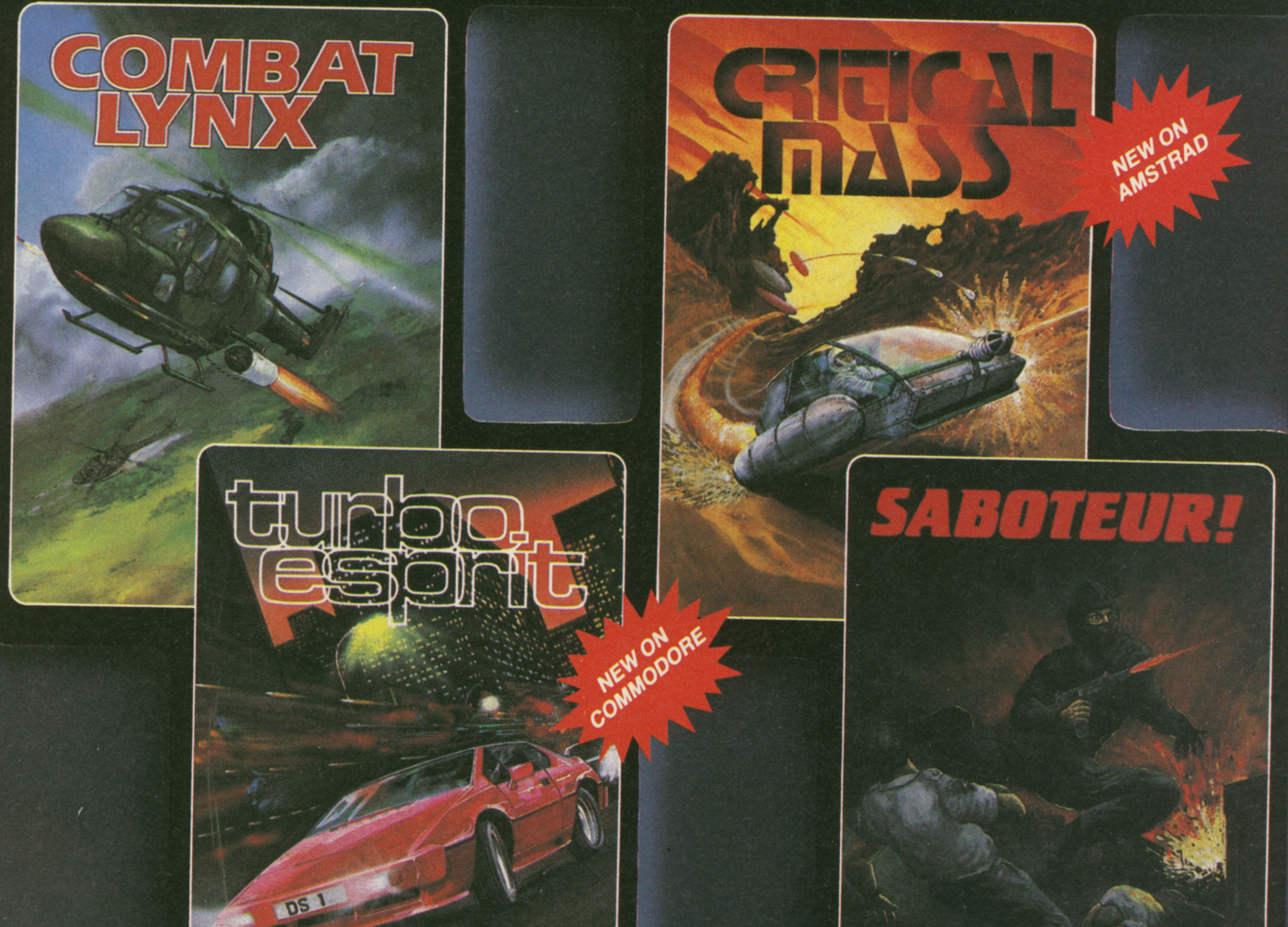
R.R.P. £9.95

Trade enquiries to **Centresoft**
on **021 356 3388**

software getting harder . . . .

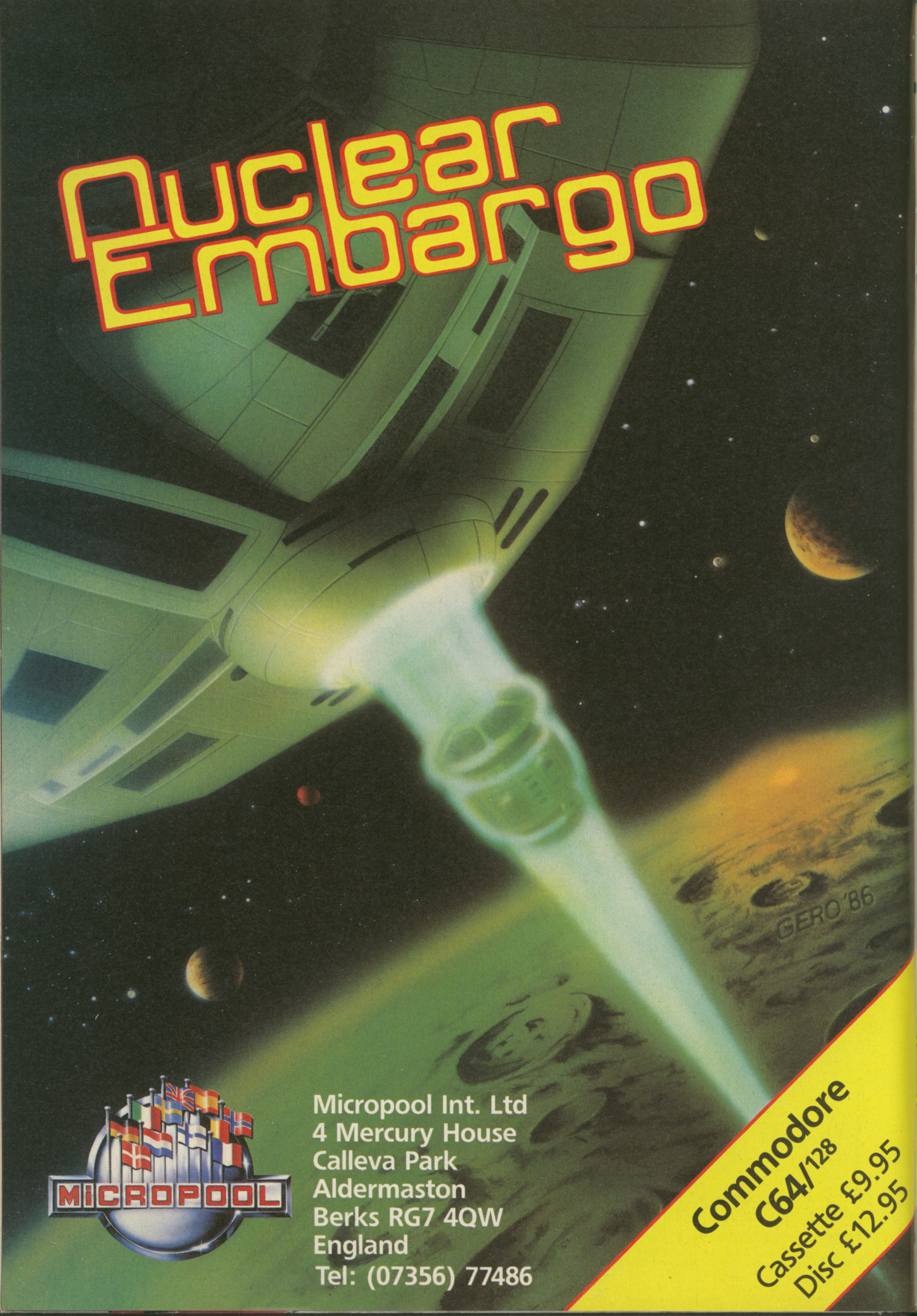
DURELL
BIG 4

4 Smash hit games in one pack – Only £9.95
available on Spectrum, Commodore 64 & Amstrad


COMBAT LYNX
CRITICAL MASS
NEW ON AMSTRAD
turbo esprit
NEW ON COMMODORE
DS 1
SABOTEUR!

DURELL sales dept.,
Castle Lodge, Castle Green, Taunton, Somerset, TA1 4AB, England
Telephone (0823) 54489 & 54029

software getting harder . . . .


Nuclear Embargo
GERO '86
MICROPOOL

Micropool Int. Ltd
4 Mercury House
Calleva Park
Aldermaston
Berks RG7 4QW
England
Tel: (07356) 77486

Commodore
C64/128
Cassette £9.95
Disc £12.95

RUDE PROGRAMMER!

Dear Lloyd
I'm not sure quite how to say this. I read your review of *Graphic Adventure Creator*, bought a copy and then settled down to create my latest masterpiece.

For days we puzzled as to the meaning of 'AOT', then, this morning, my graphics designer collapsed in hysterics. Realising that it would have to be rude to cause such hilarities I looked again. Then the truth dawned and I too became helpless with laughter. After an hour, and much tittering, I thought I'd write and let you in on our discovery. For unless I am greatly mistaken, 'AOT' stands for 'arse over tit'!

Just what type of filthy, depraved mind does the programmer have, to believe that it could get by unnoticed! Your secret is out!!

Colin, Rhos on Sea, Clwyd, LL28 4NU.

I hope I haven't started a whole new controversy about the use of certain words in utility programs . . .

LM

COUNTING ON ADVERTISERS

Dear Lloyd
I'm sorry to say that me and my brother are very disappointed. We have all the ZZAP! 64's since the magazine started — we've enjoyed them all. But when I opened November's edition I was disappointed at all the advertising there was.

There was loads of pages that we just kept on ignoring — nearly every page was full of advertising. Can't you do anything about it?

Steven Griffiths, Castle Bromwich, Birmingham

We could leave the advertisements out of the magazine totally, but as the money we are paid for them goes a long way towards paying our bills we'd have to charge around £3.00 for each copy of the magazine. Some people might be happier, but I'm sure most of our readers find the advertisements a very useful source of information and would miss them.

Anyway, out of a massive 148 pages in the November Issue, some 67 pages were occupied by advertisements, which is hardly 'nearly every page'. It's not even every other page . . .

LM

PRICES UP DOWN UNDER

Dear Lloyd
I plead that you publish this letter to make all aware of the ridiculous prices for C64 software, owing to the distributors such as **Ozi Soft**. Using pound conversions I shall let you in on how much we are forced to pay here in Australia for cassette based versions of games. *Mercenary, Uridium, Yie Ar Kung Fu, Empire, Shogun*, and so on cost £22.50 each! No, no mistake, that's £22.50 compared with £9.95 in England. **Mastertronic** £1.99 games cost £5.50 and picking up great software for under £15.00 is extremely difficult. These prices are just far too outrageous and there is no way that I can afford these prices. If any software companies are reading this, then please get your act together and cut the drastic distribution cost. Please print this letter, as the UK has a right to know of these prices. I wanted *Mercenary II, Dropzone* and *Cyborg*, but they're just too expensive. By the way, your magazine is brilliant, but I think you would have to change VALUE when rating games down under.

David Hearne, Toowomba, Australia

Auntie Aggie in ZZAP! Mail Order could prove to be the answer to your prayers. She tells me that overseas readers can buy software from her — use the form that appears on page 132/133 this issue. All you have to do is add 70p per item to cover the cost of surface mail and send a Giro or Eurocheque made payable to NEWSFIELD *for the appropriate Sterling amount. Drop her a line if you want to find out how much it would cost to send your order by Air Mail.*

LM

GOOD ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ VALUE

Dear Lloyd
During the past few issues, the price of software has been much debated and criticised. But why? If people can afford £200 worth of computer equipment and decent joystick, not forgetting a portable TV if they haven't got one already, then why quibble over the £10.00 price-tag of software? I agree that various products are indeed overpriced for what they are, but for quality games such as *Leader Board, Summer Games II, Ghosts 'n' Goblins* etc etc, surely it's not too much to ask.

What else could you do with your well-earned tenner you may ask? How about a couple of Wham albums, a Manchester United football shirt, over 50 cans of baked beans!!

The choice is yours, but I know which I'd pick. . . .

A further point: bad language. To all those potential Mary Whitehouses out there — we're all men (or indeed women) of the world and a few naughty words isn't going to transform us into a bunch of drunken, foul mouthed mugs. Remember, the average reader is aged between 15 and 17, and I'm certain that everyone uses the words in question once in a while, so why bother pretending that they don't exist!!

Thanks ZZAP!, for being a realistic and mature magazine.

Matthew Spencer, Barnsley, South Yorkshire

You may be right about one 'tenner', but tenner after tenner after tenner? That's probably what annoys people most.

Still, a great deal of work goes into a game nowadays and providing you get a game which has lasting appeal, software represents good value for money when it comes to spending hard-earned cash on entertainment.

LM

MODEM MANIA

Dear Lloyd
I have just got Issue 19, and have found there is no COMPUNET page. I wouldn't mind normally, but I have just brought a modem this very month. I hope it will return soon (By the way, does everyone know that they can get a modem and 3 months subscription to COMPUNET for just £18.50!)

Why is it that every time I send a high score in, the next month the Scorelord stops printing scores on that game? I have sent a score in for *Jeep Command* (which I think is brilliant, and should have got a higher rating.)

Also will you stop having so many comps that rely on art, because if you're no good at art (like me) there's no point in entering.

David Burton, Meir Heath, Stoke-On-Trent,

Normal Compunet service has been restored this month, courtesy of Gary Liddon. Sorry for the break in transmission.

Perhaps you are a bit too slow. . . .

Sorry you're no good at art — Oli tells me that practice is the secret. . . .

LM

THE LAST POWER SUPPLY YOU'LL EVER NEED. . . .
GUARANTEED!

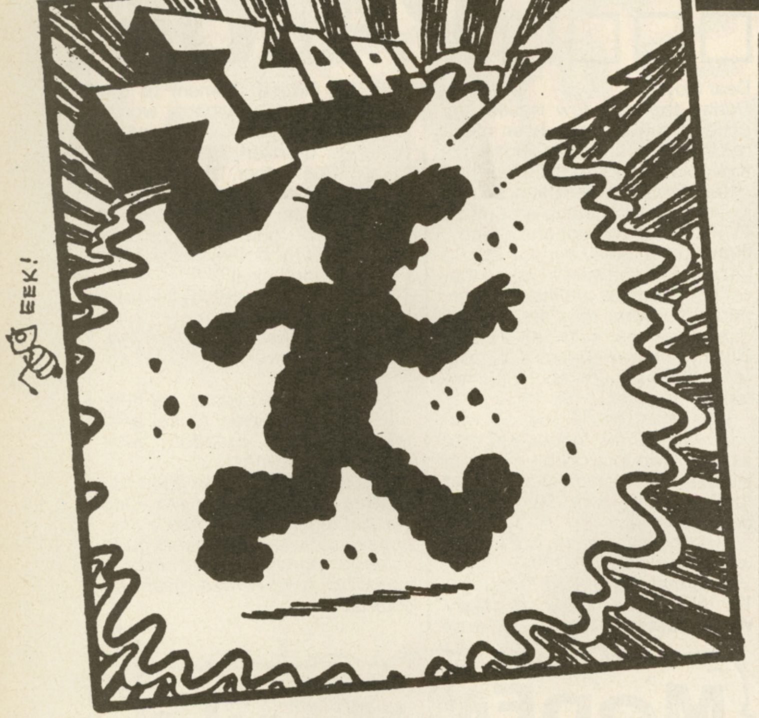
A1 SupaSmooth

☆☆ The ultimate heavy duty CBM 64 power supply
☆☆ 2-year guarantee
☆☆ Life-time service deal
☆☆ 100% British-made

From all good retailers, or in case of difficulty, direct from Britain's leading manufacturers – **£24.95** post free.

PEAKSOFT, 48 Queen Street, Balderton, Newark, Notts
Access/Visa orders or trade inquiries: phone 0636 705320

ZZAP!
RRAP
C.A.
UTTER ROT!



UNAWARE

Dear Lloyd
I don't know how old R J Downer is (whose letter was printed in Issue 18), but I can guess he must be over 30. I say this because, like most adults of that age, they just don't know about kids today.

I am 14, and know well the words used in THE MUSICIANS'S BALL, and have used them myself many times before. I laughed as I read and re-read the article — Rob Hubbard seems a very funny person.

But what I want to say is that the ''12 year old school person'' probably already knows the words used — I know I did two years ago, and even further back.

So the article hasn't made any foul-mouthed kids out of quiet 12 year olds, because they already are well aware of such words!
Chris Fagg, Market Harborough, Leicestershire

PS Did you spot this? I found it in my younger brother's BUSTER comic. Can't you do them under the ''No material may be reproduced in whole or in part. . . . '' bit at the front of the mag?

There is an argument that says that swear words are only words and, according to the 'sticks and stones' theory, are harmless. It depends how you use them, however, I would re-iterate my comments made in reply to R J Downer's letter in which I said that the 'rude' words were used by the interviewees and were part and parcel of the conversation. Not an ideal situation, maybe, but the article was a report on the conversation that took place.

Swear words are part of life as you rightly say Chris, and I doubt that ZZAP! readers met the contentious vocabulary for the first time in their lives when they read MUSICIAN'S BALL.

The next correspondent also spotted a remarkable similarity to the ZZAP! logo in a certain comic

LM

LOGO PIRACY?

Dear ZZAP!
I was just looking through my brother's BUSTER comic when I noticed that you have started advertising in it. Can you explain the meaning of this introduction!
G Scott, Market Deeping, Nr Peterborough

Not advertising, that's for sure! My mother used to say that imitation is the highest form of flattery, and I can only think that this is a prime example of an artist's subconscious being influenced by something he has read. Maybe our new Publishing Executive will write a letter to the publishers of BUSTER?

LM

ILLEGITIMACY COMPLAINT

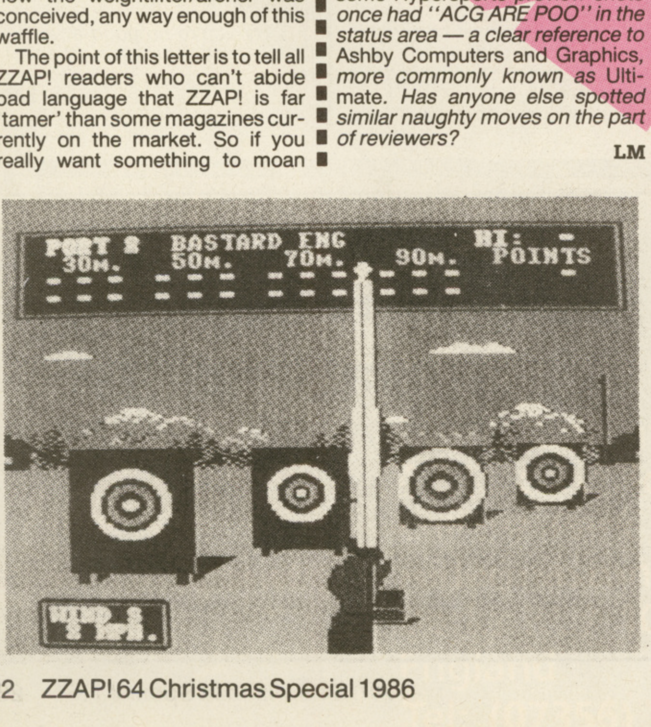
Dear ZZAP! Rrap
Old hawk eye here (yours truly) has spotted something rather dubious in a friend's copy of Commodore User (I have enclosed the screen shots in question.

While at first my friends and I thought it was quite amusing (for about thirty seconds) we felt we must put pen to paper and tell the civilised world about this attack on how the weightlifter/archer was conceived, any way enough of this waffle.

The point of this letter is to tell all ZZAP! readers who can't abide bad language that ZZAP! is far 'tamer' than some magazines currently on the market. So if you really want something to moan about, buy Commodore User — November issue — and turn to page 55 and take a close look at the screen shots of the review of *Go for Gold* I wrote to them and gave them a good wrist slapping . . .
Craig O' Mahony, Northfield, Birmingham

Hmm. I seem to remember that some Hypersports *preview shots once had ''ACG ARE POO'' in the status area — a clear reference to* Ashby Computers and Graphics, *more commonly known as* Ultimate. *Has anyone else spotted similar naughty moves on the part of reviewers?*

LM



MUSICIAN'S B**L!

Dear Lloyd
After reading ZZAP! Rrap in Issue 19 I thought I must put forward my views.

On the issue of swearing in your pages, the MUSICIAN'S BALL was an interview conducted by a normal person with normal people, (yes, I do think Rob Hubbard is a normal person). However, there is a limit to what I would call acceptable language. I would think twice about buying ZZAP! if you started printing words like F--K, this is too explicit and I would expect to see these sort or words printed in pornographic magazines. I trust the editorial staff have the sense to realise what is tasteful. For all of you who are worried about younger members of your family reading these words — I was, and so were a lot of other people I know, using words worse than this when I was 6 years old.

Now to the subject of companies copying games. With reference to Dave Colley's letter (Issue 19), *Sanxion* is nothing like *Uridium*. Okay, it uses Bass Relief graphics! Just because Mr Braybrook produced some fine looking metallic graphics, it does not entitle him to be the only person who can use them.

And so, onto 'Karate Games'. Having purchased *Fist II* I must say this is the best Karate game yet released. Please stop putting games down because of their theme. For example how many games can you think of that involve stopping a meteor colliding with earth?

One more point..

Congratulations Thalamus **for the greatest game ever written, *Sanxion.***
Norman Potter, Folkestone, Kent

Don't you think that F--K is more likely to set a young and inquisitive mind wondering what the missing letters are and why the word is so important? Perhaps it is time to bring this debate to a close.

It seems Mr Colley's Basildon Bond notepaper didn't get him that far, after all . . .

LM

FIST RE-REVIEWED

Dear Sir
I recently purchased **Melbourne House**'s *Fist II*. Upon reading the instructions and observing the screen shots on the inlay I thought to myself, "I have a good buy here!". WRONG! The inlay card, in my opinion, is the biggest amount of drivel I have ever read.

What are **Melbourne House** playing at? Not only did the instructions thoroughly mislead, the screen shots are misleading too. The shots must have been on a computer with a much bigger memory capacity than the '64 because they looked arcade quality. Also the instructions say that when you enter the temple a trigram appears on the mat. I enter and sit straight on the mat and nothing happens! Needless to say the game isn't the best **Melbourne House** have produced.

Another niggling feature is that after you are well into the adventure the enemy approaches and attacks. When you have dealt with him another soldier attacks you before you can even breathe. I went on like this for seven soldiers without success so I had to turn off the computer in despair.

I know I'll probably get a load of people slagging me off, but I have scored 178,400 and learned 3 secrets so I'm not talking out of my hat.

The best part of *Fist II* is the reverse side with the tournament on it. That is what I call fun!

This is how I would rate the game.

PRESENTATION 86%
The usual Melbourne House jargon.

GRAPHICS 75%
Although at first very pleasant, it soon becomes clear that not an awful lot of work has gone into it.

SOUND 42%
The music is too repetitive to be good and the sound effects aren't half as good as they were on *Exploding Fist*

HOOKABILITY 91%
At first sight a pleasing game with a grip which makes you keep playing that extra game.

LASTABILITY 79%
But, after a while the thought 'Is it worth getting killed one more time?' creeps into your mind. ZZAP! 64 is a better way to pass an hour.

VALUE FOR MONEY 84%
Only rates highly because there are two games for the price of one.

OVERALL 69%
Although initially very impressive, too many niggling things creep into the program. Only for avid *Exploding Fist* fans.

Oh, well you've heard my feelings on the game and you'll probably not print this letter because it will cause such an uproar but, there you go.

Alan Scott, Peckham, London

Nice to see such a set of opinions about a game so clearly and positively expressed Alan.

LM

RIPPED OFF?

Dear Lloyd
After purchasing **Rainbird**'s *Art Studio* I returned home to find that the sample screens on side two would not load, so I consulted the warranty section of the instruction booklet. As instructed I returned the cassette (without packaging) to **Rainbird** who claimed they would replace it free of charge and refund the postage. Not only did I have to wait nearly two months to get a copy back, but also found that the postage refund was in the form of a £1.00 voucher to be used only on an item worth £10.00 or more, and through their mail order department.

Let this be a warning to anyone lumbered with a faulty **Rainbird** program, not to return it direct but first try their dealer for a replacement.

D Simmonite, Warmsworth, S Yorkshire

I passed you letter on to one of the ZZAP! team who 'phoned Paula Byrne at Rainbird. *It seems you suffered from a double dose of bad luck — you should have received your replacement rather more quickly than you did, and someone forgot to refund the postage. The voucher you received is the voucher sent out with* Rainbird*'s compliments to everyone who has problems with one of the products and should have been accompanied with a refund for your postage costs. By the time you read this, you should have had a letter from Paula, together with a refund.*

Another problem solved, so it's on to the next letter . . .

LM

LITANY OF COMPLAINT

Dear Lloyd and Co.,
More things to moan about . . .

Gripe 1: The Software Cuties section. I assume there are a few of your female readers writing in to complain about how degrading this section is. Although I am male, I have to say I agree with them. I am utterly disgusted. Next.

Complaint 2: This letter in Issue 17 from Alan Weir. First of all, the reviewers in all magazines seem to spend a lot of time defending their views in the letter columns. Naturally, they are entitled to their points of view, as is Mr Weir (who is exercising his right of free speech). I feel, however, that if he disagrees, he should complain to the reviewer in question (Richard Bradbury), and give him a chance to explain his views.

Mr Weir also insults the other CU reviewers. This is even more unfair. Insults to them and CU in general are basically unjustified — CU obviously appeals to some (like me), otherwise it would not continue to circulate.

Incidentally, it seems somewhat of a coincidence that Mr Weir stumbled across the drawing POKE by himself — it appears accredited to a John Palmer in the same issue of CU that Mr Weir had such a good time slagging. Curious, is it not?

Moan 3: Denton Design's *Inferno*. I don't know whether the ZZAP! team have read Dante Alighieri's phenomenal Divine Comedy (Best version translated by Mark Musa, Penguin Classics, plug, plug), or whether the minor indiscretion arises from the **Denton** adaptation, but in the Comedy, Dante (protagonist as well as author) is so near to damnation that the only means to save his soul is for God to provide the means for him to see God's Divine Justice in action. Therefore he walks to avoid not damnation, not as a result of damnation. Sorry.

End of the Erratum. Whitey asked if anyone recommended any good books. Try Edding's Belgariad, or any by Piers Anthony.

Bye for now
KILBS, Lutterworth, Leicestershire

PS Software Cuties: any chance of a poster, or a double-page colour special?
PPS Surely **Activision** can't let **Addictive** get away with that! Come on, Claire!

A poster indeed! Yet you think the whole section is degrading. Time you developed a consistent line on sexism I think 'KILBS'. Mr Weir's conscience is his own affair when it comes to passing on borrowed material — no-one in the office reads CU that closely.

In fairness, Alan Weir only cited one specific example of apparent ineptitude on the part of the CU reviewing team and perhaps went a little far in condemning out of hand . . .

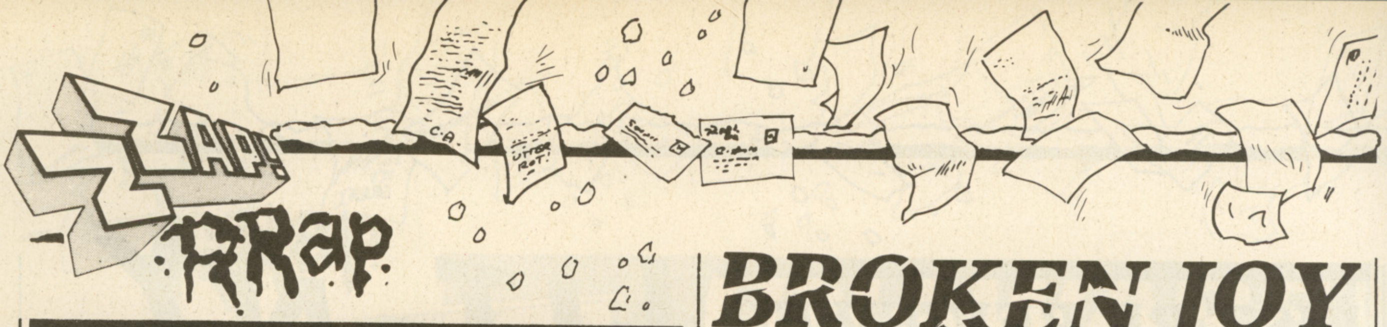
I agree with your suggested reading list, particularly Prostho Plus *by Piers Anthony — one of my favourite science fiction books. The so-called 'Spiky Haired Ones' have wasted their youth in arcades, so couldn't really be expected to pick up on the finer aspects of early Italian literature*

LM

AT LAST!
COMMODORE SPARES
AT REALISTIC PRICES WITH **FREE SOCKET**

CIA	6526	£17.99	ROM	901227-03	£15.99
MPU	6510	£17.99	ROM	901225-01	£15.99
PLA	906114-01	£18.99	SOUND	6581	£17.99
ROM	901226-01	£15.99	RAM	4164	£2.49

C64 POWER SUPPLY UNITS £26.99
All prices include post & packing, handling and VAT – or send your faulty computer and P.S.U. for free estimate and repair from £9.99 + parts
Spectrum Low Price Software List Available
SEND CHEQUE/P.O. TO ACCESS/BARCLAYCARD WELCOME
ELECTRONIC SERVICES
176 VICTORIA ROAD WEST, CLEVELEYS, BLACKPOOL FY5 3NE
Tel. (0253) 822708
TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME **Send large S.A.E. for full list**



GIRLIE PENN SLAMMED

Dear Gary Penn
Firstly, before I have a good gripe, I've got to say that usually you're an excellent reviewer and that the mag is super-doops. Now the grovelling is over, I would like to get to the main point of my letter.

It seems that I read in a ZZAP-back on the games reviewed in Issue 2 — about *On-court tennis — that you and Jazz were rather angry (to say the least) that the game got a SIZZLER because only the Editor liked it. When I read about this, I was disgusted that a truly second rate game got a good review. Since you have become Editor, I have seen this happening: let me explain.*

In the review of Alley cat, Jazzapaz (strange concatenation of Jazz and Paul — **LM***)* were ecstatic about the game, whereas you weren't very impressed (can't understand why!) The game got 89% but if the marks were taken by majority the game would surely have been a SIZZLER! It seems to me that you, as Editor, have decided to outrank the two menial, paltry reviewers and say 'no'.

This seems to me to be a bit of hypocritical thing for you to do, and if this is shades of future times then CU (ugh) may find they have another reader. I hope you read this letter and reply, as this is the only case that I could find, but surely this is enough.

Otherwise, the mag is great and programmer's profiles and MUSICIAN'S BALL (!) are great.
Tony Walker, Speke, Liverpool

Gary is peeking over my shoulder at the moment and is telling me in very strong terms — MUSICIAN'S BALL terms in fact — that this was not the case. All the final marks on reviews are arrived at after discussion, and there is no way he can impose his personal views on a review — even now he's Editor.

So there you have it.

LM

BROKEN JOY

Dear ZZAP! 64
Ever since I started reading ZZAP! I have been overwhelmed by the standard of the reviews, challenges, ZZAPstick reviews, tips and so on.

However, I was not so pleased after taking your advice in ZZAPstick (Issue 17) on the **Micro Pro**, when it broke after only 6 weeks whilst playing a very non-strenuous game, (*Spy vs Spy II*).

I have just sent it off and am awaiting a replacement.

After sending it off I read the review again noting the last few lines "A quality joystick that won't let you down when the going gets tough. If it does then you're an animal who ought to be locked up."

My friends make fun of this to my disgust and they keep calling me an animal.

Am I an animal?
M Padwick, Worthing, Sussex

Yes.

And so are your friends who are making fun of you. In the strict sense of the word, we're all animals — but I doubt you ought to be locked up. Perhaps you just don't know your own strength? In which case, I would advise your friends to watch out. . . .

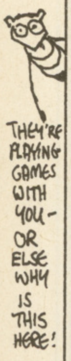
LM

And so another Rrap ends, and with it, another year. I'll still be here looking through your letters in 1987, although where I'll find the time from I'm not sure — the L M team is storming ahead with Issue One of the new magazine that carries my initials. If I want to make sure I get a little more than a pittance from the deal I negotiated with The Powers That Be, I will have to make some representations. . . . A full service for my Hermes and a new ribbon is not quite what I had in mind.

Pass on your views on life and the living of it to me at the usual address: ZZAP! RRAP, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire, SY8 1DB.
Happy New Year!

MINION'S WORDSQUARE

G	T	F	O	S	R	O	R	R	I	M	S	R	N	O	N	H	C	E	T
A	S	S	O	I	N	T	E	R	C	E	P	T	O	R	E	H	E	W	S
R	B	U	W	H	E	L	L	O	B	M	U	M	U	N	Y	L	N	O	T
G	A	N	X	E	P	I	R	E	N	H	A	V	A	E	D	E	I	N	C
O	T	N	I	E	H	I	L	G	A	R	D	I	G	O	X	T	R	V	I
Y	C	G	E	E	N	B	R	M	N	I	L	M	E	R	G	R	G	D	N
C	H	B	D	V	B	O	T	A	R	I	O	L	N	U	S	A	O	M	O
E	A	A	E	U	I	I	G	M	N	P	G	C	R	P	P	M	I	I	R
G	I	C	B	Y	X	T	M	R	A	H	M	A	N	D	A	R	N	N	T
A	R	S	A	C	O	A	N	L	A	N	A	U	T	R	L	Z	C	I	R
M	V	I	R	G	I	N	A	E	E	G	E	S	K	S	A	R	Z	O	E
E	O	R	R	I	M	I	D	G	C	A	S	G	A	D	C	E	D	N	T
S	C	R	A	S	H	D	S	O	A	N	G	O	O	G	E	L	D	S	S
T	F	O	S	A	L	O	I	R	A	R	I	L	E	R	E	G	N	R	A
Y	L	B	M	U	R	C	L	L	E	R	U	D	N	I	K	Y	X	V	M
S	O	S	I	N	I	L	M	R	I	G	N	A	F	L	L	I	R	L	O
S	L	D	A	O	R	K	I	M	C	V	E	S	Y	R	R	E	M	E	K
P	H	E	W	S	O	N	S	H	E	S	W	A	M	T	S	I	R	H	C
T	C	A	F	C	A	S	C	A	D	E	A	S	K	O	S	N	N	E	P
O	S	I	N	O	D	D	I	L	N	R	E	N	I	N	L	E	V	E	L


THEY'RE PLAYING GAMES WITH YOU- OR ELSE WHY IS THIS HERE!

NAME ....

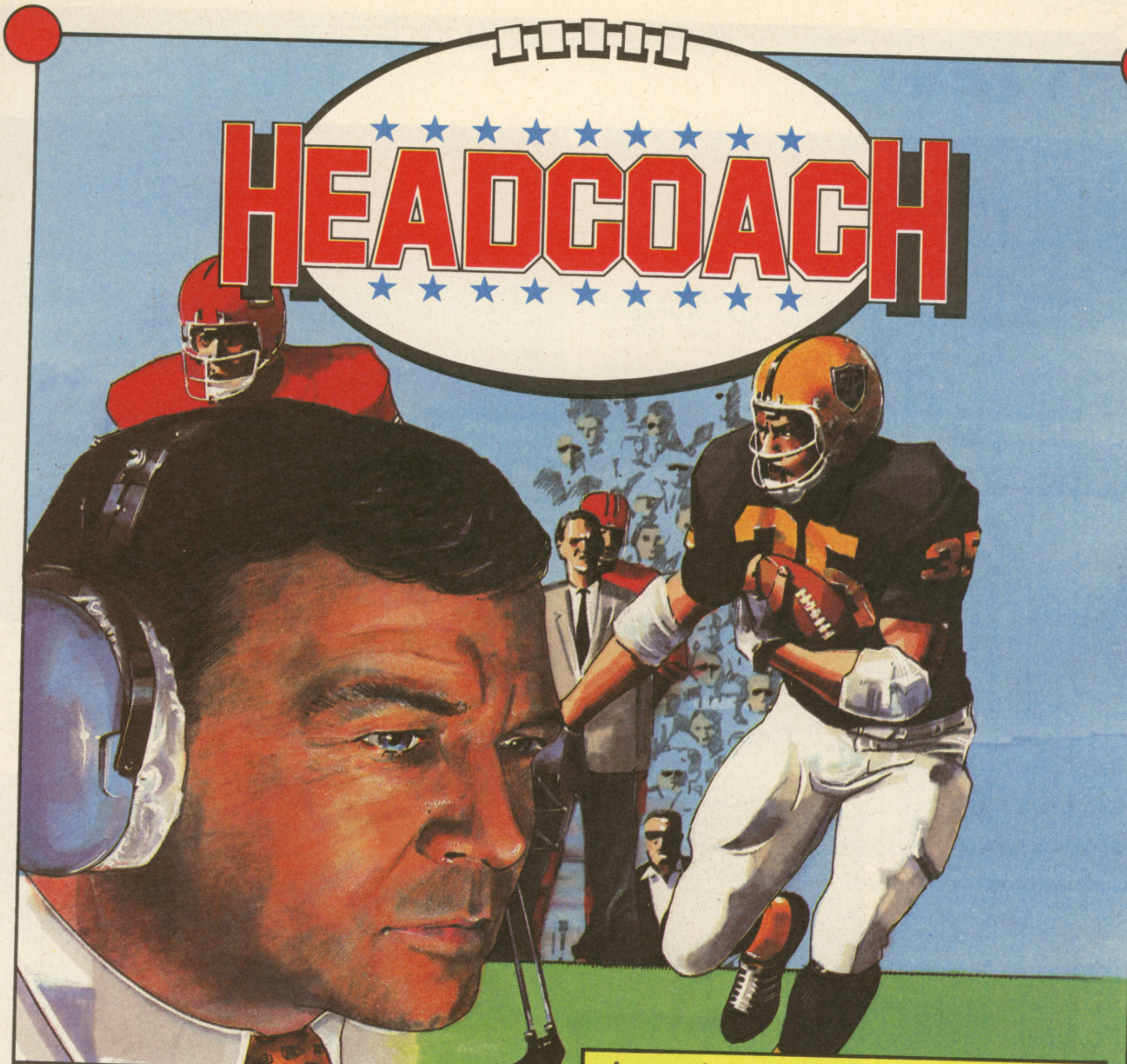
ADDRESS ....

.................................POST CODE ....

SHIRT SIZE (SMALL/MEDIUM/LARGE) ....

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44 . . .

HEADCOACH



A must for all sports fans. If you thrilled to Football Manager this one is unquestionably for you.

★★★★★ *Sinclair User · October '86*

This is an American "Football Manager" with all the enjoyment of building a team that can climb up through the leagues to win the Superbowl.

Not only will you manage the quality of your players, but also direct each gameplay throughout every match, thus driving your chosen team to success.

"Addictive have tackled a difficult job well."

Your Computer · October '86

SPECTRUM £8.95
COMMODORE 64 £9.95

NOW AVAILABLE ON COMMODORE 64

THE SPECTRUM TOP TEN HIT

Addictive

Addictive Games Ltd
10 Albert Road · Bournemouth
Dorset BH1 1BZ · Tel: 0202-296404

Post to: Addictive Games · 10 Albert Road · Bournemouth · Dorset BH1 1BZ

☐ Headcoach · Spectrum ________ £8·95 each
☐ Headcoach · Commodore 64 ___ £9·95 each
Cheque/Postal Order/Access ________
Name ________
Address ________
____
________ Tel. ________

SUPER HUEY II

US Gold, £9.99 cass, £14.99 disk, joystick and keys

Paul Norman's **Super Huey** simulated the UH1X helicopter. Now a simulation of the new improved version of that legendary chopper, the UH2X, has appeared in the guise of **Super Huey II**. The new helicopter has over fifty different gauges and indicators, and a sophisticated computer system. There are also six new missions incorporated in the simulation which provide a variety of situations and scenarios.

Through logical movements of the joystick, the chopper can bank and yaw left or right and change its pitch so that it climbs and dives (increasing or decreasing its speed as it does).

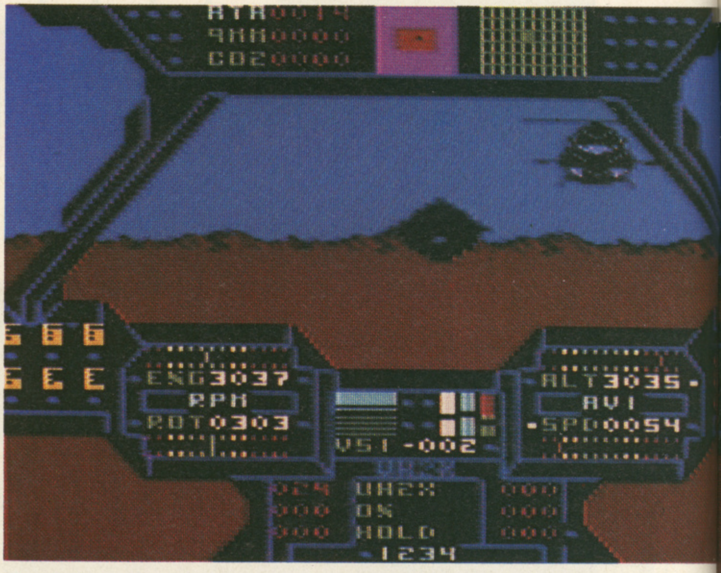
The primary control gauges show your altitude, velocity and the engine and rotor rpm, and are the most used while flying the helicopter. Secondary controls include a computer (complete with VDU), which can carry out a variety of highly useful functions including computing your current position, reporting on your current navigation signal, fuel supply and condition of base areas, and can estimate the time to helicopter failure if damage has been received.

To be honest, I've never been enthralled by psuedo flight simulations. However, Super Huey II **has a great deal going for it. The controls are relatively easy to operate and can be mastered without too much difficulty. The actual flight simulation part of the game can become slightly tedious, but just when you feel like switching the whole thing off, a mysterious dot appears on the landscape and livens up things no end. The action can be quite fraught at times, but very satisfying when you come out safe. Overall, this one of the best flight simulations available. Don't miss it.**

There is also a comprehensive radar system which can be used in conjunction with the computer to find out your current position, plot a course or find the location of a trouble spot, rescue target or other aerial target.

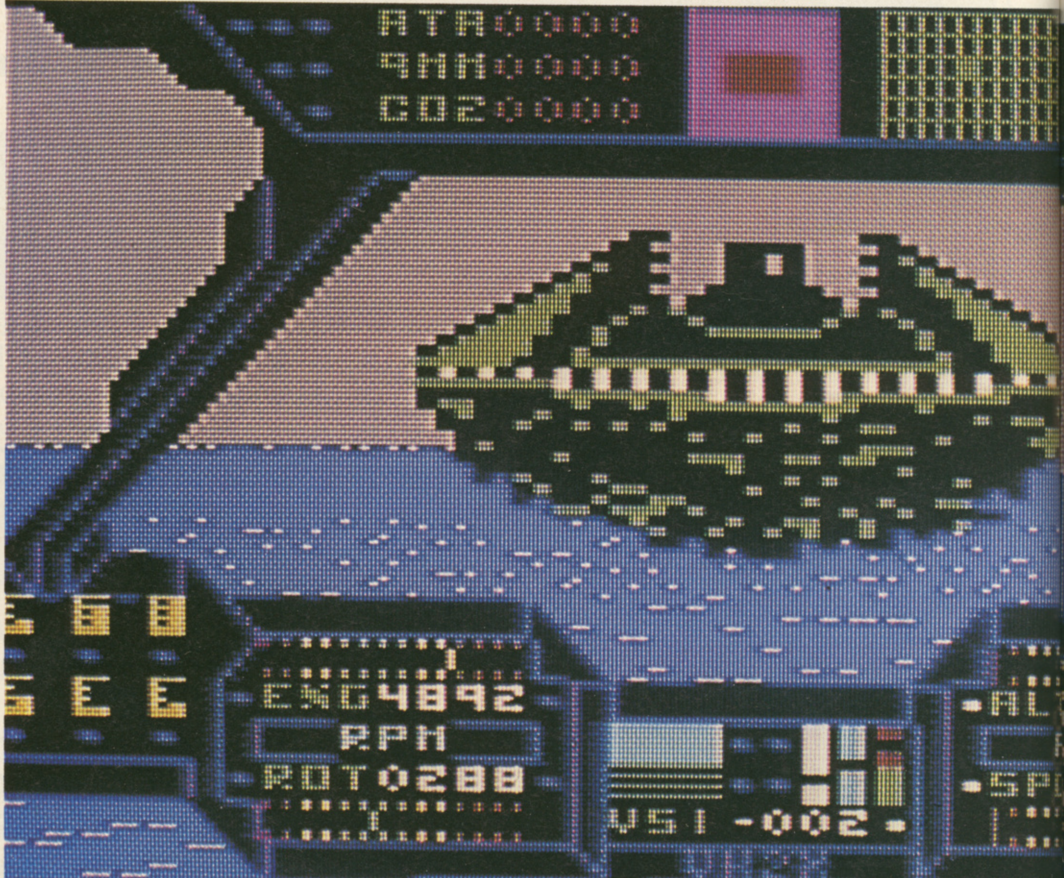
The rest of the controls are automatic display areas which show the numerous functions of the helicopter. These come into action when the situation necessitates their use. If things get too bad, the helicopter will completely shut itself down and everything explodes, giving you a chance to land using the auto rotation technique.

The six missions incorporated in the program are: RENEGADE, GULF OF TERROR, BRUSH FIRE, OIL FIRE, ARCTIC RESCUE and BERMUDA TRIANGLE. The first two are action scenarios in which you have to activate the weapons system of the helicopter (twin 9MM machine guns and ATA missiles) and go to war. In RENEGADE a UH1X helicopter has been stolen by a madman who has threatened to destroy all the bases. Naturally this can't be allowed to happen, so using the onboard radar system you must track down and confront him in a kill or be killed situation. The second of the action situations employs you as a reconnaissance pilot, checking on shipping movement and possible terrorist



There's that evil renegade, whooping it up in his stolen UH1X. And just to show he means business he's fired an ATA in your general direction. Eeek!

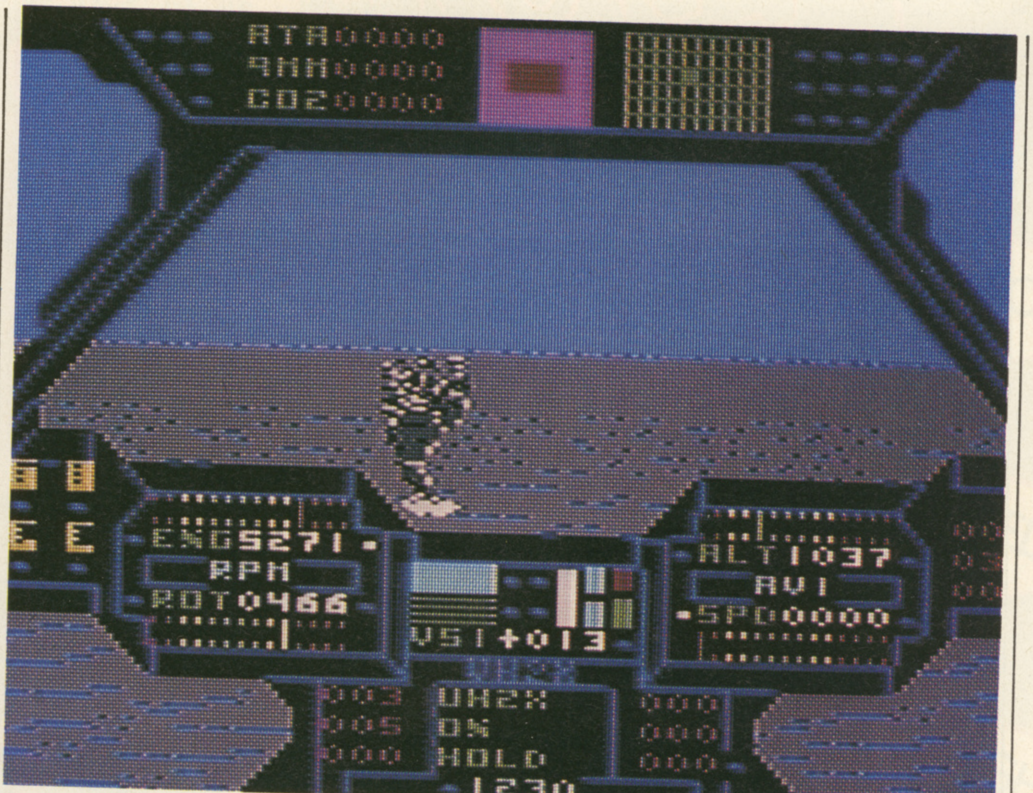
Pursuing UFOs across the sparkling oceans of Bermuda. All in a day's work for your average Super Huey pilot



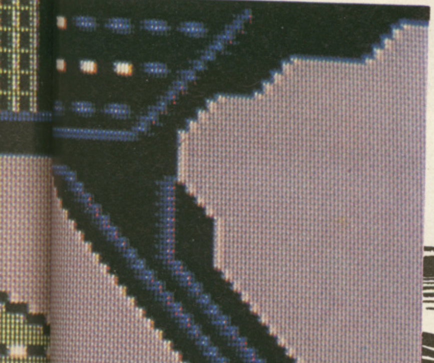
'SUPER THINGIE ...' TOO

activities along the Gulf coast. There are gunboats and submarines patrolling the area and hostilities could flare at any time . . .

The first Super Huey **program was brilliant. The exciting 3D graphics, brilliant sound and thrilling missions put it in a class above other flight simulators. Now the program has been rewritten with better graphics and some really neat missions, which have far more action than the first. Bermuda Triangle is a really great idea and one which works really well — wait until you start discovering its mysteries! The Gulf of Terror is a personal favourite — there's lots to do, especially when war is declared and all the ships start lobbing STA's at you! If you've always thought flight simulators were boring, then take a look at this one and you'll see how wrong you were.**



'Visual contact with a blazing oil rig . . . UH2X flying in to investigate . . . Over and out . . .'



The second set of scenarios are mercy missions which require you to, amongst other things, rescue civilians and deal with uncontrolled fires. BRUSH FIRE gives the pilot the chance to use the UH2X's new fire-fighting abilities. Flying low over the hottest parts of the fire (using the computer to work out and display them on the radar), you must drop cannisters of CO2, rather like a bombing run. If you're too slow the engine will suck in the rising hot air, causing it to overheat and shut down. The second mercy mission entails just about every aspect of flying a UH2X, as you fly in to rescue the workers on an oil rig which has been set ablaze by terrorist forces. As well as fighting the fire you also have to pick up survivors and monitor the area for any further hostilities. Another rescue mission takes place in the adverse conditions of the North Pole as you fly out and rescue a party of scientific researchers who have become lost in a blizzard.

The final mission is Bermuda Triangle, an observation mission where you follow the course of a craft which has recently disappeared without a trace. You've heard about the mysteries of the Devil's Triangle, now go and find them out for yourself.

Each mission begins with a few seconds of digitised speech, giving you a clue or setting the scene for the task which lies ahead. After that you're on your own . . .

I found Super Huey II **slightly disappointing at first as the UH2X isn't as easy to control as the UH1X, and on the whole it doesn't feel as exhilarating to fly as its predecessor. However,** Super Huey II **does feature six detailed and demanding missions (compared to** Super Huey**'s three) which are far more absorbing and provide a greater lasting challenge. Not a vast improvement over the original — more of a step sideways in fact — but definitely worth a look if you enjoyed** Super Huey **or like a decent simulation cum arcade game.**

PRESENTATION 93%
The simulation has been designed so that it's easy to fly, and the instructions are very informative if you suffer flying problems.

GRAPHICS 81%
Effective 3D, great cockpit layout and some neat visual effects.

SOUND 86%
Amazing helicopter sound and rough but effective speech.

HOOKABILITY 81%
Easy to fly, but the missions require perseverance before they can be appreciated.

LASTABILITY 90%
The six missions are varied and tough and will keep you airborne for months.

VALUE FOR MONEY 86%
A couple of million quid cheaper than the real thing, but just as much fun.

OVERALL 89%
One of the best flight simulations available on the 64 today. An essential buy for any budding pilot.

FLASH GORDON

Mastertronic Added Dimension, £2.99 cass, joystick only

Flash! I love you, but you've only got twenty four hours to save the world! That famous call rings out once more as Flash prepares for an intergalactic three part adventure. Once more that evil despot, Ming of Mongo, has targeted Earth with his deadly planet killer missiles. To stop him destroying life as we know it Flash must foil his dastardly plan, by finding and killing the baldy emperor.

From his headquarters on Earth, Flash flies a shaky course — finally crash-landing on Mongo. He winds up in a dense jungle populated by hideous creatures with only one thought on their minds — doom and despair for our hero. The forest is based on unstable ground, and in certain places the earth has broken away, causing crevasses to open up their gaping jaws. Luckily, Flash is an agile sort of bloke and possesses a powerful spring in his legs allowing him to clear these gaps without too much trouble.

During his travels Flash encounters apes that leap down from the trees, snakes which hang in wait, and skeletons of people previously killed in the forest that are now seeking their revenge. Most of them can be killed by Flash's amazingly trusty laser gun which never leaves his side.

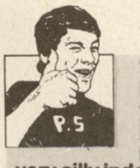
Flash has three positions from which he can aim and shoot — high, medium and (you guessed it) low. He has twelve shots to start off with, but more may be collected from the abandoned ammo trunks that litter the forest floor. Further on in this flick screen arcade adventure part of the game, Flash encounters the more vicious elements of the forest such as fire-breathing dragons that shuffle along the floor (for real!), and the treacherous tiger who guards the exit.

Throughout the adventure, Flash's life depends on the time remaining. The more attacks he succumbs to, the quicker the time passes — the time is recorded by a small clock at the bottom of the screen.

Once Flash has deciphered the maze of the jungle, and defeated the tiger, he can leave. The exit leads to a large plain where he stumbles upon one of Ming's minions who he recognises as Prince Barin. Flash realises that this man would be a useful ally, however the only way that he can win his respect is by beating him senseless at hand to hand combat. The state of play in this epic struggle is depicted as a tug of war below the two fighting figures. This indicates how close either the Prince or Flash is to victory — Flash must pull the centre bar all the way to the left to defeat Barin and gain the help he needs. Many moves are at Flash's disposal, but no matter how he chooses to fight it's advisable for him to do it in sudden bursts, as this soon tires Barin, and thus speeds Flash's victory.

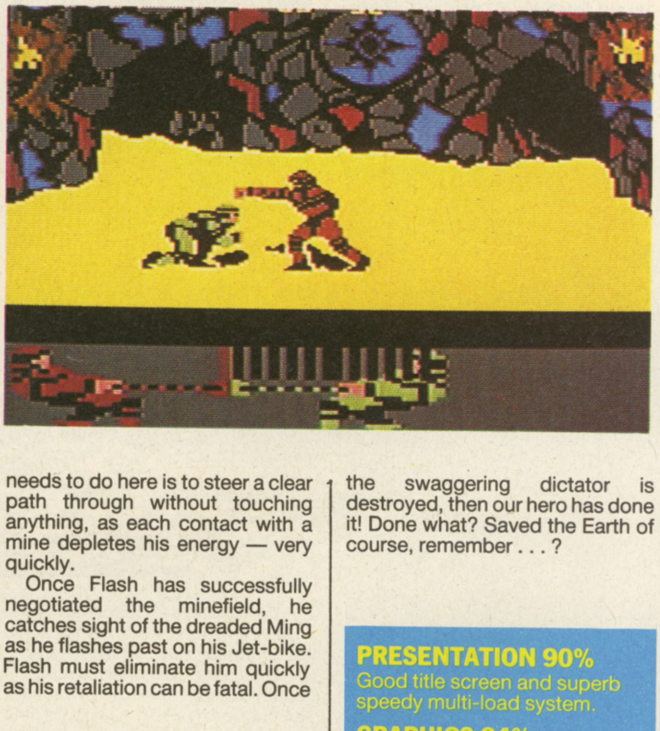
The third and final section of this adventure sees Flash on his jet-bike hurtling across a gridded landscape. In order to build up his speed in this section, a number of flying guards need to be eliminated, and each one that he lets slip by just makes life harder for him. Once travelling at speed, passing through the Gates of Power builds up the bike's energy. Having survived the onslaught of the guards, Flash now finds himself flying through a minefield. All he needs to do here is to steer a clear path through without touching anything, as each contact with a mine depletes his energy — very quickly.

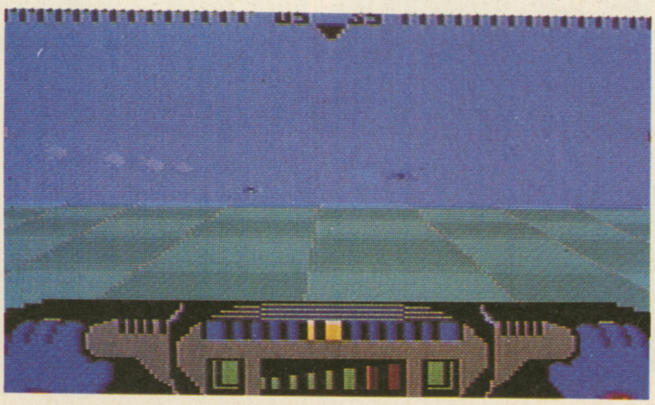
Once Flash has successfully negotiated the minefield, he catches sight of the dreaded Ming as he flashes past on his Jet-bike. Flash must eliminate him quickly as his retaliation can be fatal. Once the swaggering dictator is destroyed, then our hero has done it! Done what? Saved the Earth of course, remember . . . ?



This has got to be bargain of the year. It makes a lot of full priced products seem very silly indeed. The three different sections are all very good and stand up quite easily on their own as top budget releases. With them all together for £2.99 you just can't go wrong. I'd say the first weakest of the three is the first game since it can get a bit boring, but the other two more than make up for this. The multi-load system works brilliantly and very speedily as well. All in all an excellent package worth three quid of anyone's money.

Flash Gordon — certainly a name to be reckoned with. To be honest I had my doubts whether Mastertronic could do it justice. But they have, and the final product is superb. Three games of quality, with a superb soundtrack which makes one excellent buy. Whereas some games try to include multiple sections in one package and don't succeed, Flash has been so well thought out that none of it becomes tiresome. The three segments have something for everyone: exploration set in a forest, a bash 'em up and finally a fast action game. There's no harm in splashing out a measly three quid for this, as you're bound to find some of it appealing — even if it is only the music!





This is a really neat budget title which comprises an arcade adventure, a mini beat em up and a shoot em up section! All the different parts of the program are very good, and even through they're all loaded in separately it doesn't detract from the game at all. The graphics are pretty good on the whole and the sound is really great with brilliant Rob Hubbard title screen music and in-game soundtrack. If you want to spend three quid on something worthwhile then take a look at this.

PRESENTATION 90%
Good title screen and superb speedy multi-load system.

GRAPHICS 84%
Colourful, varied and well drawn.

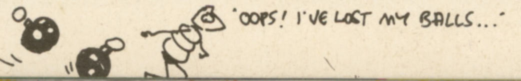
SOUND 97%
Great title screen tune and 'interactive' soundtrack.

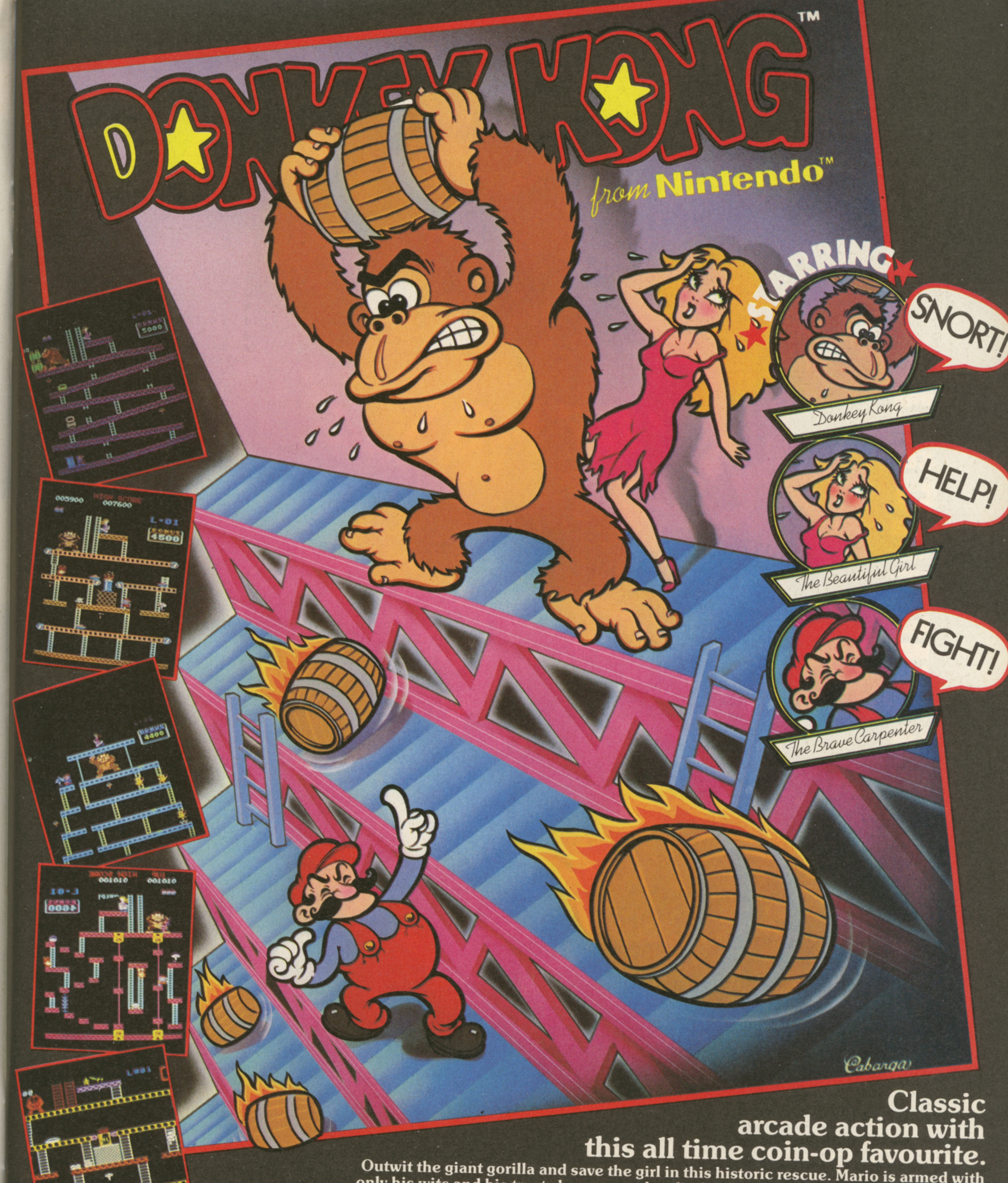
HOOKABILITY 92%
Immediately playable.

LASTABILITY 83%
Though the first two stages are relatively simple to complete, the third stage offers a significant challenge.

VALUE 97%
Outstanding.

OVERALL 89%
An excellent budget release from Mastertronic.


'OOPS! I'VE LOST MY BALLS...'


DONKEY KONG™
from Nintendo™
STARRING
SNORT!
HELP!
FIGHT!
Donkey Kong
The Beautiful Girl
The Brave Carpenter
Cabarga
005900 HIGH SCORE 007600
L-01
BONUS 4500
5000
4400

Classic arcade action with this all time coin-op favourite.

Outwit the giant gorilla and save the girl in this historic rescue. Mario is armed with only his wits and his trusty hammer as he climbs the girders in down town New York. Multiple screens and fast moving action, dodge boards, fireballs and much much more. In the final screen remove the rivets in the structure to finally bring the beast crashing down.

Screen shots taken from various computer formats.

SPECTRUM
7·95
EACH
SPECTRUM

COMMODORE
8·95
EACH
AMSTRAD

ocean

Ocean Software Limited 6 Central Street Manchester M2 5NS.
Telephone: 061 832 6633 Telex: 669977

1981 Nintendo
M indicates Trademark of Nintendo, licensed by Ocean Software Limited, authorised user. All Rights Reserved.

ARCAD

Nichibutsu
Nichibutsu
Nichibutsu

MAGMAX
WAKELIN

GOLDEN
COIN-OP
Hot Shot

Take control of Mag Max and search the planet for the component parts; As the assembly takes place his power and defences will increase. You will also discover special craters which will transport Max to the underground levels where more dangers lurk. Armaments consist of Super-Laser with which you must eliminate all aliens and their structures. Defeat or be defeated. Mag Max – robo-centurian.

GOLDEN
COIN-OP
Hot Shot

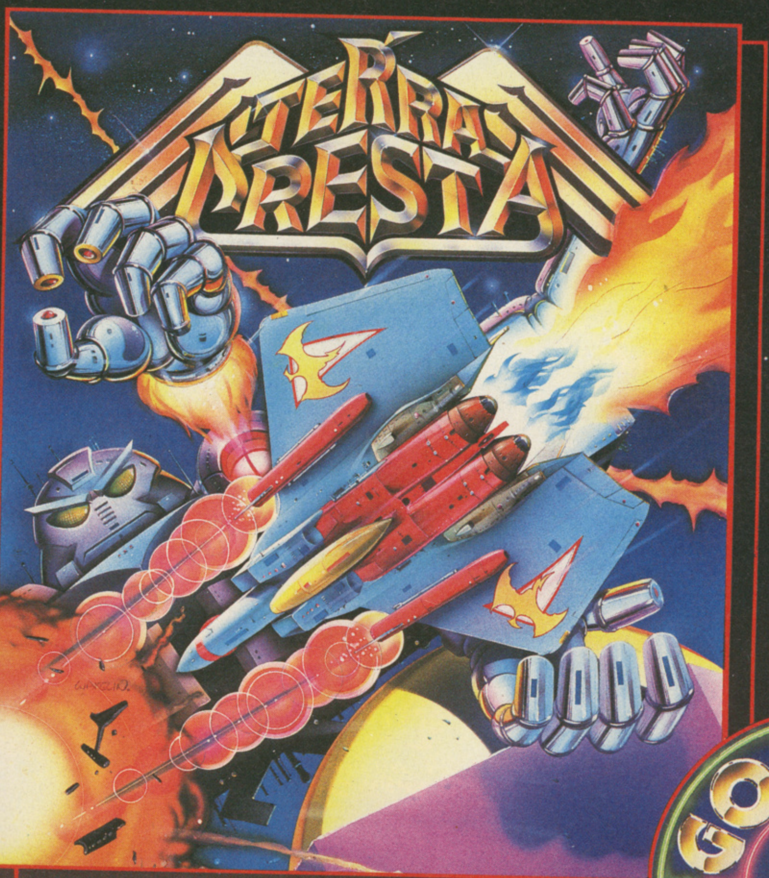
inhabited by nany
Alien Lifefor s; y
impossible ere it
Pyramids s ttere
the comple abyri

Imagine
..the name of the game

AMSTRAD £8·95

Imagine Software (1984) Limited • 6 Central Street • Manchester M2 5NS • Tel 834

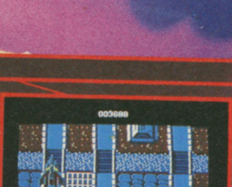
OF
MAGIC



Nichibutsu
Nichibutsu
Nichibutsu

GOLDEN
coin-op
Hot Shot

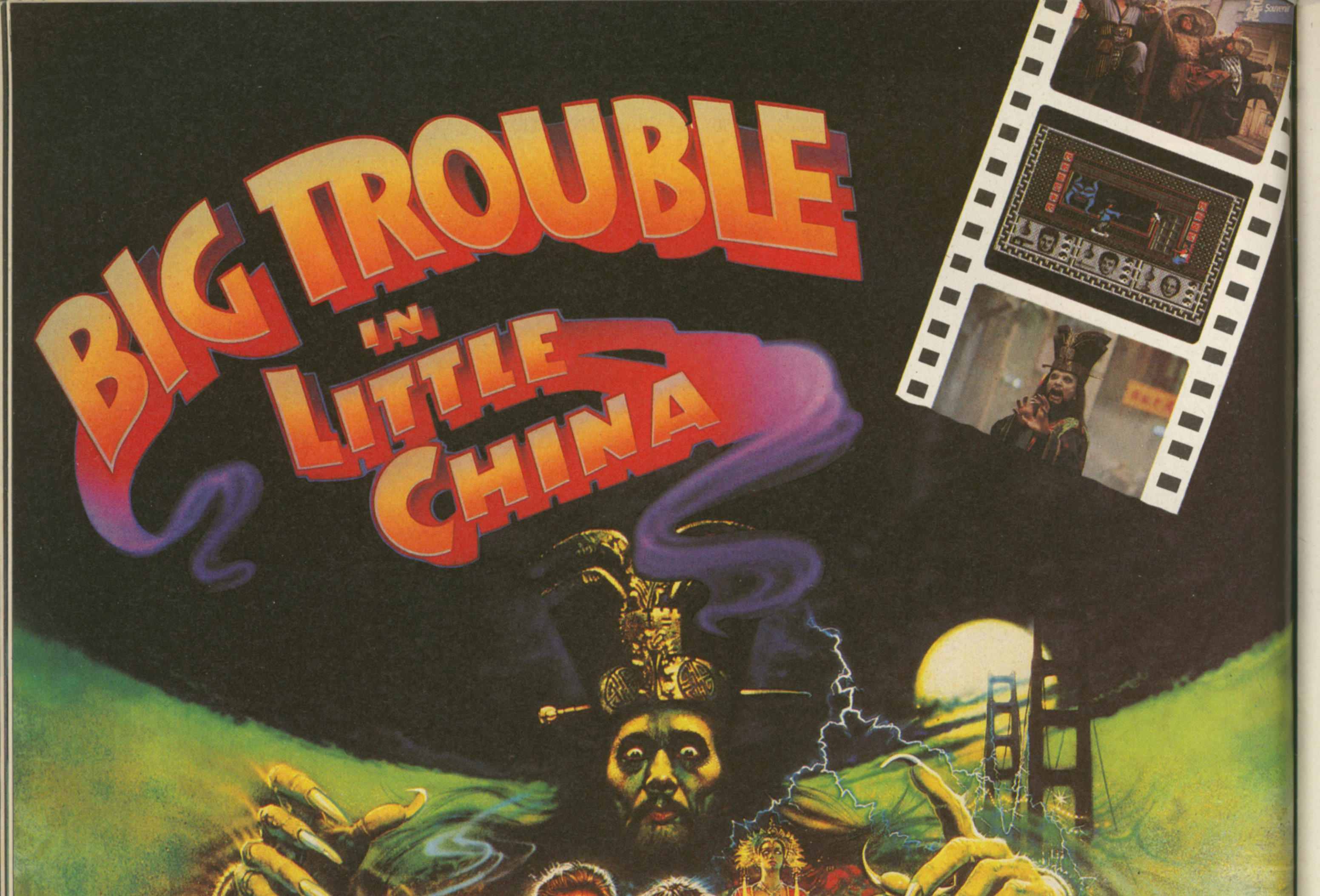
Galvan the sole surviving member of the Cosmo Police, your imperative assignment is to eliminate all adversaries in the underground Techno Caverns of the planet Cynep. They are
by any Androids, Robots and
for your task would seem
e w it not for the Power
sc ered at random through
ex yrinth.



Officially licensed coin-op game from Nichibutsu. Follow up to Moon Cresta. Now for your home computer. Pilot your space fighter over the planet eliminating all alien life forms on its surface. Build up fire power on board as you dodge missles launched from land silos and under-sea bunkers. Face the giant Death Star at the end of each orbit. You will need nerves of steel to pass this test.

MMODORE 64 £8·95 SPECTRUM £7·95

el: 0834 3939•Telex: 669977



© Twentieth Century Fox

BASED ON THE FANTASTICAL FILM

Take 1

You are led into the heart of the bizarre underworld ruled by the ancient Mandarin Warlord, Lo Pan.

Your mission – to rescue the beautiful green eyed Miao Yin before she is sacrificed to a demon.

Playing ALL three of the film's great heroes – American Jack 'the lad' Burton, martial art expert Wang Chi and ancient magician Egg Shen – defeat Lo Pan and his unearthly body of supporters as the evil unfolds around the ancient Warlord and his pact with a demon.

AVAILABLE ON

Amstrad CPC cassette	£9.99
Amstrad CPC disk	£14.99
Commodore 64/128 cassette	£9.99
Commodore 64/128 disk	£14.99
ZX Spectrum 48/128K/+	£9.99

Electric Dreams
SOFTWARE

31 Carlton Crescent, Southampton SO1 2EW

Mail Order: Electric Dreams Software, 23 Pond Street, Hampstead, London NW3 2PN

GALIVAN

Imagine, £8.95 cass, joystick only

Over the last few years, numerous members of the most elite law enforcement agency, the Cosmo Police, have been assigned the task of seeking out the origins of the evil generated from the planet Cynep. All those sent on the mission have failed to return, presumed dead, killed in action. Now you, the remaining active member of the force, have been asked to do what the rest of the force have failed to do — penetrate and neutralize Cynep's hazardous defences and finally bring an end to its reign of terror.

Unfortunately there's hardly any background information regarding the mission. All you know is that the caverns of Cynep are swarming with a robotic and alien presence and the end of each cavern is guarded by a horrible laser-spitting multi-headed monster. All of these meanies have one aim in life — to destroy any intruders who wander into their realm. These creatures have to be destroyed if you are to achieve your objective.

Galivan is an odd game. **Not odd in an original sort of way, just odd in that it looks so abysmal, sounds really terrible, is very repetitive but (big BUT) it plays quite well. It's even quite addictive in an odd sort of way. I wouldn't advise buying this at all, but it is interesting. I don't why. I really don't why** Galivan **kept me captivated for a good hour or so. Go to your computer shop and try out. You might be able to tell me why. I'd like to know.**

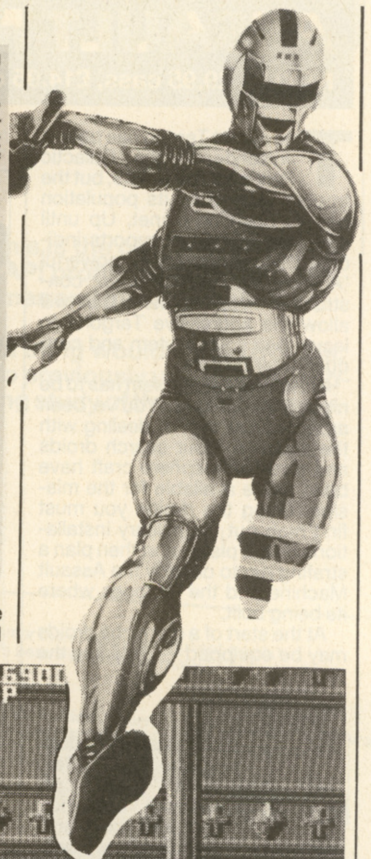
Galivan is a multi-directional scrolling shoot em up in which you have to make your way through the caverns and confront the demon which resides at the bottom. You can walk in any direction, as long as the landscape allows you to do so, and jump over or duck under obstacles.

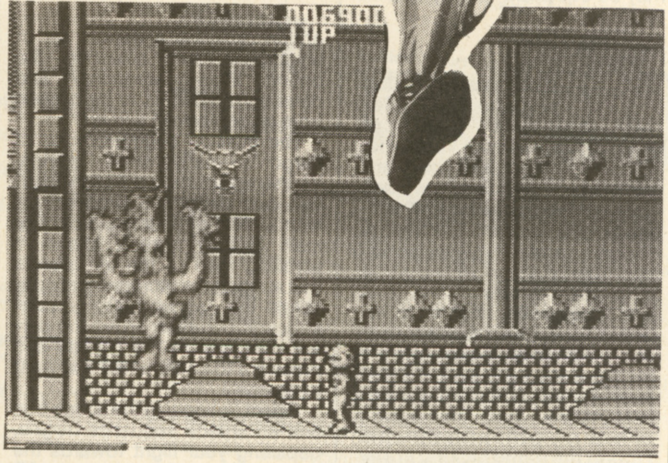
This isn't exactly the apex in Commodore shoot em ups, but it's quite an enjoyable and challenging game which will give the buyer a couple of days of entertainment. The graphics are a bit on the naff side and the sound isn't inspiring, but the game is quite fast and frenetic. If you're after an instantly playable game you could buy a lot worse than this. But if you're into longer lasting action, look elsewhere.

You begin the mission completely unarmed, your sole defence is your ability to punch — not much of a defence when you come up against a swarm of flying alien creatures. Any contact with one of these horrors results in your energy, shown as a bar at the bottom of the screen, shrinking a little. And if it shrinks to zero you lose one of your five lives.

This rather dodgy position can be made a little better if you manage to run over one of the power pyramids littered around the caverns. If you touch one of these triangular shaped objects your lost energy is restored, your body is mysteriously encased in armour and you're given a laser pistol which can be activated by pressing the fire button. If you run into another power pyramid the laser pistol turns into an 'arc blaster', firing three blasts of laser fire at one time. This firing capacity can be further improved if a third pyramid is picked up, resulting in a highly powerful 'white bolt neutralizer'. Unfortunately these weapons only last for a limited period of time, after that the laser gun returns once again. Power pyramids can also be obtained by destroying blue android robots which clank around the cavern system.

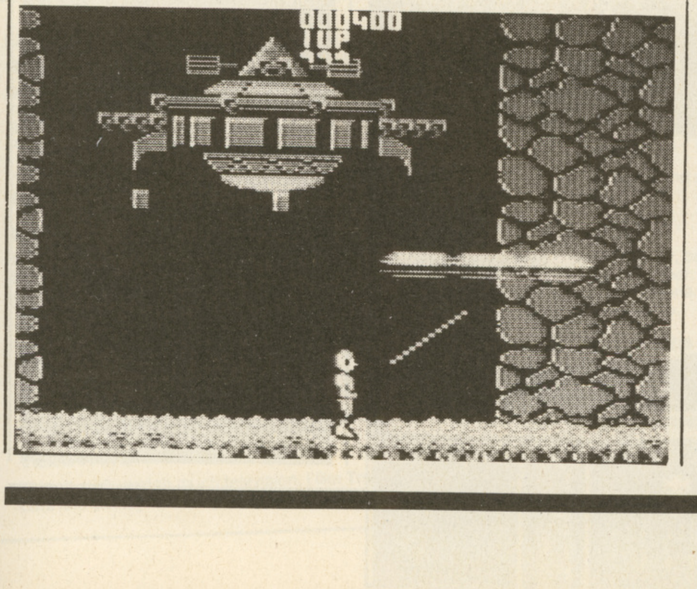
A mission you can never complete eh? I did, several times — at least I thought I had. Each time I found myself plonked, rather unceremoniously back at the start. The game itself isn't so bad, but it's not very good either. It's quite playable — when you've got to grips with the layout of the caverns. However, the graphics are substantially weak on more than several occasions. The main sprite is the worst — he looks like a matchstick on legs with a goldfish bowl on his head. The evil ones are just as bad. It's blatantly obvious that little thought has gone into the graphics which really spoil what could have been a neat game.





Although you're clad in a suit of armour the effect of aliens bashing into your frail body is still the same and the power bar diminishes. If it shrinks and turns yellow, the suit of armour disappears and you go back into the vulnerable punch mode.

If you manage to penetrate deep enough into the Cynep complex and reach the bottom level you will encounter the demon guardian. This multi-headed horror has to be shot many times before it dies, and while you're piling in the laser fire it spits great glowing lumps of deadly phlegm at you. Once you've disposed of the disgusting creature a door opens in the floor, allowing you to drop through and escape . . . to another, more difficult Cynep cavern system which has to be shut down in similar fashion.



PRESENTATION 57%
Naff title screen and nothing in the way of options.

GRAPHICS 65%
Some of the backgrounds are reasonable, but the sprites lack crispness and definition.

SOUND 32%
Awful tunes and equally foul spot effects.

HOOKABILITY 78%
Simple shooting action paves the way into the game.

LASTABILITY 49%
Not enough variety to keep you coming back for more.

VALUE 51%
Give it some thought before parting with your cash.

OVERALL 53%
A no frills, fair-to-middling shoot em up.

ASSAULT MACHINE

NEXUS, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk, joystick only

The planet Targon has been a nuisance to the Galactic Police for some time, but the trouble caused by its population has all been on-planet. Up until now that is. Recent reports indicate that an incredibly powerful 'Assault Machine' is under construction — a machine that will allow the aggressive Targons to leave their solar system and conquer other planets.

This potential problem has to be nipped in the bud. You've been assigned the task of dealing with the situation. Four search droids and three atmosphere craft have been made available for the mission. Using the droids you must first map out the military installations on the planet and then plan a strafing run to destroy the Assault Machine and the factories where its being built.

At the start of a game the droids may be equipped — declining the option provides a default set of equipment, but selecting the option allows weaponry and detections systems to be chosen from an equipment screen.

The mission begins on one of Targon's many small islands. You've established a 'beach head' and can direct the proceedings without fear of enemy attack. The main display screen shows a scrolling map of the ten islands that support the factories that constitute the Assault Machine construction complex. Move the cursor over one of the islands and press fire to confirm that you want to search it.

Select 'launch' in the action box and an arcade sequence begins, depicting your flight towards the island. The screen shows a 3D view with the atmosphere craft in the foreground. Targon assault craft appear from over the horizon and swoop in to attack, firing missiles as they thunder by. The atmosphere craft can fight back, using the limited supply of missiles, but is destroyed if too many Targon missiles hit home. Two arrows give directions to the target, lighting up to indicate which way to go.

The screen changes on arrival at the island to show a vertically scrolling landscape with your craft at the bottom of the screen. Fly over the landscape to the drop zone where the droid can be offloaded, and then beat a retreat.

The droid takes a while to conduct the search. Occasionally it is ambushed by Targon land assault vehicles — the screen changes to show the droid and the surrounding landscape. Targons appear, firing missiles and attempt to knock out the droid. The droid's anti-Targon missiles are aimed used a cursor . . .

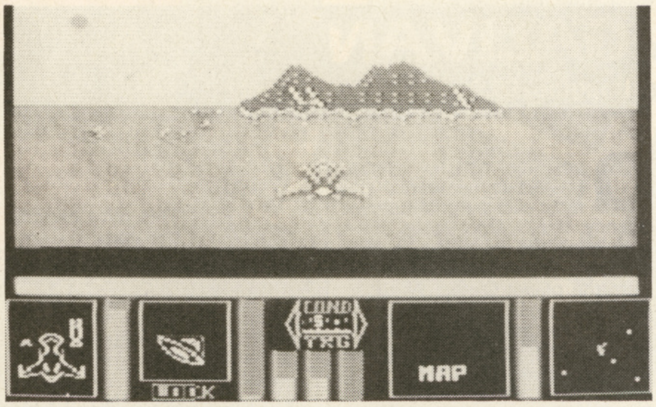
When the droid has finished its search it's time to rescue it before embarking on a bombing run to destroy the island's installations. Flying over a vertically scrolling landscape, the aim is to bomb all the buildings in sight. After a run the strike rate is given, so you know whether a further strafing run is needed.

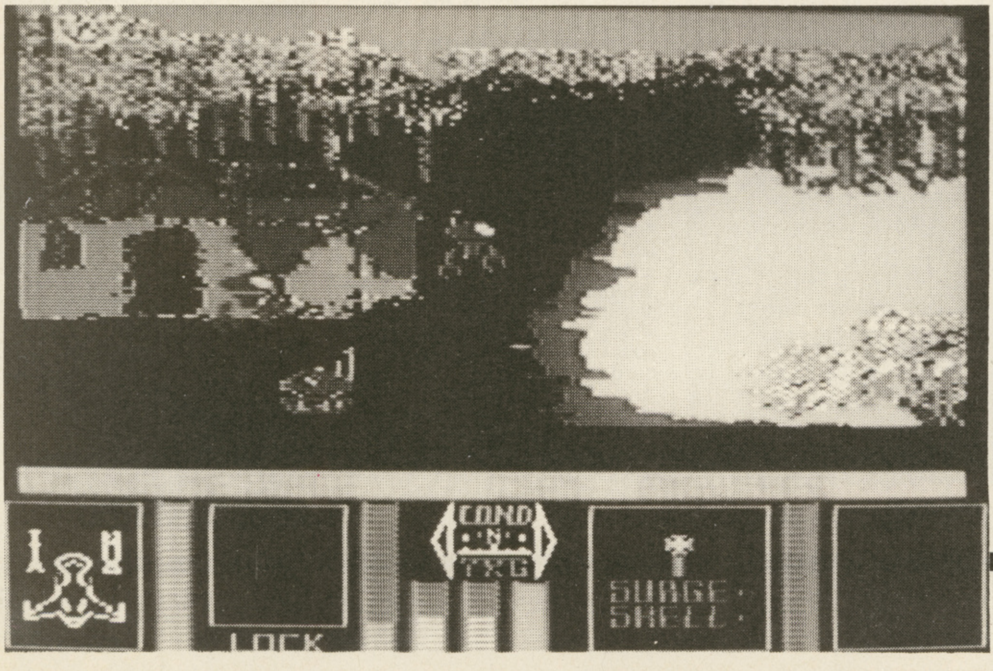
All four droids can be in the field at once, although the action gets a little fast and frantic as you change from screen to screen. The mission ends when all the atmosphere craft or droids have been destroyed — or the galaxy rendered a safe place once again by the destruction of the Assault Weapon complex.

It's quite difficult to see what niche of the market NEXUS are aiming for with this game. It appears to have so many differing facets to it, none of them particularly good. The first thing that struck me was how difficult the control system was to use — far too many selections in one tiny box on the screen; it really just didn't appeal. The shoot em up sequence hasn't got much going for it either. It looks like an arcade come simulation come total mish mash. There is so much in this game that nothing is really polished, but then it is so much easier to criticise a game . . .

Although this game has different types of action screens, none of them are particularly good and they boil down to being rather naff versions of Missile Command, Xevious and a crummy 3D shoot em up. The whole game is pretty repetitive too, just plonking your droids down onto the various islands, waiting, and then shooting the installations once they've been found. The graphics are reasonable and the sound effects are quite passable, but I found the game lacking in any really exciting features. If you're interested, take a look before buying.

I didn't like this at all: the sections of the game are all pretty awful and have feeble graphics. What I really dislike about the program is having to wait ages for the robot to search each of the islands. Once the searching's over, it's a case of bombing the island and then moving onto the next one, and so on . . . boring really. The graphics are really wobbly — the sprites don't move smoothly at all, but the sound effects are quite reasonable — not exactly fabulous, but they suit the game. If you want a program with different things in it go for Nuclear Embargo, **it's much better!**





PRESENTATION 79%
Good instructions and reasonable in-game presentation.

GRAPHICS 69%
Varied, but nothing really outstanding.

SOUND 58%
Numerous spot effects which work quite well with the game.

HOOKABILITY 68%
Initially tricky to grasp the multitasking of the droids.

LASTABILITY 60%
Plenty to do, if you enjoy this sort of action.

VALUE 54%
Better entertainment can be had for a tenner.

OVERALL 59%
An unusual and mildly interesting game, but nothing to write home about.

THE ZZAP! 64 LADS

Yes! Here are again, happy as can be, all good friends and jolly good company. This is the one, this is IT! YES! All you ever wanted to know about MEEEEEEE! This is IT, mateyboots!!!! The ZZAP! profile on ME!!!! JULIAN RIGNALL!!!!! Yes, all you ever wanted to know about my likes, dislikes, my fave games and music, what makes me SAD, what gets me MAAAD!!!!!!!! Yes, this is the BI-I-I-G ONE! . . .

All right Julian, I think that's enough. Lloyd here readers. I knew this ZZAP! lads thing would cause trouble. They have bad enough ego problems as it is but this feature has inflated their egos to previously unheard of proportions. Ugh. Anyway, this is not the ZZAP! profile on Julian Rignall, it's an interesting study of the ZZAP! reviewers both old and new. Hope you enjoy it but I don't see why you should.

Name: LIDDON, GARY ROBERT
Born: 16/1/67
Height: 6' 2''
Weight: 'Too bloody much.'

LIKES

GAMES

The Sentinel: 'Because it is.'
Encounter: 'It's totally dextral.'
Robotron 2084: 'It was amazing for its time.'

MUSIC

Knucklebusters (Main Theme): 'It's a real bit of music, not a compromise.'
Parallax: 'It's great. As Brian Eno once said: 'music should be like furniture'. And this is.'
Love and Rockets (especially Seventh Dream of a Teenage Heaven): 'it's more obscure than Bauhaus.'
Syd Barret: 'He's highly original in a derivative sort of way.'
Animals (Pink Floyd): 'Especially **Dogs**. It's real.'

BOOKS

Crime and Punishment by Fydor Dostoyevsky: 'Mainly because of Profiry, I can really identify with him which is amazing considering how long ago the book was written.'
Free Fall by William Golding: 'William Golding manages to describe memory as it actually feels, not clinically but in a semi random way. Amazing ending as well.'
Brave New World by Aldous Huxley: 'Well it's obvious — isn't it?'

FILMS

Repo Man: 'It's almost as funny as *Dark Star*.'
Dark Star: 'It's funnier than *Repo Man*. But not much.'
Koyanasqatsi: 'It's beautiful, that's all really.'

TELEVISION

Eastenders (Omnibus Edition): 'Michelle really worries me the way she's running her life, so I just have to watch it every week.'

FOOD

'Yorkshire pudding and stuffing. They're both so really nice.'

AND . . .

Watchmen by Alan Moore: 'It keeps my fat paranoia well fed.'
The Sun: 'Good VFM . . .'
Red Witch: '!'
'Programming. It's self indulgent and you get a real feeling of power — especially when it works.'

DISLIKES

Sixth Formers: 'They know everything about nothing.'
'Any sort of overt egotism. No-one's really special — are they?'
'Getting shot in the back of my neck by Jon Woods in my dreams. It's really bad.'
'Reason with inaction.'

MY BURNING AMBITION IS

'To never let myself become important enough for it to screw me up.'

Name: EDDY, RICHARD JOHN
Born: 27/7/68
Height: 5' 8''
Weight: 'None of your business'

LIKES

GAMES

Spindizzy: 'It's compelling and sort of theraputic.'
Trapdoor: 'Berk is so cute and the game is brilliant.'
Boulderdash: 'It's so manic.'
Purple Turties: 'It was the first game I ever saw on the Commodore and I loved it.'
Collapse: 'Just so much fun.'
The Eidolon: 'Brilliant!'

MUSIC

Sanxion (Loading Music): 'It's weird but great with it.'
Knucklebusters (Main Theme): 'It matches the frantic action in the game.'
Thing on a Spring: 'It's bouncy and jolly and cheers me up.'
The Pogues: 'They remind me of my art college days.'
The Rocky Horror Show Soundtrack: 'Tim Curry is amazing.'
Pinball Cha Cha (Yello): 'Silly but great'

BOOKS

The Spire by William Golding: 'I like the poetry and imagery.'

TELEVISION

'I don't really watch much television. I like **Trapdoor** though. Berk's so cute and cuddly and the program is pure creativity throughout.'

FILMS

Rocky Horror Show: 'Tim Curry is amazing!'
Birdy: 'It stirs emotions from within.'
Amadeus: 'Because of Mozart's insane laugh'
Ghostbusters: 'It's fun'

FOOD

'Lasagne and proper Cornish Pasties made by my Granny and no-one else.'

AND . . .

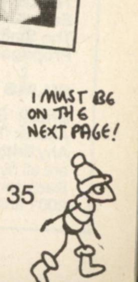
'My granny, because she's my granny and nobody else's. Oh, and my Italian jumper. It's got lots of holes in it and means a lot to me. I also love the telephone. It's great. You're never out of touch with people you want to speak to.'

DISLIKES

'Um, running out of hairspray is infuriating, and I hate finding hairs in my comb and not knowing who they belong to.'

MY BURNING AMBITION IS . . .

'To marry Piranha's Mandy Keyho so we could present Playschool together.'


I MUST B6 ON THE NEXT PAGE!

Name: PENN, GARY JOHN
Born: 11/3/66
Height: 5'11'' (6'3'' with hair spiked)
Weight: 'About thirteen and a half stones the last time I weighed myself'

LIKES

GAMES

The Sentinel: 'The ultimate computer game.'
World Games: 'I like a decent sports simulation, and this is the best one available for the Commodore.'
Paradroid: 'The best thing Andy's done. The super fast version is brilliant. A true classic.'
Williams' Stargate: 'I've had it since February and I haven't got bored of it yet.'
Super Mario Brothers: 'One of the best games ever written. There's just so much in it.'

MUSIC

Knucklebusters (Main Theme): 'It's the best thing Rob's done. I was so impressed I lugged all my Commodore equipment into my bedroom so I could listen to the music while I was having a bath.'
Miami Vice: 'The title screen music is very simple but just so relaxing.'
Phantoms of the Asteroid: 'It's so lively I could listen to it all day.'
'I don't really like any particular group and very few songs appeal to me. These are a few of my favourites . . .'
How Soon Is Now? (The Smiths): 'One of the few decent things they've done.'
Pinball Cha Cha (Yello): 'Silly lyrics, amazing music — bit of it's used in the Brill Cream ad.'
Love Like Blood (Killing Joke): 'It makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end.'
In Fear of Fear (Bauhaus): 'Superb bass.'
P Machinery (Propaganda): 'Just . . . great.'
Sunday Bloody Sunday (U2): 'It moves me.'

TELEVISION

'I don't really go out of my way to watch TV: if it's on, I'll watch it. Actually, that's a lie. I do make an effort to see the **Omnibus Edition** of **Eastenders**. God knows why. I've got this perverse affinity for it.'

FOOD

'Macaroni cheese and bread pudding, as made by my Mum. Exquisite. I also frequently indulge in Indian cuisine. Perhaps too often.'

FILMS

'I liked **Amadeus**. **Ghostbusters** was fun. **Blade Runner** was impressive, but I was really disappointed with **Aliens**. Awful — the original film was much better.'

BOOKS

The Dice Man by Luke Reinhart: 'It's a fictional autobiography about a psychologist who lives his life by the throw of a die. His 'Dice Life' eventually becomes a form of religion and he gets thousands of people interested. It's really weird. It freaked me out. Badly. The thing is, it could happen. Once I'd finished reading it, I was sorely tempted to try the 'Dice Life' for myself. I didn't, but I'm still thinking about it.'

AND . . .

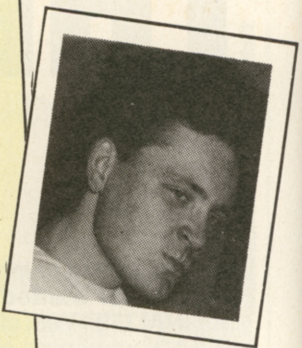
'Life in general. I'm content. I really couldn't give a damn about politics, other peoples wars, and so on. I'm alright Jack, why should I worry. I don't. Well, apart from the magazine deadlines. Otherwise, I don't worry. Most people don't give a damn about people worse off than themselves. Which is hardly surprising — we're all human, and that's the biggest flaw. God that sounds pretentious.'

DISLIKES

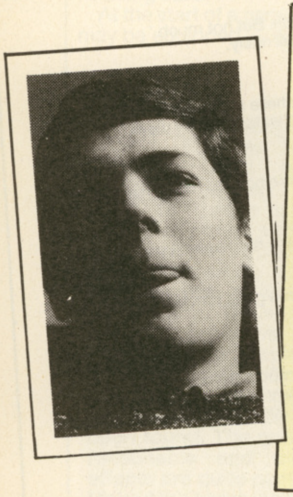
'Illness. It's not the pain — I hate not being able to think straight when I want to.'

MY BURNING AMBITION IS . . .

'I honestly don't know. I'm looking forward to taking part in a Combat Zone battle, but that's about it.'



Name: SUMNER, PAUL ANDREW
Born: 18/11/65
Height: 5' 8''
Weight: 'I fluctuate between 10.5 and 11 stone



LIKES

GAMES

Uridium: 'It's a competent shoot em up.'
Thrust: 'Extremely playable.'
International Karate: 'The best bash em up around.'

MUSIC

Ocean Loading Music: 'Very catchy.'
Rambo: 'It's got a lot of body to it.'
Sanxion: 'An extremely atmospheric title screen tune.'
Top Gun Soundtrack: 'A large range of different styles of music.'
Art of Noise: 'I can listen to it anytime, anyplace, anywhere.'

FOOD

'I love toast cos it's quick and easy to make and eat.' **Bernard Matthew's Chicken Steaks:** 'Bootiful.'

BOOKS

'**Dominator** by . . . oh, I've forgotten his name — it's the guy who wrote **The Tiptoe Boys** (adapted to film and called **Who Dares Wins**). It's easy to pick up and read and you can go back to it after a long while. Ah! **James Follet**, that's the chap. I don't really read books that often.'

TELEVISION

'Most American garbage cos it makes a change from the English rubbish.'
Dempsey and Makepeace: 'She's so horn . . . got nice hair.'
Alas Smith and Jones: 'Dead funny.'

FILMS

Top Gun: 'The visual effects and stunts are incredible.'
Beverley Hills Cop: 'A laugh a second.'

AND . . .

Computer Games: 'Writing about games paid for my driving lessons.'
Hockey: 'The only time I can let all my aggression out.'

DISLIKES

'Getting hit in the mouth with a hockey ball — it hurts.'

MY BURNING AMBITION IS . . .

'To find my inner self.'

Name: RIGNALL, JULIAN
Born: 6/3/65
Height: 5' 8''
Weight: 'None of your business'

LIKES

GAMES

Dropzone: 'I've never got bored of it.'
Pastfinder: 'There are so many different ways of playing it.'
Toy Bizarre: 'It's frantic and fun.'
Infocom Adventures: 'They're so inventive.'
Microrhythm: 'It's can be so mindless and very noisy.'
I Robot: 'The graphics are brilliant.'
Time Bandit on the Atari ST: 'There's so much in it.'
Any Eugene Jarvis Arcade Game: 'He's a genius.'
Gauntlet: 'Great fun.'
Galpus: 'It's the follow up to Galaga and I love it.'

MUSIC

Toy Bizarre: 'I associate the jingles with something nice.'
Lazy Jones: 'I like the beat.'
WAR: 'The title screen music is Hubbard's best.'
Simple Minds: 'Mainly **New Gold Dream** and their older stuff.'
Joy Division: 'It's manically depressing.'
The Cure: 'Especially **Pornography** and **Faith**.'
Early Killing Joke: 'I still listen to it cos it's raucous.'
The Smiths: 'Their lyrics are funny.'
Propaganda

FILMS

Brazil: 'Because of its imagery.'
Aliens: 'It's just so impressive.'
Any Eddy Murphy Film: 'Trading Places, Beverley Hills Cop, 48 Hours are all hysterically funny.'
Back to the Future: 'The attention to detail is amazing.'
2001 and **2010:** 'Both are visually stunning.'

TELEVISION

'Any sport apart from golf and horses. Also, any Alan Bleasdale stuff — he's a very powerful and observant writer.'

BOOKS

Lord of the Rings by JRR Tolkien: 'Simply brilliant.'
Steven King: 'Generally 'orrible but good.'
Isaac Asimov: 'Just good Sci Fi.'
Arthur C Clarke: 'Especially **Rendezvous With Rama**.'

FOOD

'Anything, as long as it's not curry or tomatoes.'

AND . . .

CND: 'It makes sense.'
My Atari ST: 'It's the best thing I've bought.'
Garfield: 'He's hysterical'
'Female company, my Guinea Pig, my family, cats, and most of all, myself.'

DISLIKES

Thatcherism: 'She's an evil hag.'
Ronald Reagan: 'Because of his diabolical politics.'
Sylvester Stallone: 'Because of his diabolical politics.'
'The current Nuclear Defence Program: it's crap.'
'Reaction without reason.'

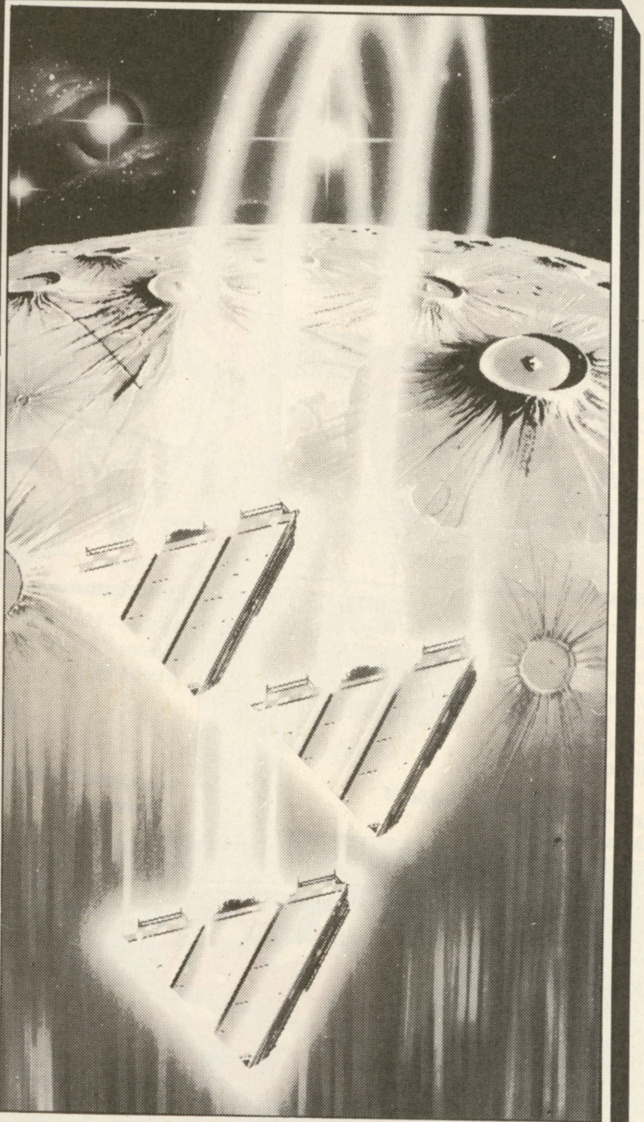
MY BURNING AMBITION IS . . .

'To become head of the Labour Party.'

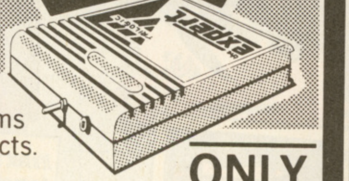
Scorching ideas from Hi-Tech Trilogic made specially for your **Commodore 64/128**

BACK-UP! TRANSFER! CONVERT!

ANYTHING TO TAPE OR DISC WITH THIS



the expert CARTRIDGE



- ◆TAPE TO DISC
- ◆DISC TO TAPE
- ◆DISC TO DISC
- ◆TAPE TO TAPE

Easy to use plug-in system that outperforms all other similar products.

ONLY £31.95

- ◆ Programs are saved in one file
- ◆ Freezes and saves programs to disk
- ◆ Now handles Multipart programs
- ◆ Programs compacted to reduce diskspace used
- ◆ You can save 3 or more programs per disk
- ◆ Reloads most programs in less than 30 secs
- ◆ The cartridge is not needed for loading back
- ◆ Cartridge uses RAM and disk-based software Instant upgrading. Only £2.
- ◆ Use the machine code monitor to cheat, gain extra lives or restart the program etc, etc

JUST ARRIVED!

The Expert cartridge with built-in ESM **£37·50!**

◆The ONLY Expert add-on you'll ever need! Makes the Expert unstoppable with the games which defeat all others! Available separate or with your Expert Cartridge

THE E.S.M. ONLY £7.95!!

Includes **FREE** Up-grade Disc!

TRILOGIC

◆FAST MAIL ORDER SERVICE◆PROMPT DESPATCH
◆ALL PRICES FULLY INCLUSIVE PLUS 10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON ALL BACK-UP DEVICES
ORDERING: WRITE OR 'PHONE /
PAYMENT BY CASH CHEQUES PAYABLE TO TRILOGIC / POSTAL ORDER OR ACCESS* EXPORT ADD £1.00 EXTRA/
*PAYMENT IN STERLING ONLY PLEASE

Free catalogue. send 18 p. stamp

Access

MAIL ORDER Dept Z
29 HOLME LANE BRADFORD BD4 0QA
CALLERS 329 TONG STREET
BRADFORD BD4 9QY Tel (0274) 684289

All prices include VAT & P&P

PLUG IN 80 COLUMNS

TRILOGIC have done the impossible! Converted RGBI into RGB. Your RGB TV/monitor becomes a 128 compatible RGBI monitor when you use an I-Con interface.

- ◆ 80 columns on your TV/monitor
- ◆ Converts RGBI into RGB
- ◆ Fully C128 compatible
- ◆ All 16 colours with most TV's
- ◆ Audio lead included
- ◆ 40/80 switch (where appropriate)
- ◆ Simply plug-in and switch-on
- ◆ Available for most RGB TV/monitors state TV model on order

THE I-CON ONLY £27.95!!

Please send equipment as ordered

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

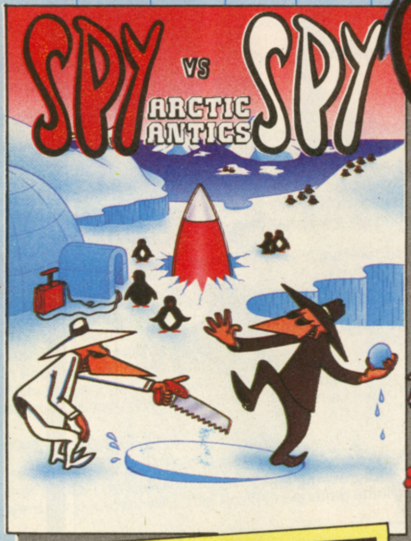
____

____

Complete this coupon with your name/address etc. and attach to your order and payment/cheque.

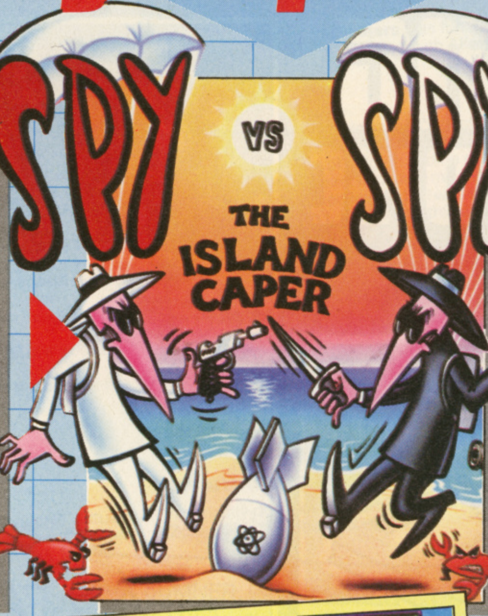
Post off to Trilogic. Dept Z 29 HOLME LANE BRADFORD BD4 0QA

Databyte presents


SPY VS SPY
ARCTIC ANTICS

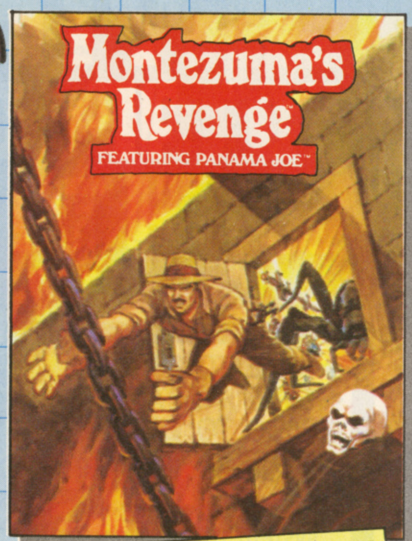
Full scrolling screens, Real Time Animation, Simulvision. And for the very first time in the Spy series, there is Interiors and Exteriors, where spies can enter igloos. Your toughest challenge yet.

Atari 400/800/XL/XE · Commodore 64/128
£9.95 cass · £14.95 disk


SPY VS SPY
THE ISLAND CAPER

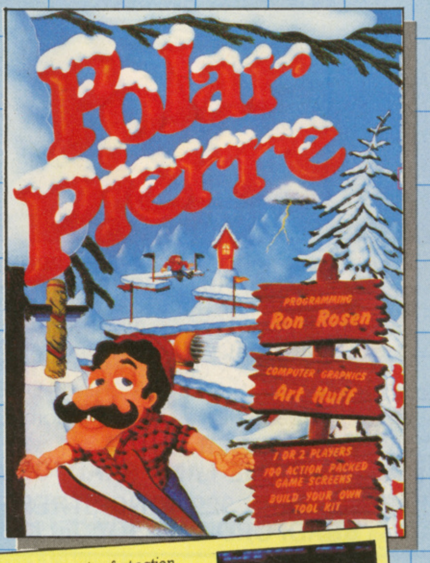
Blitz Game – You'll find it a real challenge – Computer and Video Games.

Atari 400/800/XL/XE · Amstrad · Spectrum · Commodore 64/128
£9.95 · £14.95 disk


Montezuma's Revenge
FEATURING PANAMA JOE™

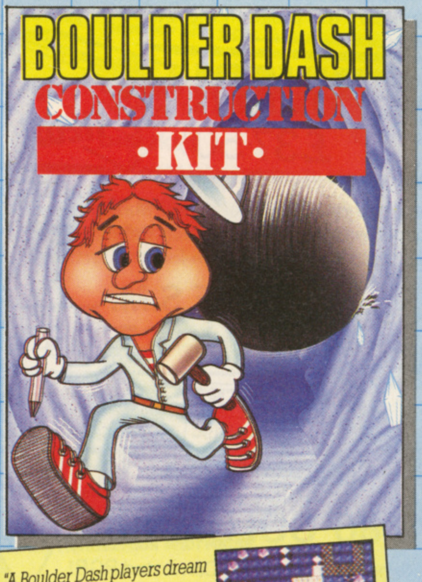
It's fast, it's totally playable, it is fun to play and boy it really zips along and keeps you on your toes – Computer and Video Games.

Atari 400/800/XL/XI · Commodore 64/128
£9.95 cass · £14.95 disk


Polar Pierre
PROGRAMMING
Ron Rosen
COMPUTER GRAPHICS
Art Huff
1 OR 2 PLAYERS
100 ACTION PACKED GAME SCREENS
BUILD YOUR OWN TOOL KIT

Polar Pierre is a fast action, arcade game with brilliant graphics – one or two players – includes a Construction Kit to design your own games.

Atari 400/800/XL/XE · Commodore 64/128
£9.95 cass · £14.95 disk


BOULDER DASH
CONSTRUCTION
·KIT·

"A Boulder Dash players dream come true" – Zzap 64

Atari 400/800/XL/XE · Commodore 64/128
£9.95 cass · £14.95 disk

ZZAP! 64
GOLD MEDAL AWARD

Available from all good computer stores or post free from:

Databyte, 15 Wolsey Mews, Kentish Town, London NW5 2DX. Telephone 01-482 1755

DATABYTE

Steve, Karen and Kenny peer over the bannisters at the CANVAS HQ — one of their regular haunts. . . .

ART FOR ART'S SAKE . . . MONEY FOR GOD'S SAKE?

When the original IMAGINE bubble burst back in the summer of '84 the company's employees became redundant overnight. From the ashes and confusion rose a phoenix, DENTON DESIGNS, a programmer's co-operative set up by Ally Noble, Steve Cain, Graham 'Kenny' Everitt, John Gibson and Karen Davies — essentially, the team which worked on IMAGINE's ill-fated 'mega-game'. The company produced a number of innovative games, including *Shadowfire* and *Frankie Goes to Hollywood*, and quickly earned a reputation for original, high quality software.

Early this year the jungle drums of the software industry beat out a rumour: the DENTON DESIGN team was breaking up. Apparently, the founder members had peeled away from the company to pursue their own interests. So what did happen to DENTONS? Julian Rignall travelled to Liverpool to find out what went on, and what's going on . . . original programs are getting a bit scarce nowadays — licences seem to have taken over.

The first port of call was the offices of DENTON DESIGNS, situated in the heart of Liverpool's equivalent to Harley Street. Although only one founder member remains, graphic artist Ally Noble, the new DENTONS is still very much a co-operative consisting of six people: Ally, John Heap, Andy Heap, Stewart Fotheringham, Dave Colclough and Colin Parrott. The company is alive and kicking. So what happened during the so-called split?

'The directors, Steve Cain, Karen Davies and John Gibson all wanted to go freelance', Ally Noble explains. 'They didn't really want to work with the company, but wanted to work for themselves. At the time it looked as though everyone was going to pack in and give up, but we decided not to'.

John Heap takes over the story, 'I think they were a little disillusioned with the amount of profit actually going into their pockets and they reckoned they could get twice their wages if they went freelance, which I think is true. After they left there were rumours saying that the DENTON DESIGNS team had split up, so we sent out lots of letters dispelling the rumours that DENTONS had died. We were back in business within a week.'

Which rather implies that the people who remained behind are less money orientated and, perhaps, see games designing more as a labour of love . . .

Ally points out their philosophy 'if we wanted more money we'd all go freelance and drive around in our Porsches.' John chips in: 'I think you really have to commit yourself, especially when you consider how much time you actually put into the game. When you weigh the effort against the money it's really just a pittance that we earn.'

DENTON DESIGNS is a name that has become associated with original material — a reputation the new team intends to build on as Ally explains: 'we see ourselves as people who are here to do our own stuff and not things like conversions.' John continues: 'when you're working on a game the idea for the next one starts forming in your head . . .' Ally agrees, 'yeah, and then it gets bounced around the office. The idea for *Bounces* came out of *Frankie*. I think the whole thing is a sort of progression.'

John is currently doing a lot of ▶

background reading into a game set in Ancient Egypt. 'We tend to do a lot of research into our games. You get more into it if you do.' Ally says, 'for the *Great Escape* I watched the Colditz series and went out and bought a load of military models.'

RACING A MINI

It's all very well coming up with brilliant game designs, but surely the sheer volume and complexity of ideas must be limited by the target machine's capabilities? Spectrum programmer John shrugs his shoulders, 'it's a bit like racing a Mini instead of a Porsche. You can only go so fast but you can become better at driving the Mini than you are at driving the Porsche. You can get just as much fun out of driving the Mini fast as you can driving the Porsche faster. . . .

'I'd like to do a 128K game,' he admits 'not just more screens, but I'd like to push it like you push a 48K Spectrum. It's the same processor and same machine it's just the graphics potential is much bigger — bigger sprites and map size. It's really sad at the end of a 48K game where you want to put in a few extra little tricks but you haven't got the memory.'

Ian, a Commodore programmer, joins in. 'With the C64 it's a case of finding new tricks you can do with the machine, but it is annoying to have to throw out ideas because you can't get the machine to do them.' Stewart Fotheringham, another Commodore specialist, agrees: 'the big problem with the 64 is the actual speed of the processor.'

John laughs. 'If you look at the Commodore you have sprites and all that and you think 'what am I going to do with them'. On the Spectrum you have none of those, so the actual thought about how the machine is to be used is much more diverse — you get things like *Knight Lore*. If the Spectrum had died a death and the Commodore was reigning supreme I don't think you'd ever get anything like *Knight Lore* games.'

John mentions *Knight Lore* with a certain amount of respect. Do the DENTON members pay attention to other games on the market? John: 'Not much really, we're not really games players. We're a bit insular really.' Ally takes over: 'we went to the PCW Show and there was nothing which really impressed us. Oh, the title screen on *Alleykat*, that was nice.'

In response to the question 'which DENTON game were you least pleased with?, Ally instantly retorts 'definitely *Transformers* . . . it's really a personal thing, we all like different products, but I think *Transformers* was an embarrassment'. 'We were a bit over a barrel and we had to do it.' John admits, 'There wasn't much you could do with the subject matter of the program . . . we did our best.' Nobody says anything about *Roland Rat*. . . .

So why don't the DENTON team launch a label in their own right to avoid *Transformers* type problems? Ally shakes her head . . .

Everyone who was in the CANVAS offices at the time crowded round Kenny's STAR TREK demo on the Atari ST ▶

'We don't know anything about marketing,' John says. It boils down to money: 'there's also a problem with cash flow — we wouldn't get any money for six months, and we'd have to pay people in the meantime. We may do something like that in the future with one game perhaps being financed by another company. We don't really know all the tricks and all the wheeling and dealings. I think we're all a bit naive really.' There may be room for compromise, as Ally explains: 'we wouldn't mind trying some joint publishing, where we put in the development and somebody else puts in the marketing skills and then split the profits half and half. I think we'd have to get a lot bigger, though. Small is good.'

FLYING SOLO

If small is good then John Gibson, programmer of *Gift to the Gods, Cosmic Wartoad* and *Frankie*, has gone one better. After splitting from DENTONS he pursued a solo career under contract to OCEAN.

'I'm mainly doing licenced programs now, he reveals. 'I'd like to do original programs, but OCEAN seem to be dead wary about releasing original games — you're guaranteed to sell a licenced product. If you want to do an original product it's got to be really convincing. I don't really like doing arcade conversions — they're nearly always pale imitations of the original — there hardly seems much point in doing them.'

John Gibson

He's just finished work on *Galivan* — so why *does* he do conversions if he sees so little point in them?

'When I started five years ago I did it because it was what I enjoyed. Now I tend to think more about the money than the art form. Mind you, that wouldn't stop me for working for less if the job made me more enthusiastic.'

Was the break from DENTONS a good move?

'Oh yes. I've got rid of the responsibilities of looking after other people. If anything goes wrong I know it's my fault. It's a bit lonely, especially when I've been working alone in my flat for a couple of days, but I do go down to DENTON and CANVAS for a bit of company. I suppose that's what I miss. When DENTONS started is was a very close-knit company. I was one of the founder members, and a Director. It was great when we started, and we had loads of ideas about being a software development house.

'At first it was like us versus the rest of the world, but after a while both Steve and I got disillusioned. There was too much turmoil in the office with too many meetings. All I wanted to do was write programs and I felt that I was getting too wound up by the difficulty of running a company. I did want more money, so when David Ward of OCEAN, after approaching me several times, made me an offer I couldn't refuse, I left.'

So money, or rather lack of it, seemed to be at the root of the DENTONS split. Was this the case with the rest of the original crew? It was time to travel eight miles up the Southport road to visit CANVAS, a regular haunt for the other three original Denton Designers. . . .

The new DENTON crew — after risking life and limb to get through a ruined church and pose against a mausoleum. . . .

ADDING COLOUR TO THE CANVAS . . .

Located above a large supermarket with a car park that is apparently the source of a significant proportion of Liverpool's crime figures, CANVAS is a new company set up by Steve Cain and ex-Argus Press Software programmer Roy Gibson. Recently they contracted 'Kenny' Everitt to develop the Atari ST version of *Star Trek* (for BEYOND) and Karen Davies, like CANVAS founder Steve Cain, regularly freelances for the company.

Steve explains the financial motives that lay behind the DENTONS split: 'The thing at DENTONS is that we couldn't, as individuals, earn enough money for ourselves. Looking back, at the time of the split, we really had no choice. DENTONS cost too much — it was a bit of a luxury and self-indulgent. I've been a lot happier since.

'Originally the idea was to wind the company up, but we handed it over and now it seems to be doing really well. We did some good stuff which I'm proud to have worked on, and they're doing good stuff now. Some of the guys they've got there now are brilliant — Colin Parrott is a genius. But I felt I just couldn't work with them any more.'

Kenny airs his view. 'At DENTONS **we were making X pounds. Now we're working for ourselves, we're making X times three. The theory with** DENTONS was that we'd take on a load of extra programmers and we'd make money out of those programmers. We'd get so much money from employing them we'd be able to pay the overheads, pay them and there would be a bit left over for us. In practice we were subsidising the extra programmers. Although we haven't got a public reputation now, the people that matter know who we are. As long as the publishers know who I am, I don't give a toss about the public.'

Karen Davies looks rather perturbed, and exclaims 'that's not a very nice thing to say . . . '

Unrepentant, Kenny continues . . . 'Yeah, but it'll never be like the pop industry. Jeff Minter's about the only exception, but then how many people bought *Colourspace*? It doesn't matter what you write, it's what sort of licence you get. Look at *Bounces* — that has eight frames of animation when the player falls over. Nobody noticed that — it was dead smooth cartoon animation and nobody noticed it. Nobody cared about the flicker-free animation. Things like that are so annoying.'

Turning to the function of CANVAS, Roy explains what the company aims to do. 'We are a commercial programming agency — we don't really intend to do our own stuff, not straight away at least. What we're about is doing conversions for other people. We just churn away. Perhaps next year we'll have enough money in the bank to allow us to take the chance and do something original. At the moment we find coin-ops the best thing to do — our artists can start work straight away and everybody else knows exactly what is expected of them.'

'At the moment, we don't have the reputation that DENTONS have. We've been talking to companies such as BRITISH TELECOM who have given us stuff to do like *Star Trek* — now that's a stepping stone for us.'

'Anonymity isn't a thing we're really bothered about, not this year. Why should we splash CANVAS all over a licenced conversion? An original program we're working on at the moment, *Wizard War*, will go out with our name on it. We might even publish it ourselves, we don't really know . . . we'll have to see how it goes.'

Kenny Everitt agrees. 'It's just like the early DENTONS stuff which went out with a miniscule credit on it. Any customer would have thought it was produced by David Ward.'

Were they pleased with *Frankie*? Steve replies 'it was nice being the programmer, but the hassles in doing it were tremendous, it practically broke DENTONS.' '*Frankie* was really original, different . . . ' Kenny adds, ' I'm not blowing *Frankie*'s trumpet especially, what I'm saying is that there is really nothing else like it'.

'The problem with doing your own thing is that it's all down to a matter of personal taste. I think *Bounces* is the best thing I've done. Gameplay wise it was far superior to *Frankie* or anything else around at the time. As a two player game it was brilliant, but it was a marketing failure. The Spectrum version of *Bounces* was a complete load of rubbish — the difference was about three months of playtesting.'

ROY GIBSON: 'Licence deals annoy me . . . '

STEVE CAIN: 'DENTONS cost too much — it was a bit of a luxury and cost too much'

Steve continues the story behind the DENTON days. 'We got into a bit of trouble over *Transformers* with OCEAN which we managed to do in the end — we were all under so much pressure. I designed it, so I take all the blame for it. It was the worse game DENTONS ever did, and it was the biggest seller. That tells you a lot about the computer industry doesn't it?'

Roy continues on the licence theme. 'Licence deals annoy me. We lose directly in proportion to the size of the licence. If you're on a royalties deal publishers screw you substantially. What they say is 'we've got a brilliant licence and are guaranteed 100,000 sales, therefore we'll pay you less royalties because you don't need them.' You ask for a lump sum and they say they haven't got enough money left over because the licence cost so much, so their priorities are 'pay for the licence, then worry about the programming' — so how can the game be any good?'

Steve doesn't totally agree . . . 'I think the only good licence I've seen recently is *Cobra*. The graphics are really bloody great, but the game hasn't got much to do with the film. *Frankie* was another one, a lot of thought went into that. The software industry could be generating brilliant characters and licensing them out to films and TV, but look what happens. We end up having to write a game about some crappy American TV series. It's the wrong way round.

'Licences *do* take money out of the industry which *should* be left in. I'd like to get out of games and move into the film industry using videos and computers and all that stuff. That's what I want to do oney had a lot to do with the DENTONS split. The individual programmers who came together to form the original DENTONS are still working within the industry, and we can expect some interesting products in the near future: it's just the motivation behind the programming effort that has changed — in some cases, quite radically.

But the split was an amicable one — at both DENTONS and CANVAS it was difficult to decline invitations to a Mega-Party scheduled for that evening which everyone from the original DENTON DESIGNS crew had been looking forward to.

Sadly, I had to make my excuses and leave. Shame really, everyone said it was a great party. . . .

ZZAP! COMP

WIN A £600 HOLIDAY FOR TWO

COURTESY OF INCENTIVE

FIRST PRIZE OF A HOT OR COLD HOLIDAY

10 runners up each get to choose an INCENTIVE game

PHEW!
BRRRRR

Ian Andrew, bossman at **INCENTIVE** has launched a brand-new adventure label by the name of **MEDALLION**. This new label is going to be used to release games written on *Graphic Adventure Creator*, the adventure-writing utility his company released a few months ago. The first two **MEDALLION** titles are on the starting blocks and should be in the shops everso soon — they're called *Winter Wonderland* and *Apache Gold*. One's set in a cold clime, and the other is set in a land where the sun beats down mercilessly. Now's your chance to collect a nifty holiday: hot or cold . . . Interested?

MEDALLION
ADVENTURE

YESIREE, I WANT A HOLIDAY . . JUST WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?

Oh, so you're interested are you. Right, seeing as **INCENTIVE** are well known for their adventures what Uncle Ian wants you to do is answer a little adventure puzzle that should get you thinking a bit laterally. And here it is:

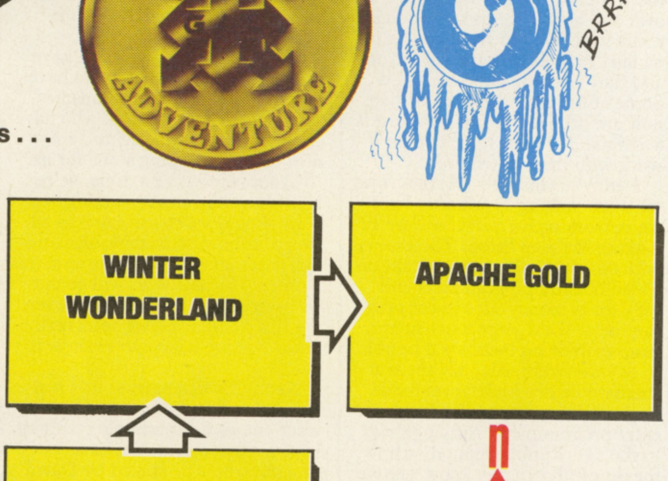
'You are sitting in front of your blank TV screen. You enter N to go North and find the temperature drops and you're in Winter Wonderland, *so to warm up a little you enter E to go East. Wow, you've found the gold — Apache Gold that is. Whoopee, riches beyond your dreams! Deciding to head back to your TV, you input the appropriate commands to return the way you came.'*

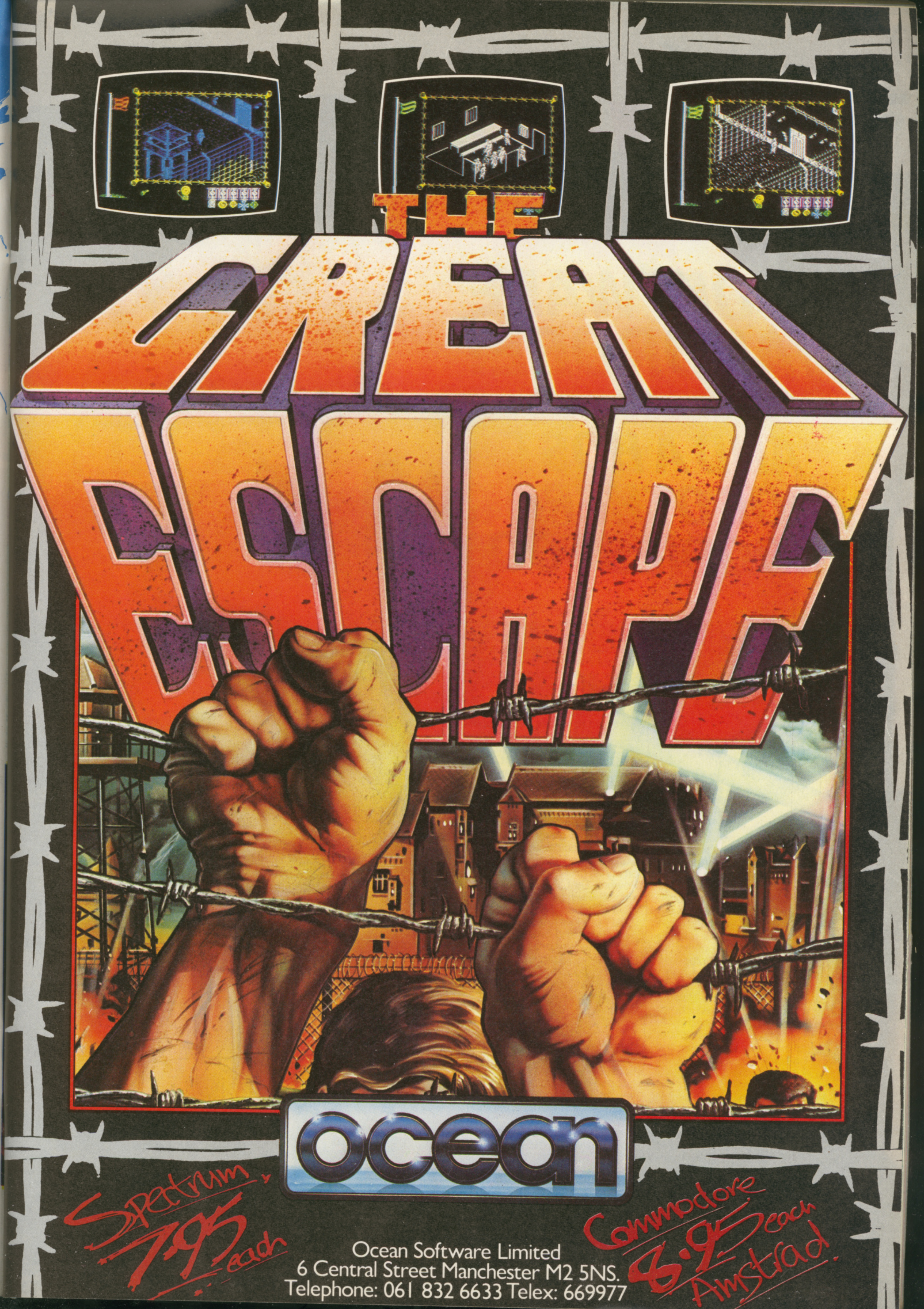
The £600 holiday question is . . .

WHAT'S ON TV THIS EVENING?

Confused? Don't be. Just think about it. Carefully. And no, the answer's not 'nothing' — if you though it was you're heading in totally the wrong direction! Anyway, when you think you've got the answer send it to **HOT AND COLD HOLS, ZZAP! TOWERS, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB** to arrive here before the 8th of January. The winner gets to choose £600 worth of holiday — fancy sunning yourself on a beach or would you prefer to go skiing. Hot or cold, it's the winner's choice . . .

Ten runners-up get to choose, too — not holidays but an **INCENTIVE** game from the following list: *Winter Wonderland, Apache Gold, Moon Cresta, Splat* and *Confuzion.*




THE
GREAT
ESCAPE
ocean
Spectrum 7.95 each
Commodore 8.95 each Amstrad

Ocean Software Limited
6 Central Street Manchester M2 5NS.
Telephone: 061 832 6633 Telex: 669977

WIN A SOFTWARE WARDROBE!

AND A HOST OF OTHER GOODIES TOO

It's a hard life being a Competition Minion. Apart from trudging up and down the stairs in ZZAP! Towers carrying sacks full of your mail and then opening all your competition entries and choosing winners, I'm at the beck and call of the Spiky Haired Ones, day in, day out.

I have to run down to the sarnie shop and fetch them supplies of grub every time they get the tiniest bit hungry. I'm sent off to the launderette to wash their nasty, dirty clothes for them at lunchtime while they put their feet up in the office and drink tea — and that means lugging great dirty sacks of washing up and down Ludlow's longest, steepest hill. Every evening I have to sweep every floor in the Towers, wash up all the dirty coffee mugs and empty all the wastepaper bins.

Now The Powers That Be have opened another office on the other side of Ludlow I'm forever running across town from one building to another with 'important' pieces of paper, like notes to Auntie Aggie asking for three empty Jiffybags or a 'Skyhook' or something. Half the time, when I get there and ask for what I've been told to go and fetch, all Aggie does is collapse in a fit of giggles, say she's run out and send be back for a jar of elbow grease or something else totally obscure. It's not fair I tell you.

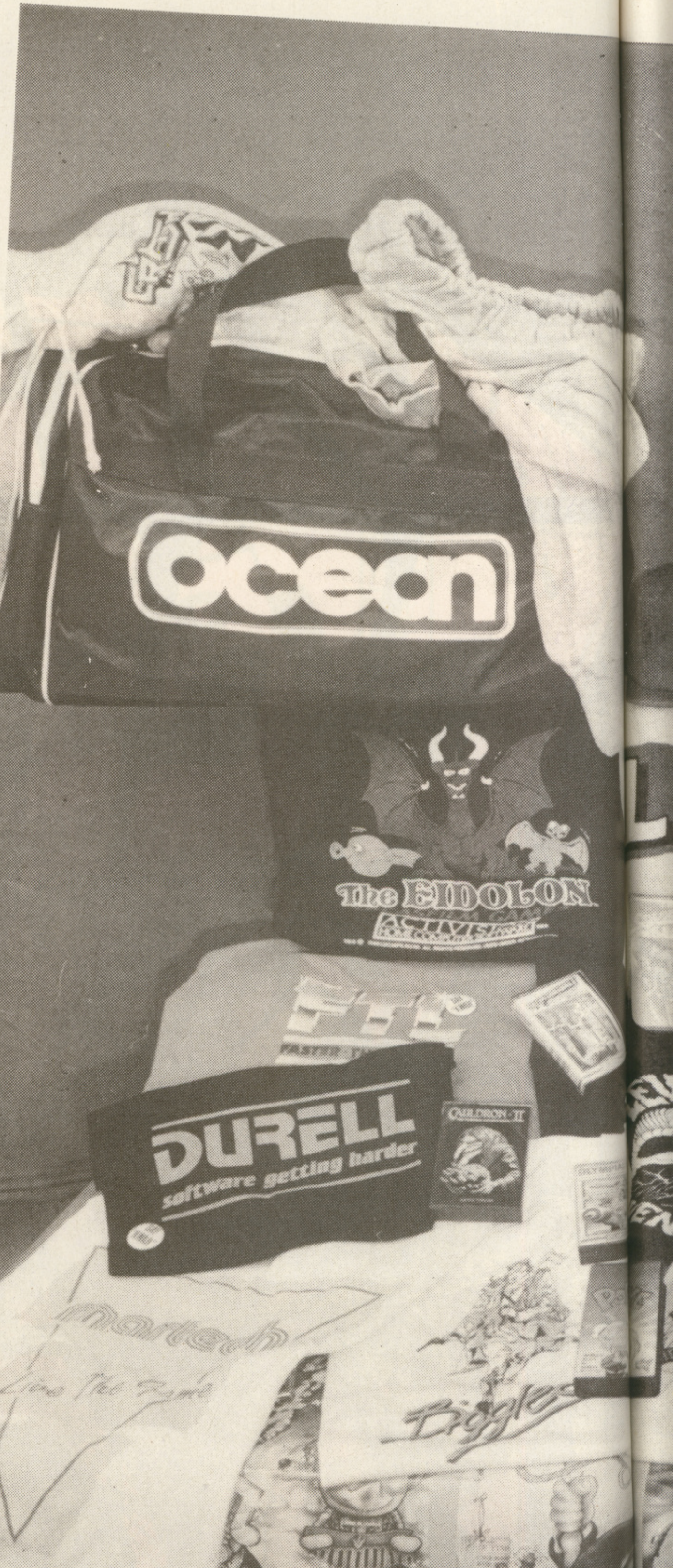
Mummy Minion has a terrible time keeping my clothes clean and smart for worktime. Every day I come home drenched in sweat from all my exertions and covered in grime, sarnie crumbs, ink that's rubbed off from your letters, coffee grounds and dust. I've only got a couple of changes of clothing, so Mummy Minion is up to her elbows in soapy water nearly every evening.

Which is what gave me the inspiration for this competition. I thought it'd be a great idea if some lucky readers could have a massive collection of trendy clothing to wear in 1987, so I set about asking lots of software houses to give a T-Shirt or two to my prize fund. Lots of them have, and in fact I've managed to amass a large collection of garments. So the winners of my personal Christmas Competition will have a T-Shirt, Sweatshirt or some other garment to wear for virtually every day of the month! And there are a few other goodies in the prize package as well, like mugs, hats, posters, scarves and games — and there are a few calculators, calculator watches, and even a sports bag on my list of seasonal goodies. The Powers That Be at NEWSFIELD also agreed to chip in — three ZZAP! subscriptions and three ZZAP! binders are on offer, as well as T-Shirts and Sweatshirts . . .

Three sets of prizes are on offer. One 'Large' person, one 'Medium' person and one 'Small' person is going to collect a Minion's Goodiebag as a result of this competition.

To keep you puzzling over Christmas, I've devised a special, giant-sized wordsquare that contains the names of lots of software houses — most of whom have popped a product of two of theirs into my monster collection of prize material. Just to make things that tiny bit difficult, I'm not going to give you a list of the names you've got to find — so get to it.

Ring round all the company names you can find in the wordsquare, fill in the coupon and send your entry direct to me in THE BROOMCUPBOARD, ZZAP! TOWERS, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE, SY8 1DB so that it arrives before 20th January 1987.



WHO NEEDS THE NEW YEAR SALES WITH ALL THAT LOT ON OFFER — ME! (I'M TOO SMALL...

ZZAP! 64
MONTHLY REVIEW FOR COMMODORE SOFTWARE
LM
CRASH
ROLLIN'
THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW
LEVEL 9
ADVENTURE WIZARD
Fins are looking up
bubble bus software
LORDS & SORCERY
SOFTWARE PROJECTS

DESERT IS

It isn't much fun being a programmer, spending a huge proportion of your life hunched up over a computer, slaving away over a hot assembler writing a game that ZZAP!'s probably going to slag anyway. It's terrible. So, to give them a bit of a break from the hard grind of coding we asked eleven of the country's finest coders what they would take with them to a Desert Island, if by some strange misfortune they were going to be stranded on one. Each programmer is allowed to take five games (Commodore 64, monitor and disk drive are provided), a utility, a book, a joystick and one luxury item.

STAVROS FASOULAS

Stavros is such a raucous womanizer it's surprising he has any time to program at all. This slick guy wrote the ever popular *Sanxion* and is currently spending his time finishing off *Delta* for **Thalamus**.

GAMES

Dropzone: 'It is such a fast good shoot em up.'
Paradroid: 'I used to like it — it's the most enjoyable game I've ever played and I don't get nervous with it.'
Bounder: 'It gets me so crazy.'
Revenge of the Mutant Camels: 'I could complete it and it was one of the first 64 games I saw. I like the music very much'
Forbidden Forest: 'A brilliant soundtrack, great graphics, not much of a game itself though.'

UTILITY

Micromon: 'It's all I can use.'

BOOK

Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe: 'It would be something to read.'

JOYSTICK

'I would like a **Wico Red Ball**, I couldn't play *Dropzone* with it.'

LUXURY ITEM

'Eight really big eight channel Dolby speakers blasting wewy loud Heawy Metal music all over the island.'

STANLEY SCHEMBRI

His name is Stan. He is the man, who was delighted, to write *Cauldron II* and *Antiriad*. (Well, it nearly rhymes). Stan is Palace Software's sick person.

GAMES

Elite: 'It's just so wonderful.'
Paradroid: 'It's fun, I suppose.'
International Karate: 'It pisses all over *Fist*.'
Super Cycle: 'I ride a bike and it's the best home computer simulation of the real thing.'
Leather Goddesses of Phobos: 'Infocom appeal to my lewd sense of humour.'

UTILITY

Epyx Fastload: 'I use an Epyx Fastload all the time.'

BOOK

A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens: 'I love Charles Dickens. I was born near him, you know.'

JOYSTICK

Tac II: 'It's all I've got!'

LUXURY ITEM

Compact Disc Player and lots of Compact Discs: 'It satisfies my desire for quality.'

MARTIN GALWAY

Martin Galway, slides better than an old dear on ice in winter. Wrote lots of great music and is no doubt going to write a lot more.

GAMES

Thing on a Spring: 'It was the first time I heard music better — no — as good as mine. First time I heard that I thought 'there's someone out there who's bet . . . as good as me.' I thought I was the best, you see.'
Parallax: 'It's a decent game and I like the animation on the man. Well, it's crap but . . . (mumble mumble).'
Terra Cresta: 'It's got the most objects on screen I've ever seen ever (ever ever ever).'
Kong Strikes Back: 'It's such a simple game for a simple me.'
Mikie: 'There's a really nice title sequence and that was the most memory I've ever had for a piece of music.'

UTILITY

The Ocean Development System: 'It's 18 times better than the best of the rest.'

BOOK

The Dungeon Masters Guide: 'I want to know how to play God properly.'

JOYSTICK

Quickshot III: 'It clicks louder than any joystick I've ever heard ever.'

LUXURY ITEM

'MY portable compact disc NOT midi hi-fi system. It's better than Steve Wahid's.'

ORLANDO

A BBC man by birth but a 64 coder by conversion. Orlando is currently writing *Firetrack* for **Electric Dreams**.

GAMES

NEXUS: 'Five copies of the TAPE version so I could build a raft out of the boxes.'

UTILITY

'A dishwasher.'

BOOK

London Telephone Directory (Volumes 1-4): 'I could use the pages to make a sail or blow my nose on.'

JOYSTICK

A Euromax Joyball: 'With BOMB written on it in crayon. I'd scare the natives with it.'

LUXURY ITEM

'The QE2.'

TONY CROWTHER

Tony originally become famous with *Son of Suicide Loco Express Potty Mole Two*. He then wrote *Trap* and *Kettle*. *Moebius Strip* is his next project.

GAMES

Boulderdash: 'Cos I like it.'
Mercenary: 'Cos I like it.'
Encounter: 'Cos I like it.'
Moebius Strip: 'I like it cos it's my next game.'
Crystal Castles (The Hackers Version): 'Cos I like . . . it's addictive.'

UTILITY

'A cross assembler for an Amiga, 'cos it would be brill.'

BOOK

The Commodore PRG: 'It's a bible.'

JOYSTICK

A Toshiba: 'Ullo John, I've got a Toshiba: they wobble well.'

LUXURY ITEM

An Amiga: 'If I've got the cross assembler I'll need an Amiga.'

JEFF MINTER

So Jeffrey does some colourspace occasionally. He can handle it. Doesn't mean he's hooked. He's in control — isn't he?

GAMES

Iridis Alpha: 'It's a good blast and I like a good blast.'
Thrust: 'I like a good thrust.'
Mama Llama: 'One of the most difficult games I've ever done, one game I'd never finish, so I'd enjoy that.'
Guardian: 'I do like Defender.'

]

LAND 5¼'s

Commodore Colourspace: 'I'm into all things Psychedlic.'

UTILITY

Laser Genius: 'It's the best assembler that money can buy.'

BOOK

The Fractal Nature of Geometry by Benoit B Mandelbrot: 'I could experiment with fractals.'

JOYSTICK

Euromax Competition Pro: 'I want something to last.'

LUXURY ITEM

'A Llama, definitely a Llama. Darling The Female Llama, so I could just say 'come 'ere darling' and I'd get a lot of pleasure out of it.'

ARCHER MACLEAN

Though he's only ever written two games — *Dropzone* and *International Karate* — he's got an ego of a man whose written at least a hundred times that amount.

GAMES

Paradroid: 'I just really like it. It's a straightforward game which puts you in a surreal situation with a real feeling of being there.'
Mercenary: 'A damn good game.'
Boulderdash: 'Great fun solving the problems.'
Any Infocom Adventure: 'They talk back to you.'
International Karate: 'Why not?'

UTILITY

'I don't use a utility on 64, everything I do is on the Atari. I do use a disk editor a hell of a lot though.'

BOOK

'A **Tom and Jerry Annual**. I mean, what's life without Tom and Jerry? That, or **Principles of Interactive Computer Graphics (Second Edition) by Robert Sproull and William Newman**. It's a graphics bible.'

JOYSTICK

Atari joystick: 'It's got a tactile feedback.'

LUXURY ITEM

'Hmm . . . A toss up with Linda Luscardi, a telephone, a pair of sunglasses or a drinks machine . . . '

ANDREW BRAYBROOK

Author of *Gribbly's Day Out*, *Paradroid* and *Uridium* and owner of a Fiat X-19 — 'No it's not crap, I had it totally stripped and resprayed.'

GAMES

Dropzone: 'I can't play it.'
Gyruss: 'I can play it.'
Sheep in Space: 'I love the way all the little meanies beetle backwards and forwards with their own little task.'
Pastfinder: 'There's a lot of depth to it, considering . . . well, everything really. Very professionally done.'
Impossible Mission: 'Because it isn't — but it is challenging and I can just about do it. If my disk version didn't have bugs in it, it would be brilliant.'

UTILITY

'The Commodore Macro Assembler.'

BOOK

Roger Dean's Views: 'He's an awfully good artist.'

JOYSTICK

'I've got two **Euromax Arcades** and haven't broken one yet, so that's what I'd take.'

LUXURY ITEM

'Clare Hirsch. Definitely.'

CHRIS BUTLER

Chris is currently converting *Space Harrier* (snigger snort) for **Elite** and is a real swinger on the Sheffield Night Clubbing scene.

GAMES

Z: 'It's a combination of all my favourite arcade games rolled into one.'
Guardian: 'It's almost identical to the original.'
Elite: 'The graphics are good and there's so much depth to the game.'
Mercenary: 'For much the same reasons as *Elite*.'
Space Harrier: 'I don't want to get in trouble with my bosses.'

UTILITY

'A graphics utility as written by me. Or a fastload, fastloads are always handy.'

BOOK

CBM64 ROM Disassembly: 'It's my favourite book. I can read it from cover to cover. That or my health food book — **The Food Scandal**.

JOYSTICK

'One I saw in a catalogue recently, I can't remember its name but it had a huge great big red ball on it, patterns down the side and four great suckers. I'd want something that feels good in my hand.'

LUXURY ITEM

'A bar of Imperial Leather soap.'

JOHN TWIDDY

Though his second name is a wee bit silly I wouldn't take the pee out of it if I was you. John is built like a brick lavatory. John converted *Tau Ceti* for CRL and currently converting *Ikari Warriors* for Elite.

GAMES

Boulderdash: 'I don't know why. I played it a hell of a lot — it's a particularly simple game but it's bloody addictive.'
Encounter: 'Technically very fast and I admire it for that.'
Frak!: 'I don't know why I liked it — I just did. I found it enjoyable to play. I kept playing because I was told that later levels go upside down, but they never did. I could find out if it really does.'
Fort Apocalypse: 'I played it continually for three or four days, hardly going to bed.'
Jumpman: 'The first game I got for my 64. An old tape version, very slow load, but I thought it was great at the time. I saw it on the shelf next to a 64 so I bought them both.'

UTILITY

Laser Genius: 'The best thing since sliced bread.'

BOOK

The Commodore PRG: 'I can't remember locations and I don't like reading a book twice.'

JOYSTICK

Quickshot I: 'Simply because it's the best joystick I've ever had. I had it for two years, then it died and I never managed to replace it with anything decent.'

LUXURY ITEM

'My car with an unlimited supply of fuel. So I can run over anyone or anything that annoys me, like Stavros' speakers.'

ROB HUBBARD

The industry equivalent of Klaus Wunderlich. Rob's first big break came when he was asked to write the music for *Razzmatazz*. Fortunately it was never released, so he went on to write other great things instead, including the briliant *Knucklebusters* music.

GAMES

Sanxion: 'I did the loading music.'
Delta: 'I'm doing the loading music.'
Parallax: 'It's got a brilliant bit of Martin Galway music on it . . . oh yeah, it's a good game as well.'
Thing on a Spring: 'It's one of the few games I spent quite a time playing. Nothing to do with the music, I'd probably turn that off.'
The Fabulous Wanda: 'It's like, a really old game with no end to it. It's written in basic so you can rewrite it every time you play. It has to be about the best game ever on the 64. Better than *Razzmatazz*.'

UTILITY

Tony Trowther's Music Editor: 'It's the only chance I'd ever get to have a look at it.'

BOOK

'If I was on a Desert Island I'd take the biggest bas . . . book I could find except the yellow pages and the dictionaries. It'd be useful for hitting Bazza with if ever he turned up.'

JOYSTICK

'The best one I could find, not the one I've got because it's crap. I'd take Gary Liddon's joystick, cos he probably doesn't need it anymore.'

LUXURY ITEM

'An £80000 house fully fitted with a recording studio and a large selection of synthesisers and samplers. It must a have a small room with a ZX81 and wall to wall women who have no objection to ora . . . '

GREMLIN

ALWAYS AHEAD O

FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR
INJURED
join Rovers for Record
BANKS
SALE
DEBUT
English International striker KENNY MORGAN could be out of action for the rest of the month because of a leg injury.

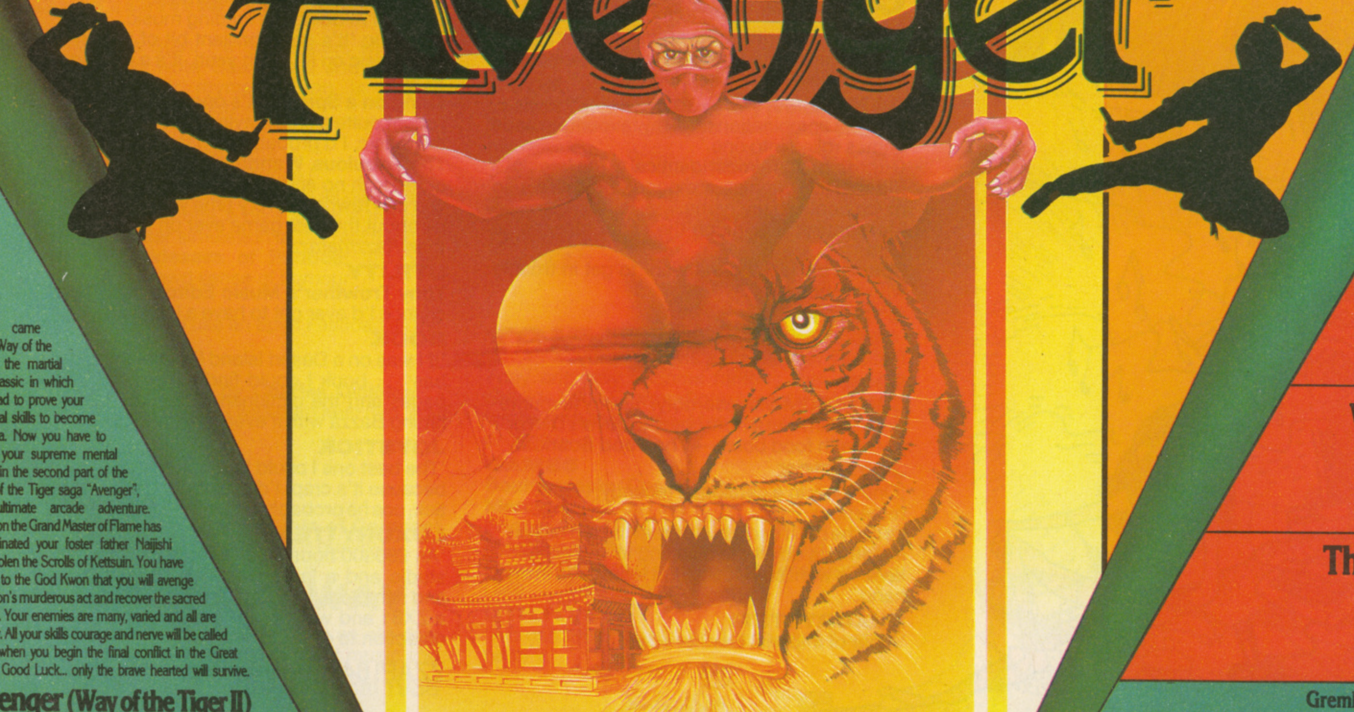
Footballer of the Year

The game to answer every boyhood dream – the chance to make it to the very top of football stardom. Starting on your path to glory as a 17 year old apprentice with a Fourth Division team and only £500 and 10 goal scoring cards in your pockets, the footballing world is at your feet. Adopt the identity of a professional footballer and develop a career through the ups and downs of match days, transfer deals and injuries etc. Display your talents in Football League, U.E.F.A., F.A. and Milk Cup games and then if you're good enough the ultimate accolade of your sport, the Footballer of the Year Award.

Footballer of the Year
C16 + 4 MSX Spectrum 4
£6.95 £7.95
Amstrad, BBC/Electron
Atari CBM 64/128
£9.95

Avenger
C16 +4 CBM 64/1
MSX Spectrum 4
Amstrad
£9.9

Fu
£
An
C
£1



First came "The Way of the Tiger" the martial arts classic in which you had to prove your physical skills to become a Ninja. Now you have to prove your supreme mental agility in the second part of the Way of the Tiger saga "Avenger", the ultimate arcade adventure. Yaemon the Grand Master of Flame has assassinated your foster father Naijishi and stolen the Scrolls of Kettsuin. You have sworn to the God Kwon that you will avenge Yaemon's murderous act and recover the sacred scrolls. Your enemies are many, varied and all are deadly. All your skills courage and nerve will be called upon when you begin the final conflict in the Great Keep. Good Luck... only the brave hearted will survive.

Avenger (Way of the Tiger II)

Bo nd
C +4
£6 .9
Availab Nov

Way of the
C +4
£9 .9
Availab Nov

Thing a S
C +4
£ .9
Availa Dec

Gremlin Graph Soft
Alpha House, 10 Carver Str Shef

Available November

GREMLIN

AD OF THEIR TIME

ar
um 48K
95
ron
8

r
64/128
um 48K
d
95

Future Knight
C16 + 4
£6.95

Trailblazer
MSX Spectrum 48K
£7.95

CBM 64/128
Amstrad
£9.95

Disk
Amstrad Disk
CBM 64/128
Disk
£14.95

FUTURE KNIGHT

Future Knight

Arise Sir Randolph to take up the challenge of death that has befallen the fair maid Amelia, held in the evil clutches of Spebott the Terrible. Acting upon an inter-dimensional distress signal from the galactic cruiser SS Rustbucket, don your Omnihott Mark IV attack suit and venture forth in pursuit of your beloved's captors. Defend yourself nobly against the Berzerka Security droids. Fight your way through 20 gruelling levels onto the planet's surface into Spebott's castle where the fate of Amelia lies with the outcome of your mortal combat with the awesome Henchodroid. Is there any gallantry and bravery left in this modern day universe?

Available November

TRAILBLAZER

Thunder into the unknown at a breakneck speed, pushing your reflexes to their limits in this definitely exhilarating journey that's not one for the fainthearted. Roll left, roll right avoiding the endless chasms of doom that lay in and around the squares of mystery. Squares that will sometimes slow your progress, on occasion with fatal consequences and sometimes speed up unexpectedly or make you jump automatically. Keep a keen eye on the clock as the quicker you complete your task the higher will be your bonus. CBM 64 version is an amazing 2 player simultaneous game. Amstrad Disc version contains extra features.

Trailblazer

Bouder
C164
£695
ailabl ovember

y ofhe Tiger
C164
£995
ailabl ovember

g on Spring
C164
£695
ailabl ecember

aphics oftware Ltd.,
Street heffield S1 4FS. Tel: (0742) 753423

Available November

The Main Margin Man of the cultured cult takes a whirlwind tour through the galaxy of the past year's software

ROCKFORD'S ROUND UP

They've paid me more this year, last it was only eight months long, but 1986 has enjoyed a full twelve of the things. A month for each year a ZZAP! reviewer has lived — ah well, the breach with Jeff Minter was healed and he turned into a Samuel Pepys for us. Such is the price of fame. This past year, like any other really, has been an exciting one on the software side, exhibiting a strong continuation of the licensing and tie-in syndrome, but still providing us with some tremendously original and polished games. Hang onto your ZZAP! Caps, here we go . . .

Our January issue was. of course, the Christmas Special as well, and kicked off with Oliver Frey's jolly cover starring no lesser a person than my esteemed self. There were one or two other uninvited guests present besides myself, like LCP Adam (proving that the first recorded electronicide was all hot air), that rusty old Thingy Spring, and Messrs Penn and Rignall peering patronisingly through the window.

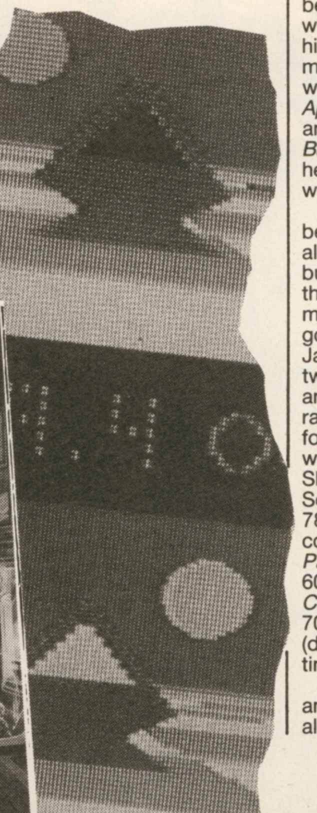
JANUARY

But the season of goodwill contained the seeds of some wintry discontent too. **Lucasfilm** had their second and third games reviewed — *Koronis Rift* and *Ballblazer*, both sizzling at 96% and 98% respectively. They sparked a controversy which only hotted up when *The Eidolon* was released a month later: many readers found the games boring, and thought they detected connivance between ZZAP! and Lucasfilm. Complete twaddle of course or my name's Luke Skywalker.

Ballblazer introduced us to a new form of future footy with proto-technical terms like **bumpfield, pushfield, plasmorb** and the super **roto-snapping** — the kind of thing you do to Thing. It also contained the best-ever computer opponent, thought Gary Liddon — one evidently not shared by a lot of Zzappers.

After the success of their *Nodes of Yesod*, it might have been expected that **Odin** would come up with something interesting for their second game, and they did. *Robin of the Wood sizzled in at 92%, proving that a Sabrewulf* look-alike could be exciting and original in gameplay — more than could be said for what **Ultimate** were doing; they seemed to be sliding down a long slippery slope.

The once-great gamemasters were hardly helped by **Firebird**'s dreadful 64 conversion of the notable Spectrum smash, *Underwurlde*. It hardly looked like a conversion and the weak sound and awful music added nothing. But Ultimate themselves hit a low with their own release of *Imhotep*. Trying to catch everyone out, the name suggested another in the Arthur Pendragon series, but this was a peculiar space shoot em up which, according to Gary Liddon, played 'like a brick'.



ZZAP! 64
CHRISTMAS SPECIAL
COMMODORE
No 9 1985/1986 £1.25
£6,000 OF COMPETITION PRIZES!!
GIANT POSTER
8 exciting pages big, printed both sides!

Other hits of the month fell more to adventure and strategy, with ol' Whitey raving about **Infocom**'s belated 64 version of *Suspect* where the venerable wizard found himself dressed as a cowboy at a murderous fancy dress ball. Sean was raving over *The Temple of Apshai Trilogy* from **Epyx** (90%), and waxing his moustaches over *Battle Of Britain* from **PSS**, which he felt approached excellence and worthy of 84%.

Much of the year to come was to be dominated by sequels, personality or product tie-ins, and by budget games. Never before had there been so much value for money available, but amid the goodies lay much dross. In January **Mastertronic** hit us with two **MAD** releases, *The Last V8* and *Hero of the Golden Talisman*, rather proving the point, for the former was a dross-out (37%), while the latter (programmed by Shropshire-local lad Shaun Southern) managed a respectable 78%. **Firebird** ran a smoother course this month, with *Willow Pattern* looking a bit average at 60%, the Filmation feel-alike *Chimera* doing rather better at 70% and TV tie-in *Thunderbirds* (disappointing for its potential) hitting 72%.

For the following month, tie-ins and arcade clones seemed to be all the rage . . .

FEBRUARY

YOUR SCORE 89698
JUMP 28

THE ART GALLER

Power to the People's artists on Compunet!

Sitting innocently at record number 1700 on the Compunet system is a section much used and loved by a majority of CNET subscribers. Run by Crowther (ARC86). The Art …n area specially set aside for …s of talent to …ally peo- …ferent

Program format allows masters of the pixelled medium to UPLD pieces created on various art packages. Usually in multi-coloured bit map mode, quite a lot of the entries in this directory are easily of professional quality.

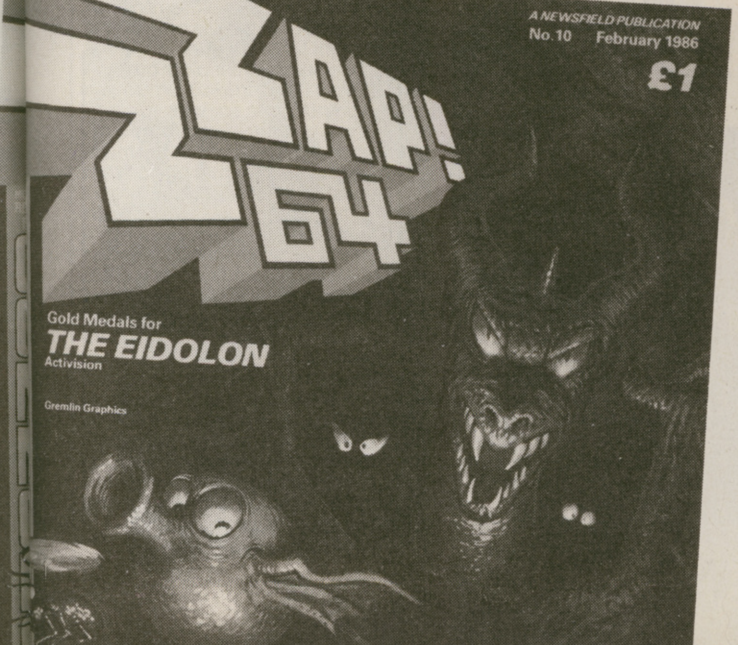
For frames par excellence there is the Hall of Fame containing, in order of author, the most impressive and aesthetic UPLDs to appear on the net. One …of electronic artists is …4), an 18 year old … has received …t noted of

Did I say tie-ins and clones? Here's the list (no italics, we'll come to that in a mo. Rambo, Commando, Gyroscope, Zorro, Blade Runner and Space Pilot II.

But wait! I hear you cry. What about the most famous of all — yes folks, *Friday the 13th*. You thought I'd forgotten it — so did **Domark**, and perhaps that's just about the best thing to do. It was a complete and antiquated disaster movie. There was no doubt as to the rating, it had to be 13%. Still, Domark could take some consolation from the fact that a new software house, **Reelax** had two real turkeys in *Gertie Goose* (14%) and *One Bite Too Deep* which scored only 9%. Not only were they ghastly, they proved to be Reelax's first and last bites. After seeing the ZZAP! ratings, Reelax rang up to say we had murdered them — Jason rules OK.

The other tie-ins fared better, but not by so much either. **Ocean**'s *Rambo* (66%) and **Elite**'s *Commando* (77%) were very similar in appearance and action. As shoot em ups the skill factors were a bit messed up in each case, spoiling what may otherwise have been slightly better games. There was the celebrated fuss, too, over **Alligata**'s intended release of *Who Dares Wins*, which Elite claimed infringed their *Commando* copyright. The matter went to a court injunction, forcing Alligata to withdraw and redesign their game — it came out as *Who Dares Wins II* sometime before Christmas — the first ever sequel without a prequel.

US Gold/Datasoft fared slightly better at 78% with *Zorro*. Not many game players had seen the original films or late Fifties TV shows, so the tie-in factor was lessened. *Zorro* proved to be an adequate platform-cum-arcade adventure game, but too simple to be really addictive.



Space Pilot II (30%) was not only a follow up to **Anirog**'s earlier *Space Pilot*, but a thinly disguised 'Time Pilot 84' clone, and a bitterly disappointing one at that. Anirog, one of the earliest of software houses, was on the slide, and this year has seen them disappear from games producing altogether.

But perhaps the worst of the tie-ins was **CRL**'s *Blade Runner*, based not on the film, but on the music. A curious conception, and a failure — the game was slow, uninteresting, unplayable, but worse still, the music was unlistenable to.

Melbourne House came out with *Gyroscope*, a 'Marble Madness' clone, but that, too, failed to convince anyone. At 40% it was, ultimately, a disappointer.

Like Melbourne House, **Ultimate** made another bid to recover their position with *Outlaws*, an arcade style game which boasted nice horsey animation but did little else than promote a faint hysteria. Julian thought it an improvement over *Imhotep* but the game still only managed 35%.

So much for the February dross: we also had two Gold Medals in **Gremlin Graphics**'s amusing, addictive and highly original *Bounder* — the game that turned you into a tennis ball. It was old-fashioned in the sense that it provided just the right combination of skill and frustration to make it great. The other GM (and the very jolly cover) went to **Lucasfilm** for *The Eidolon*, another highly original concept, that sent you within the mind to encounter dreadful dragons. The Fractal graphics were even better than before, but *The Eidolon* added fuel to the fire that ZZAP! were in cahoots with Lucasfilm and Activision (who marketed the games in Britain). Taken together with part one of a long interview with Lucasfilm personnel in LA, it seemed conclusive evidence to support the case. Dork-talk of course, otherwise my name's Han Solo.

The month's Sizzlers were **Us Gold**'s *Fight Night* — really ratings to support the extensive preview in issue 8. This amusing boxing game with its great comic-style animations got 93% and was pipped at the post by **Firebird**'s motor racing simulation, *Revs*. Everyone liked its qualities so much, it got 96%, it might have even glinted gold but for one important drawback — one that sparked off another silly controversy: the review clearly stated it had to be played with analogue joysticks, but many readers (and some dealers) stubbornly insisted we left that vital detail out. Some people just can't read.

In conjunction with Sydney Developments, who brought us *Dambusters*, **US Gold** had another respectable hit with *Desert Fox* (87%), a well designed WWII tank and plane game with strategy overtones.

For the White Wizard there was the estimable **Infocom** *Wishbringer* — a beginner's game, but most especially **Level 9**'s concluding part to the 'Silicon Dream Trilogy', *Worm in Paradise*. Paradise was probably just around the corner — could it be March?

'ART, FOUL MOUTHED DROSS - REVIEWS - EGOS - HAIRDOS - IDIOCY - WHAT A LOLLYPOP MAG I WORK FOR'

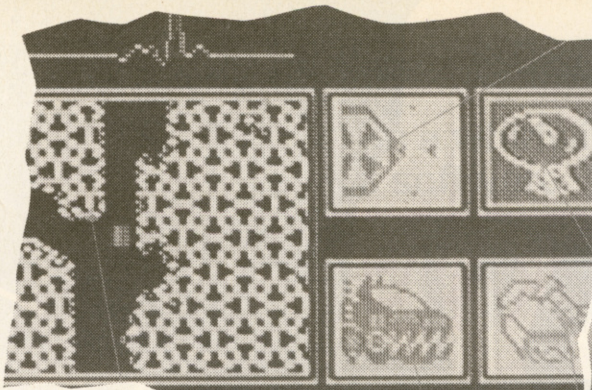
▶

'Time marches on' — gerroff Thing, that kind of literary purple prose is naffo — what March meant was five Sizzlers and a Gold Medal. *Mercenary* should have received its accolade for being the longest-awaited game since Ocean's *Street Hawk* and *Knight Rider*. Unlike the latter (and we'll probably never see the former), **Novagen**'s 3D thinking man's arcade game was a masterpiece. With its stunningly fast vector graphics and original and convoluted plot, it raised a storm of enthusiasm. JR got so excited he said the 'depth of the game is incredible' twice, just to make sure we got the point. Incredible.

Hardball was cleverly timed to come out at the close of Channel 4's American baseball coverage. **US Gold** are usually quite clever at such things (until their yet to be perpetrated *World Cup Carnival* fiasco). With cunning use of close up shots and distant field shots, the 3D effect of this simulation was exhilarating enough to earn the game 93%.

But Andrew Braybrook's *Uridium* managed a point more for **Hewsons**. *Uridium* boasted stunningly slick graphics which probably seduced the ZZAP! team into over-rating it a touch as it lacked the depth of *Paradroid*.

Down-page reviews for March indicated that **Quicksilva** (a bit quiet previously) had not found their earlier form as a software house. The *Beach-Head* clone, *Deathwake* (66%) failed to impress as anything other than average with its out-dated graphics and limited gameplay; while *Yabba Dabba Do*, the 'Flintstones' cartoon tie-in was a bit of a let down in gameplay at 60%.



MARCH...

URIDIUM
TIMER
0:02:96

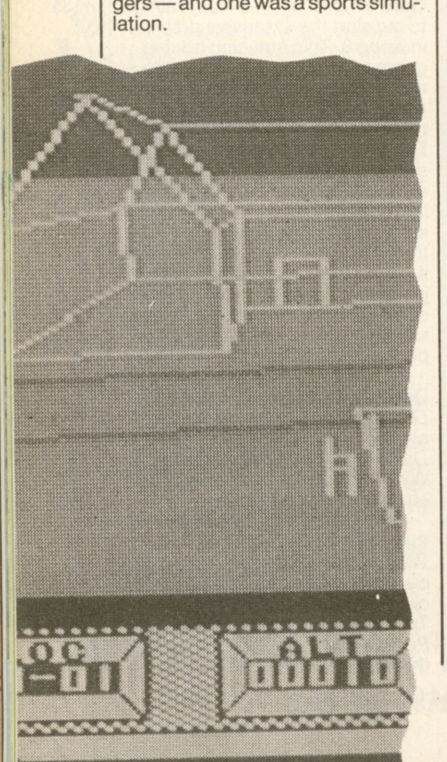
Among the Sizzlers was a follow-up to Odin's *Arc of Yesod* by **Thor**. *Arc of Yesod* was very similar to its predecessor and would have sparked off another injunction debate, had not Thor and Odin been one and the same company simply trying to confuse everyone. Despite plagiarising their own product *Arc* scored on its own merits, getting 91%.

Of the other Sizzlers, one was an adventure — *Borrowed Time* from **Activision** where private dickhead Sam Harlow attempts to stay free of New York gangsters amid beautiful graphics — one was a strategy game for Sean — *Germany 1985* from **US Gold/SSI**, an appocalypse now scenario subtitled 'When superpowers collide', one for the real hard core warmongers — and one was a sports simulation.

Ultimate made their monthly bid for re-fame and re-fortune with the fourth Arthur Pendragon game, *Dragonskulle*. Gary Liddon was pleased to hear that it was the last of what had become a hackneyed format. Silly mistakes marred what was present and dumped it in at only 45%. Another hackneyed area by now was martial arts, and perhaps familiarity bred a margin of contempt for **US Gold/Datasoft**'s *Kung Fu Master*. *Still it was an enjoyable enough romp to get 79%.*

***Mastertronic** sneaked another value-for-money one through at 81% with One Man and His Droid* which, despite the Spectrumesque graphics, contained a real good game.

The March Hare prizes for biggest disappointments both went to **Beyond** (and **Monolith** the thinly disguised Beyond other house). *Quake Minus One*, another long-awaited masterpiece, turned out to be confused and confusing, certainly a surprise coming as it did from programmer Mike Singleton. But *Enigma Force*, the follow-up to Sizzler *Shadowfire*, both programmed by Denton Designs, proved even more of a disappointment. The icon system they first developed and by now commonplace, seemed a mite more confusing, while the 'animated' graphic display they had promised as making the sequel more exciting, was a disaster. The game turned out easy to solve — if you could be bothered. Not very enigmatic.

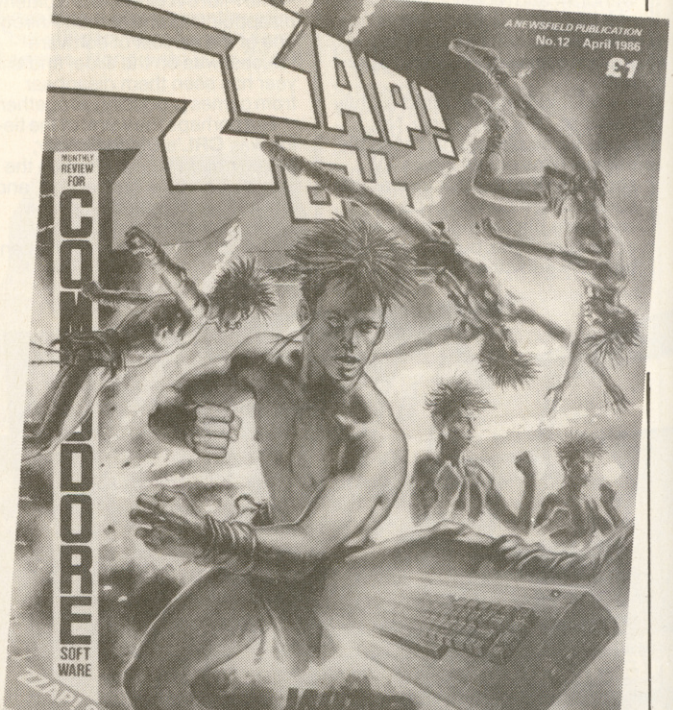


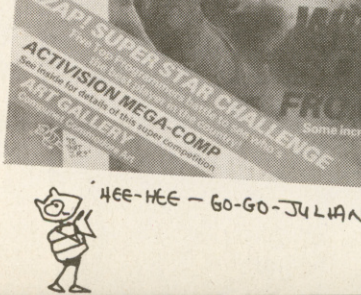
APRIL...

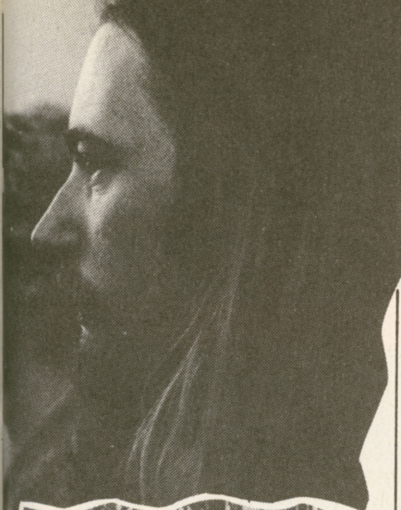
The spring has sprung, the grass is ris . . . I wonder where Julian Rignall is?

Well he was on the cover, wasn't he? At least, that's what everyone thought, although art supremo Oli Frey still says not. However, the great JR was inside, on our spread about the **Datel Sound Sampler**. Wild sounds on the cover may have made up for the lack of anything sparkling elsewhere in the issue. There were three (should have been four) Sizzlers, two of them being strategy games from **US Gold/SSI** for hardened war criminals — *Field of Fire* and *Questron*. Sean, at any rate was ecstatic with his share of the accolades for the month. The Whitest of Wizards wasn't too displeased either: **Infocom**'s *Spellbreaker* got 92%, but there wasn't a Sizzler logo on the page — shame. He wizzed onto two other odd adventures from one software house as well, **Telarium**'s *Nine Princes in Amber* based on Sixties whizkid SF author Roger Zelazny's book, and the long-winded sounding *Perry Mason — The Case of the Mandarin Murders*. They received 83% and 87% respectively.

No, the only Sizzler in the arcade stakes deservedly went to **Martech** for *Zoids*. The 64 version of this complicated icon/map/strategy/quick-thinking game had taken some time in development, but it was worth it. Oddly, it was rather uninteresting to look at but as Paul Sumner said, 'behind the seemingly dull exterior is a very challenging game'. Much the same could be said of Paul Sumner.




'HEE-HEE — GO-GO-JULIAN!'



KILL ANY MORE PEOPLE

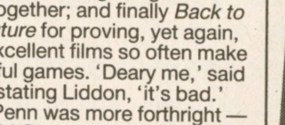
WELL, DOC, IT'S PART
YEP. TWO MORE NOTCHES
MY, AREN'T WE HUNGOVE

In the interesting stakes, we previewed a game called *Mindsmear*, the screen shots of which caused a storm of interest from readers and the trade alike. Alas, as the May issue revealed, it was an April Fool joke, though with a sting of relevance in its tail. ZZAP! also organised a Super Challenge between prima donna programmers Archer Maclean, Chris Butler, Jeff Minter, Tony Crowther and squeaky-clean Andrew Braybrook. It was a nightmare of course, and Jeff won, of course. Much fun was had in the office using the **Datel** Sound Sampler which prompted the cover and nearly launched the Newsfield 'Art of Noise' recording label and JR's pop career.

Equally interesting was **Activision**'s *Law of the West, an unusual choice-only type graphical adventure. The pictures were lovely, but there weren't enough and the belly-laugh-making answers were too limited for the game to have more than novelty appeal. But for effort it got 79%*

In an otherwise rather dreary month, the following are of note for one reason or another:Yie Ar Kung-Fu (**Imagine** 68%) for not living up to Konami's arcade original; *Comic Bakery* (35%) for also being by Imagine and prompting Gary Liddon to remark on the shame of forcing talented programmers to turn out tat; *Gerry the Germ* (**Firebird** 39%) for its lavatorial, scatological humour and insipid gameplay (thankfully it was never released); *Rock 'n' Wrestle* (53%) for indicating that **Melbourne House** was having a Very Bad year and not getting its brown stuff together; and finally *Back to the Future* for proving, yet again, that excellent films so often make dreadful games. 'Deary me,' said understating Liddon, 'it's bad.' Gary Penn was more forthright — 'Cough! Choke! Gak! Ugh! Splutter! — visually and aurally offensive,' ejaculated he.

What a way to end a month!

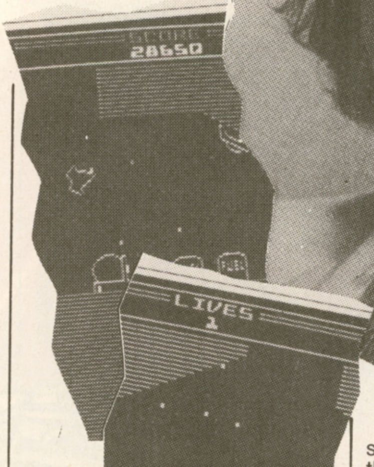


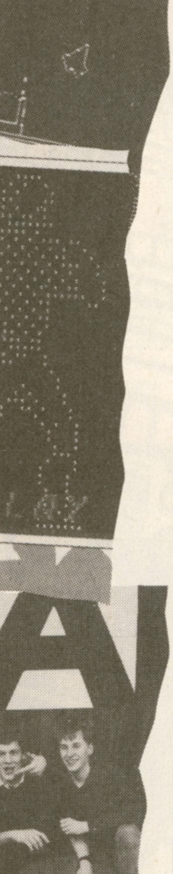
May

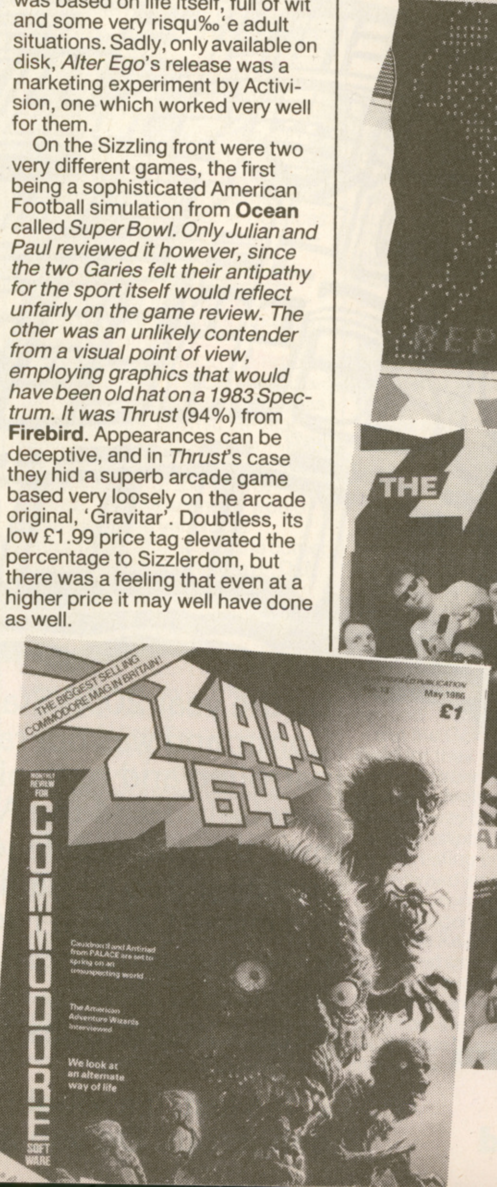
In many respects, May followed April (well it usually does, I know, but in software terms, I mean — that is to say — dreary). In terms of office politics (into which I do not enter, but ever keep a watchful eye) there were rumblings that our beloved editor, Roger (he who started it all) Kean would soon be moving onto pastures new. Specifically, LM magazine (a complimentary copy of which you have with this Christmas Special of ZZAP!). Gary Penn, the heir apparent, began to practise worried frowns of concentration. I don't know whether this helped.

We had a very last-minute Gold Medal — hence its monochromatic hue, it was too late for colour. Not that **Activision**'s *Alter Ego* really needed colour to expound its virtues. Everyone was convinced about it — the word 'original' was over-used in describing its unique qualities. The simulation was based on life itself, full of wit and some very risqu‰'e adult situations. Sadly, only available on disk, *Alter Ego*'s release was a marketing experiment by Activision, one which worked very well for them.

On the Sizzling front were two very different games, the first being a sophisticated American Football simulation from **Ocean** called *Super Bowl. Only Julian and Paul reviewed it however, since the two Garies felt their antipathy for the sport itself would reflect unfairly on the game review. The other was an unlikely contender from a visual point of view, employing graphics that would have been old hat on a 1983 Spectrum. It was Thrust* (94%) from **Firebird**. Appearances can be deceptive, and in *Thrust*'s case they hid a superb arcade game based very loosely on the arcade original, 'Gravitar'. Doubtless, its low £1.99 price tag elevated the percentage to Sizzlerdom, but there was a feeling that even at a higher price it may well have done as well.






THE BIGGEST SELLING COMMODORE MAG IN BRITAIN!
May 1986
£1
ZZAP! 64
COMMODORE
Cauldron II and Antiriad from PALACE are set to spring on an unsuspecting world...
The American Adventure Wizards interviewed
We look at an alternate way of life

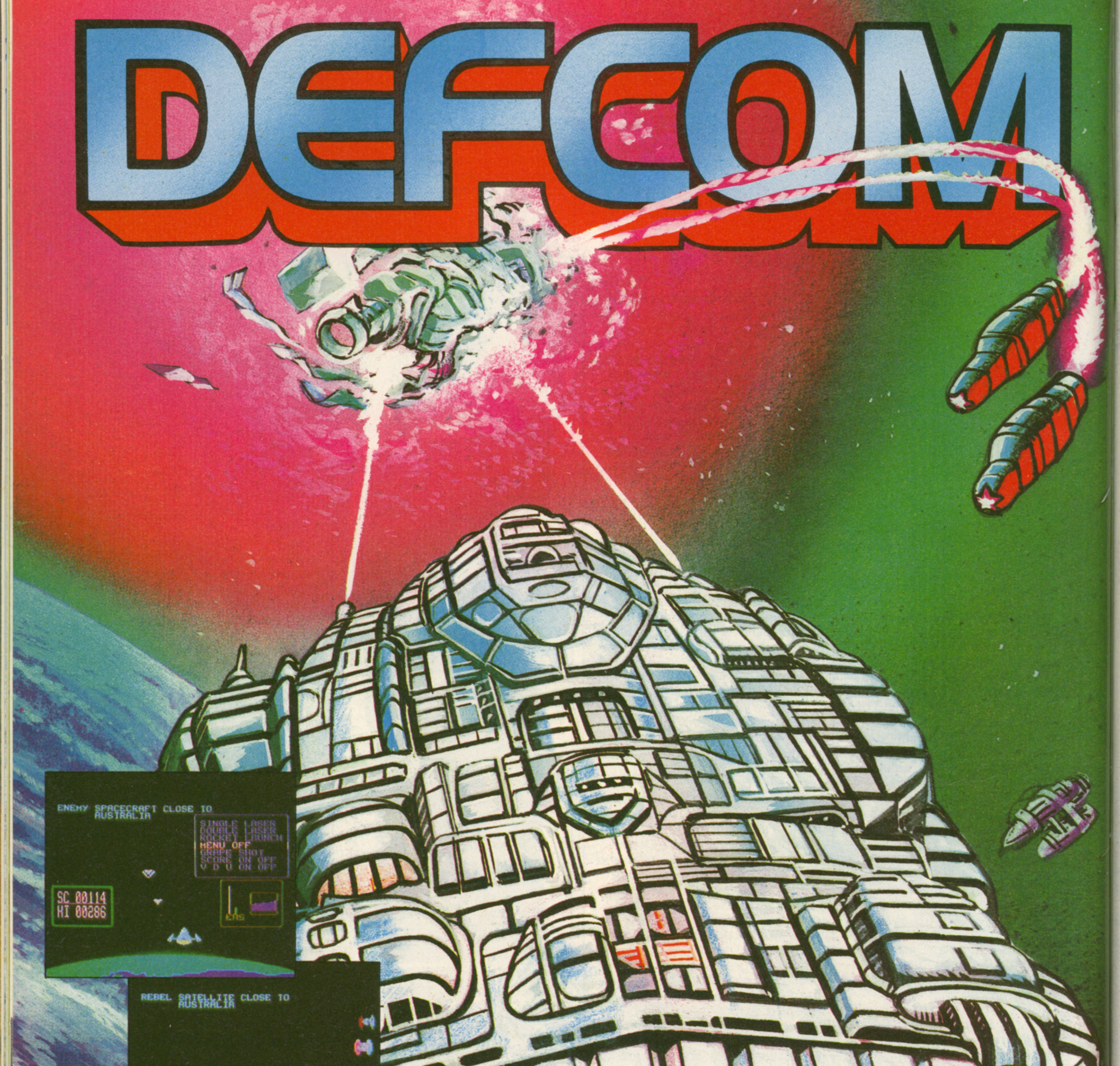
Somewhat lower down the scale came **US Gold**'s unusual (for them) *Psi 5 Trading Company* which, as its name suggests, was a thoughtful and often complicated commodity trading game set in the future. Interacting with the many characters within the game made it fun to play and earned it a good 88%. Another unexpected goodie arrived in the form of tie-in game *Dr Who and the Mines of Terror* (86%) from **Micropower**, unexpected because the project was potentially fraught with the usual sins of products based on films or TV programmes. But the good Doctor turned out to offer a generally enjoyable arcade adventure masked by less than auspicious graphics.

Alligata's new house, **Rino** offered us the piratical *Ark Pandora* (80%), unusual and humorous enough to catch the attention of a jaded review palette, but that more or less wound up the best of the month. Alas for the rest . . .

The much awaited **English Software** release *Elektraglide* turned out to have been not worth the wait and the boredom it induced earned it 38%, the figure bumped up for its instant but short-lived appeal. **Melbourne House** were still bumming along in search of a genuine muse, because the reappearance of Thirties hoodlum, Mugsy in *Mugsy's Revenge* certainly wasn't it. The game received 33% mostly for the pretty pictures, but Mugsy wasn't singing. And on the same percentage wack came **Martech**'s incredibly disappointing *Geoff Capes' Strongman Challenge.* The graphics were terrible, eclipsed for abrasiveness only by Rob Hubbard's music, described by Julian as his 'poorest composition yet'. 'At least there's *Samantha Fox Strip Poker* to look forward to,' said Gary Penn. He always was a terrible prophet.

Anything else? Oh yes, Minter started his diary about planning and executing a new game to be called *Iridis Alpha and Sean Masterson clambered up onto the phone to talk to his lifelong hero, Infocom author Steve Meretsky.*

End of act five. ▶



```
ENEMY SPACECRAFT CLOSE TO
      AUSTRALIA
SINGLE LASER
DOUBLE LASER
ROCKET LAUNCH
MENU OFF
GRAPE SHOT
SCORE ON OFF
V D U ON OFF
SC 00114
HI 00286
EMS
```

```
REBEL SATELLITE CLOSE TO
      AUSTRALIA
```

By the year 2056 Star Wars Defence Command was operational. Satellites patrolled and controlled the skies. At precisely 19.34 the Alien Force took over the entire defence system and turned it into a deadly weapon.

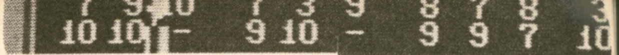
Daring Captain Nick Diamond must enter the danger zone, smash through aliens and destroy the satellites over earth's major cities. Can he do it in time?

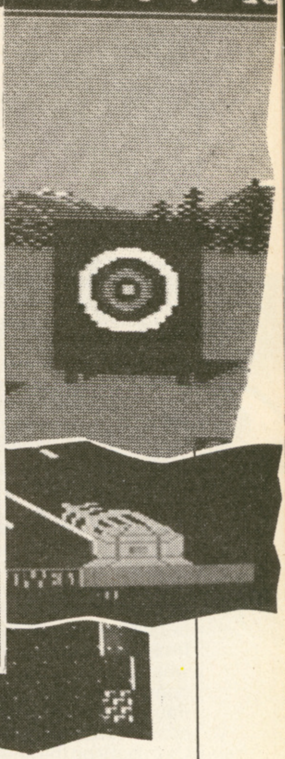
It's fast, it's tough, it's smooth, it's dangerous. Do you make the grade?

QUICKSILVA
Victory House
14 Leicester Place
LONDON
WC2H 7NB

£8.95
Spectrum
CBM
Amstrad

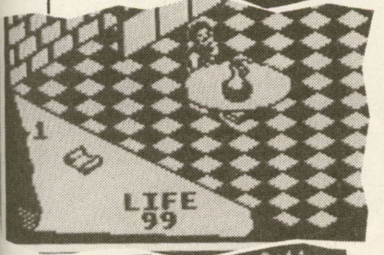
' SHE'S CUTE !!! '





June

The weather brightened up and so did the software, six Sizzlers and a Gold Medal which went to ***Electric Dreams*** *for their brilliant Spindizzy, an original game that only faintly resembled 'Marble Madness'. Its 3D graphics were extraordinary for their clarity and the game for its addictiveness.*



WHI
GRAPHICS

Palace *followed up an earlier Sizzling success with Cauldron II and were clever enough to have made the gameplay elements quite different to Cauldron. Again it was hard, but Liddon liked the 'neat control method'. Penn thought it 'cool'. The game wasn't massively original but it was highly polished, and the same could be said of Starquake as well. This* ***Bubble Bus*** *release was also a sequel (not so much in story but in feel) in this case to Steve Crow's earlier Wizard's Lair. 'Extremely nice', 'exceptionally jolly', 'one of the nicest to look at' were comments. It was obviously a nice game.*

Two other arcade adventures Sizzled: *Spellbound* from **Mastertronic** (yet another sequel) continued the heroic adventures of the knight from *Finders Keepers* while **The Edge** finally managed to convince ZZAP! that they could come up with a game to match the hype in the form of *Fairlight*. Speed seemed to be its drawback, but the depth of the game and the interesting 3D graphics helped it to the critical 90% point.

Sean had something Sizzling to get his teeth into when **Beyond** finally released a 64 version of Mike Singleton's excellent *Doomdark's Revenge*, but Beyond were sliding towards a slough despond with two of their top people leaving.

Just when we thought it was safe to put the rice-flail away, Mark Cale's **System 3** let loose with *International Karate* — and to everyone's surprise, it was 'really rather good' (Liddon doing the understatement bit again). *IK* was better than *Fist*, more playable and addictive, so it got 91% — and it was cheap too!

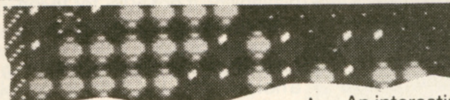
Two more unusual games scored respectably: **Electric Dreams**'s *Raise the Titanic* (88%) prompted Sean to call it 'a sort of *Hacker* for fish freaks', but it was a well-devised, good graphical adventure. **Beyond**, too, had a good second-stringer in *Bounces* (86%) from Denton Designs. Disappointingly, this was not the game the team had described many months earlier, but underneath only fair graphics lurked an involving, fun game.

From the sublime to the ridiculous. **Firebird**'s *The Comet* (a distant relative of *Gerry the Germ*) has to be the most cosmic tie-in of all time. Yes, you've forgotten — Halley's Comet was just doing it's turn about the Sun at the time of release. But the scenario would have made the venerable astronomer, after whom the comet was named, turn in his grave. Daft as hell and twice as stupid.

Almost as awful, in fact, as *V* (40%). Gary Liddon in a literary fit summed it up quite well — 'I didn't like the film, I didn't like the TV series, I'm happily indifferent to the books having not read any of them and I hate the computer game.' 'Boring' would have ben a simpler word for **Ocean**'s tie-in. **Imagine** had a licenced version of *Ping Pong* (66%) out, forcing the verbose Liddon to attack with, 'ruined by the restrictions imposed by the licensing deal.' Better, though, than **Elite**'s licence — *Bombjack*. Any saving graces it enjoyed earned it 47%, but really the game was a complete mess.

There wasn't much to adventures this month, but **CRL**'s *Bored of the Rings* Middle Earth p'take amused ol' Whitey. It's nice to keep a wizard content in June . . .

£1
ZZAP! 64
MONTHLY REVIEW FOR
COMMODORE
SOFT WARE
LEADER BOARD
And so do US Gold
STARQUAKE MAPPED!
HES GAMES • SENTINEL • SLAMBALL
BOULDERDASH III
BUDGET BONANZA!



July

An unusual month, July, with a lot of the foremost games under review being golden oldies. The cause of this strange affair was US Gold's budget house, **Americana** releasing old but (in Britain) previously unseen American software. There was a load of dross in there, like *Moon Shuttle* and *Scrolls of Abadon*, but three — *Hes Games, Sentinel* and *Slamball* — all Sizzled noisily (yes Eugene, you're right, we did coin the title one day while sitting too close to the frying counter of a burger bar). Despite their age, the quality of the three games at the low price made them irresistable.

Two other releases stood out, one also old, even though new (confusing isn't it)? My very own *Boulderdash III* from **American Action** repeated the successful formula once again, with the only real change being the trendy bas-relief graphics. But then, my games work on the fact that the essential ingredients — challenge, skill, speed and quick thinking — are timeless, and I'm not even bigheaded!

But the Gold Medal went to **US Gold** for their truly wonderful golf game, *Leader Board*. Incidentally, the cover featured *Leader Board*, tucked away on the glasses of that pouting lollipop sucker. There was an interesting conflict — rather more hyped was **Ariolasoft**'s *Golf Construction Set* (79%). Our editor, Roger Brackets Something Brackets Kean reviewed this one and acted as consultant on *Leader Board*. The conclusion was firm, *Leader Board* was much the better and most enjoyable. Many flaws in *GCS* made it unfriendly to use and much less exciting.

An interesting appearance was *Popeye*, marketed by **MacMillan**, but first put out a year earlier on the Spectrum by DK'tronics. It got 78% because of the pretty and large-sized animated graphics, but there wasn't enough to do to make it a real winner. Other medium run releases included **Hewsons**'s steam-age simulation, *Southern Belle* which occupied Sean for some time as he navigated along the railway tracks between London and Brighton to arrive on platform four at 88%. **US Gold** had *Acro Jet* out, and this kept Julian busy with its acrobatic competitions — he scored 83% and did a neat Immelmann turn in the process. **Firebird** invited anyone to take on the *Raging Beast* (89%) who turned out to be a £1.99 Spanish bull. Not amazing to look at, this game was a hilarious success and led to much good-natured swearing (that's my version anyway).

On the cave scene, Wiz was into another humorous adventure in the form of **St Brides/CRL**'s *The Very Big Cave Adventure* (75%), a parody of the famous, untouchable (?) *Colossal Cave*. He also thought Infocom were under attack from **Level 9** with their great leap forward in the cost of living — *The Price of Magik* (they can't spell either).

Down-page bummers included the much-dreaded *Max Headroom*, although **Quicksilva**'s game did have sufficient redeeming merits to earn it 60%. It was a fair bet that the software house in search of an identity would probably ruin the cult Headroom figure — a game idea to daunt most. Sadly, there were no redeeming elements in **Mirrorsoft**'s *Biggles*, a hotch-potch of game styles and ideas that added up to being less than the sum of their parts — 48% to be precise.

But perhaps the most ironic bummer was **Rino**'s *Bombo*, a not cheap quasi-version of *Bombjack* — Alligata/Rino could almost have had Elite's hackles up again, but *Bombo*, poor as it was, was still a mite better than Elite's official 64 version.

▶

AUGUST

A shock! Gary Liddon leaves ZZAP! Towers, screamed the headlines. The cause of his ejection? Newsfield had launched their own software house called Thalamus, and as the only semi-technical person they knew (after all, he'd been handling complex machinery like kettles and teapots for months), he'd been appointed. Still, the familiar mug still appeared on some reviews.

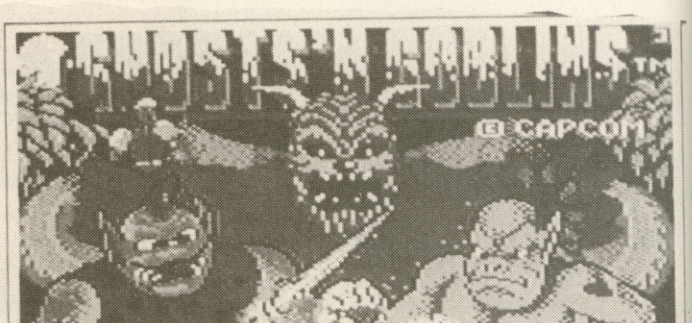
So what was there? Three real Sizzlers, that's all, the fourth was for *Kik Start II*, a 128 only game version, so we'll leave that one aside. Two were all-action numbers: *Green Beret* showed that **Imagine** were back on form with what proved to be an excellent conversion of the Konami original. Paul even thought it better than the arcade machine and persuaded Oli to put it on the cover, who did a nice piccy of a man spitting bullets from his mouth. The other was **US Gold**'s *Infiltrator* that complex multi-part fly in, get in, get out game for disk-based owners.

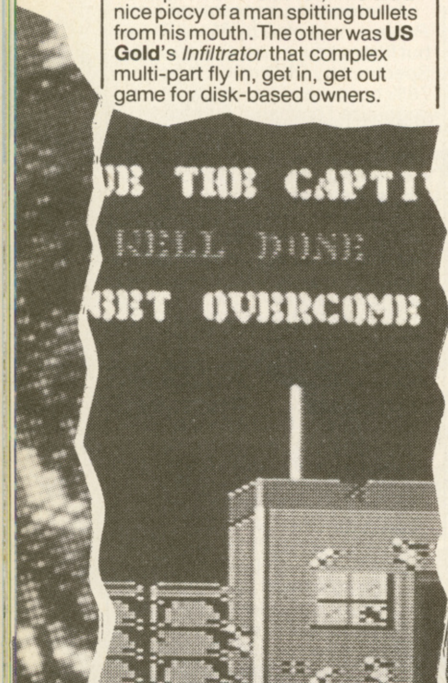
But to my mind, the best of the bunch was John Twiddy's superb conversion of **CRL**'s great Spectrum hit, *Tau Ceti*. Thoughtful, adventurous and with lovely 3D, the game deserved all of its 93%

For the rest — a very mixed bunch inclusive of a colossal disappointment from **Nexus**, the software house run by the programmers of *Psi Warrior*. They had been joined by Bill Delaney and Clive Bailey who had earlier left Beyond. The game *Nexus* had apparently been in development for over six months, but the result was shoddy and unfinished-looking graphics, an over-produced 'alternative' packaging and low playability. It got 50% for trying.

Virgin, ever so quiet for ages, threw out *Shogun*, a tie-in with a difference, some lovely graphics, a not bad story but difficult control methods. It's overall slowness relegated the game to 71%, a touch ahead of **Durell**'s *Saboteur*. This was poorly converted, but the game itself survived well. **Odin**, under their new guise of Firebird, offered *ICUPS*, but hiccoughs was all it got, apart from 49%. Same rating, different game, we couldn't wait for **US Gold**'s *Legend of the Amazon Women* if only to see what lay behind those incredibly lurid ads, you know, the ones with the vibrating doobries for weapons. Unfortunately, not much did, 'a pretty average beat em up,' Julian thought. But when they took on Imagine at *Superstar Ping Pong* they fared better, getting 85% because it was a much better version than Imagine's.

To finish off, **Activision** had another off-beat adventure-cum-arcade-cum-something or other in *Murder on the Mississippi* (89%), but there was disagreement between the ZZAP! team over its merits.





SEPTEMBER

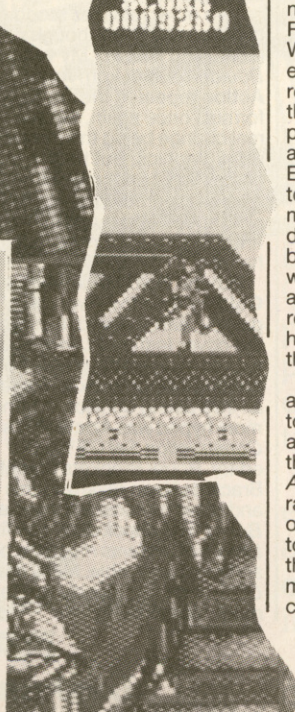
The onset of Autumn saw *Knight Games* on the cover, it also witnessed a couple of changes. Roger (Give us a Limp Bye Bye Wave) Kean stopped being the editor with this issue (and Cameron Pound nearly stopped being the photographer for taking the picture), while on the writing side, a new face appeared — Richard Eddy, naturally known as 'Dick Ed' to his friends. Richard's first comment, 'I like Arac. He's a cool droid,' boded well — at least it boded well for **Addictive Games** who emerged out of nowhere again with this original and refreshing arcade adventure. *Arac* had awful sound, but Julian thought it well worth a go.

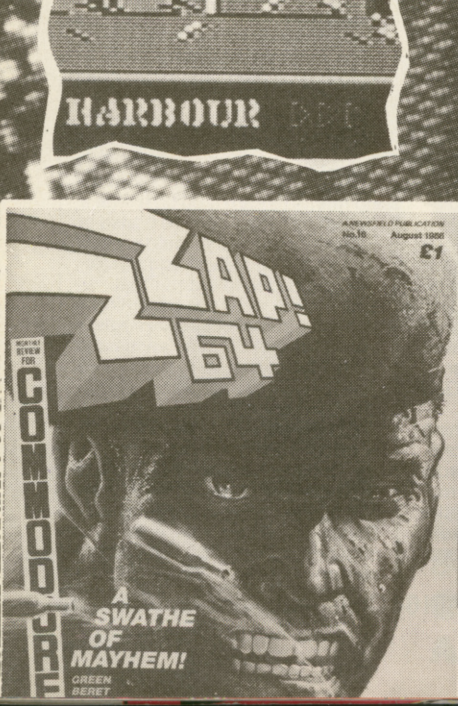
There were four other Sizzlers and TWO Gold Medals. One went to **Incentive** for their tremendous adventure writing package with the uninspiring name of *Graphics Adventure Creator*. There were no ratings from Sean who looked it over, just ravings. The other went to **Elite**, who with Chris Butler at the helm finally hit the licensing mark on the head with their superb conversion of *Ghosts 'n' Goblins*.

Of the Sizzlers, top marks went to **Novagen** for the *Mercenary* Plus follow up, *Second City*. 'Miles better than the first' yelled Dicky and everyone agreed that it was far meaner than its predecessor. **English Software recovered nicely from the disappointment of** Elektraglide with *Knight Games*, scoring on the lovely backgrounds and neat smash em up animations, tinged with plenty of humour. *Hercules* from **Alpha/Omega** (or CRL if you prefer) Sizzled too, prompting Gary Penn to exclaim that if it were a female, he would marry it. That boy has some serious problems. Dick Eddy reckoned we should all 'have a bash at this monsterous (sic) game.' Fortunately he can spell a bit better now.

But perhaps the biggest surprise came for **Domark** who, after years of valiant struggle with big brawny names but less than brainy games, Sizzled in for the first time ever with *Split Personalities*. It boasted great music, excellent graphics and some good ideas.

Then to the rest of September, and pretty dreary too. The Budget buster rolled loads of games into

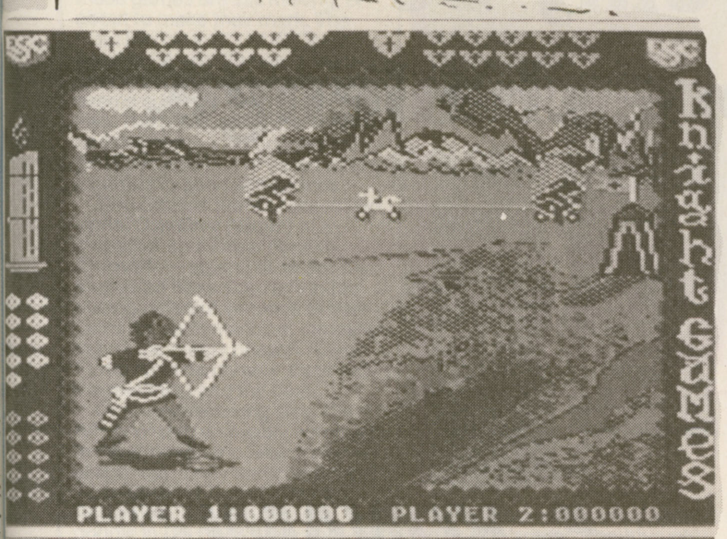




'ALL THIS EXCITEMENT — IT'S TOO MUCH'

the issue, and weren't they all pretty decrepit? There was also **Alligata**'s *Trap* (82%), an above average shoot em up, and **Micropool**'s *Mission Elevator* (84%), a well above average, addictive and tough arcade adventure from a new software house. *Warhawk* from **Firebird**, also proved out as a reasonable shoot em up, but the awaited conversion of the laser-original *Dragon's Lair* (69%) from **Software Projects** only received lukewarm praise for making the best of a bad job. More, too, was expected from **Gremlin Graphics** with *Way of the Tiger* (64%), but it failed to unhackney the rice-flail syndrome.

Most excitement came from all the letters complaining about the language musicians use when they're having a ball, but we were all trundling rapidly into October


Knight Games
PLAYER 1:000000 PLAYER 2:000000

OCTOBER

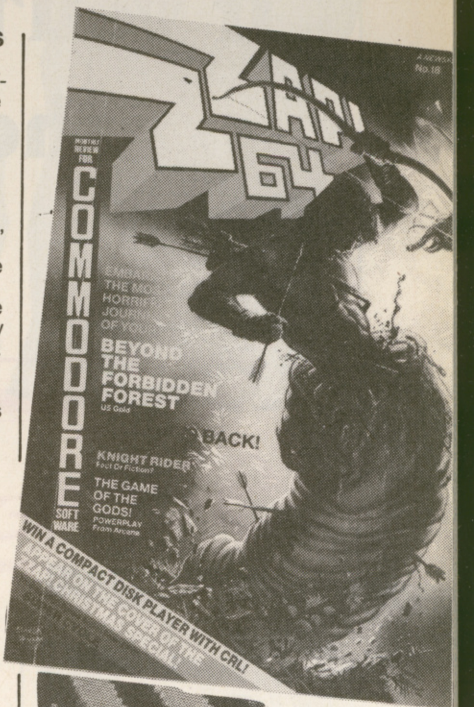
Beyond the Forbidden Forest (**US Gold/Epyx**) caused some furore. If, like me 'n' GP, you loved *Forbidden Forest* in its day (when I were a lad), then you went for the new one, because it was bigger and better. But there were some, no names, who never liked the first one. Still, it Sizzled effectively enough with the eerie atmosphere, music and the gory bits for fun. Richard Eddy reckoned it was the equal of any horror movie.

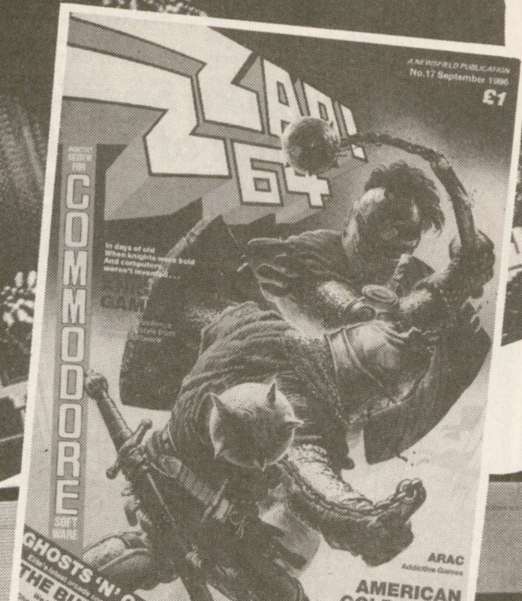
Five Sizzlers in all, after *BFF* we had diarist and professional hippy Jeff Minter's latest — *Iridis Alpha*. Jeff and **Llamasoft** had just signed a deal with **Hewsons** to market the game, so for Hewsons it was Gribblys to Gilbys as those vain mirror-image Zzyaxians set out to fool all other magazine reviewers.

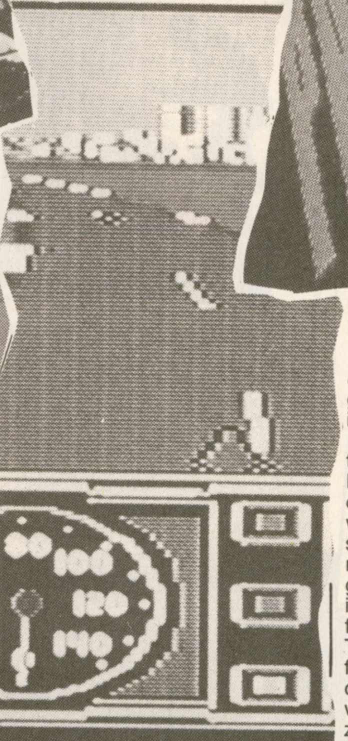
Ocean found themselves with the best and the worst on their hands; *Parallax*, an unusual mixture of game types with tremendous graphics, Sizzled hotly at 93%, while *Knight Rider* finally appeared and fizzled at 16%. No-one really expected anything great, but after 16 months Ocean should really have done something better than this turgid trash.

US Gold (and Epyx) had a second Sizzler in the shape of *Super Cycle*, generally regarded as the best race game to date — also the most designerish. Richard Eddy, resident *haute couture* expert gibbered excitedly about having a 'purple bike with a pink and lime leather jacket. Mmmmm, nice!'

Like Gary Penn, this boy has problems.


ZZAP! 64
COMMODORE
BEYOND THE FORBIDDEN FOREST
US Gold
BACK!
KNIGHT RIDER
THE GAME OF THE GODS!
POWERPLAY
From Arcana
WIN A COMPACT DISK PLAYER WITH CRL!
APPEAR ON THE COVER OF THE ZZAP! CHRISTMAS SPECIAL!


A NEWSFIELD PUBLICATION
No.17 September 1986
£1
ZZAP! 64
COMMODORE
ARAC
Addictive Games
AMERICAN GOLD RUSH!
GHOSTS 'N' GOBLINS
THE BUTLER DID IT!
GRAPHIC ADVENTURE CREATOR


60 80 100
120
140

An unusual Sizzler was *Powerplay*, from **Arcana**, a Trivia type game with bits added on, making it fast, furious and fun to play.

Just missing the laurels, came three very different games. **Firebird**'s *Druid* (88%) was obviously based on 'Gauntlet', and while 'not an essential buy', was still worthy of attention. **Activision** released a sequel in *Hacker II*, grander and more complex than its ancestor, but the magic had faded slightly, and it, too, got 88%. The 64 version of *Equinox* (83%) from **Mikro-Gen** impressed for its colourful and lively graphics as well as the furious action and puzzles it provided. But for the rest of the month, there were few puzzles to solve and much dross to sift through, as Gary Penn's first issue of editor came to a close.

If you're already elite . . .
there can only be
one more challenge.

NEMESIS™

KONAMI

LATEST RELEASE

TERRESTIAL ENCOUNTER

The big action game for space freaks everywhere!

£14.99 ATARI 520 ST

FROM

Solar SOFTWARE

TERRESTIAL ENCOUNTER

THE FIRST EVER SUPER SPARKLER

THE SAS: OPERATION THUNDERFLASH!

THE SAS: OPERATION THUNDERFLASH!

The first ever Super Sparkler! Only **£2.99** for a super 3-D graphic game. Your task as leader of the SAS squad is to spearhead an offensive against the terrorists who have occupied a foreign embassy. Can you stay the pace? Spectrum 48k

Spike Sparkler's pick of the hits at only £1.99 eacl Street Date 31 Oc

SPECIAL DELIVERY

SPECTRUM 48k

Poor old Santa! He's overslept again and now has only 5 hours to deliver all his Christmas goodies. Help him sort out this chaos by collecting and dropping the gifts down the right chimneys. SOON ON C-64 AND ATARI SPARKLE RATING★★★★

MONKEY MAGIC

C-64

Fast and furious with more than a dash of magic. This search for the holy scriptures involves battles with venomous creatures which you have to fend off with lightning bolts. SPARKLE RATING★★★★★

ORC ATTACK

SPECTRUM 48k

Defend the castle against the hordes. As Eric the Brave you have to fight off waves of murderous Orcs, outwit and slay the evil Sorcerer, and defeat the gigantic Demon Trolls. Six play levels.
SOON ON C-64 AND ATARI
SPARKLING RATING★★★★

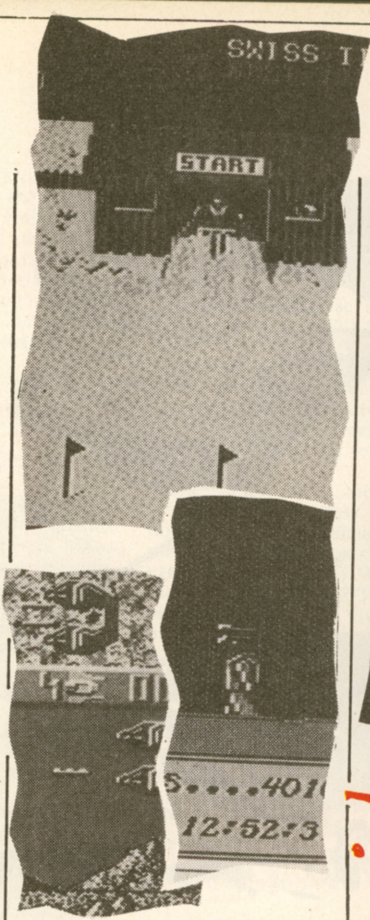
THE LATEST FROM SPARKLERS ALSO INCLUDES:

RIVER RESCUE ON C-64	TANK COMMANDER ON ATARI	COMPUTER WAR ON ATARI

AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD SOFTWARE STORES

Sparklers

Unit B11, Armstrong Mall, Summit Centre, Southwood, Farnborough, Hants. GU14 0NP. Tel: 0252 522200.


SWISS T
START
S....401
12:52:3

COMPUTER TIMES 08:76 08:08
MULTICOLOUR MANIA

NOVEMBER

With November and December, we're almost up to date, so I shan't waste too many words. Most of these games are still making, or about to make their mark. The Gold Medal went to **US Gold/ Epyx** for *World Games*, a marvellous confection of unusual sporting events suited to each country visited. The backgrounds, animation and the sense of fun confirmed that Epyx are state of the art when it comes to sport simulations.

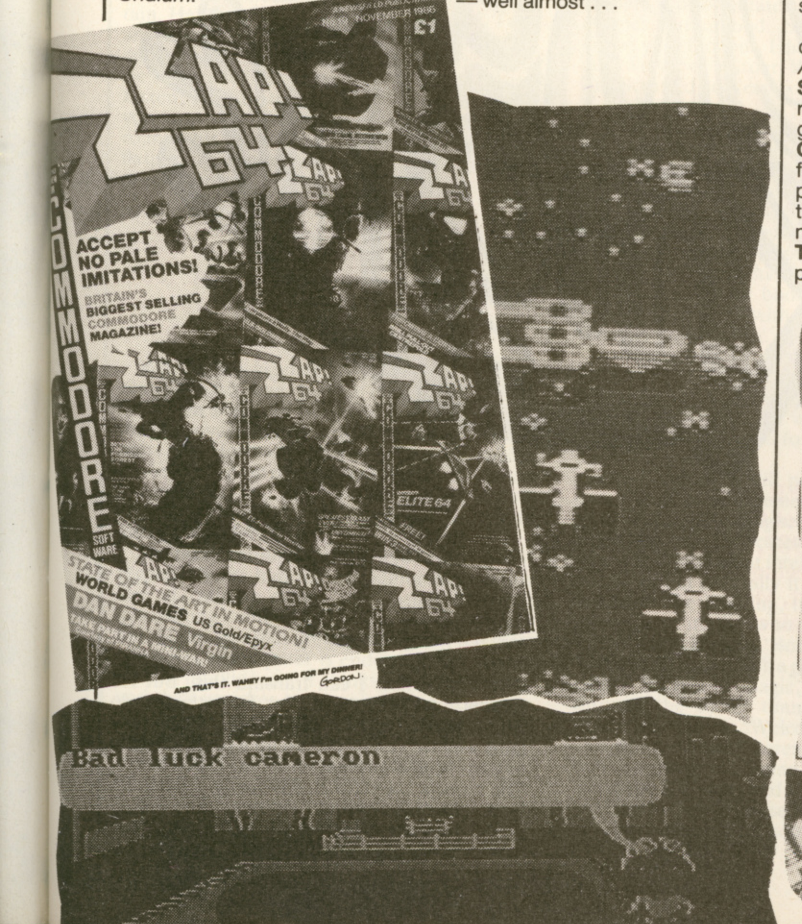
Two Sizzlers were licensed versions, *Dan Dare* (**Virgin**) of a character and *Trivial Pursuit* (**Domark** — again!) of an activity. Virgin had boxed cleverly in producing different versions of their game for each machine, capitalising on the merits of each. *Trivial Pursuit* was hardly new, but it was the real thing and the best.

On the adventuring side, the White Wizard enjoyably hummed to the atmospheric, weird, cleverly allegorical, funny and compulsive *Tass Times in Tone Town* from **Activision**. Sean, too, had a goodie in **US Gold/SSI**'s hardcore wargame *Vitenam*.

For the arcade freaks there was our very own software house's first game. **Thalamus** and *Sanxion* Sizzled in at 93% with tremendous graphics that some people felt were inspired by Andrew Braybrook's *Uridium*. But Braybrook and **Hewsons** just slipped the Sizzler noose at 89% for *Alleykat*. Another great arcade actioner, an excellent program, but perhaps not quite as hot as *Paradroid* or *Uridium*.

Among the rest nothing sparkled particularly bright, although **Bug-Byte** finally managed to get one of their budget titles up to a respectable level. *Jeep Command* (82%) got its rating for having a 'mountain of playability', according to Richard, despite having gameplay 'out of the ark,' according to Julian. The big disappointment was Asterix and the Magic Cauldron from **Melbourne House** for its slow and frustrating play.

And so, with space rapidly running out, we dash into the present — well almost . . .


NOVEMBER 1986
£1
ZZAP! 64
COMMODORE SOFTWARE
ACCEPT NO PALE IMITATIONS!
BRITAIN'S BIGGEST SELLING COMMODORE MAGAZINE!
ELITE 64
STATE OF THE ART IN MOTION!
WORLD GAMES US Gold/Epyx
DAN DARE Virgin
AND THAT'S IT. WANDY I'M GOING FOR MY DINNER!
GORDON

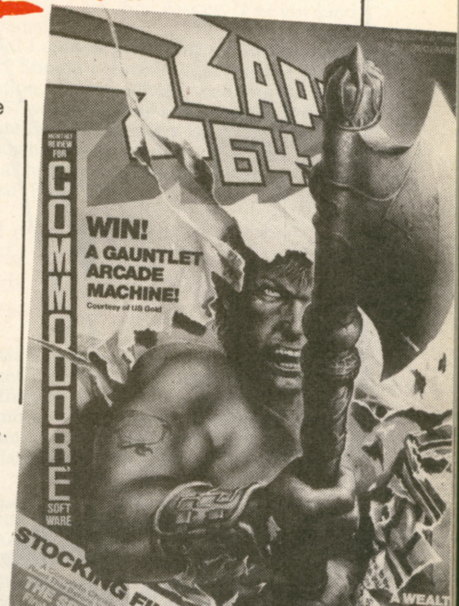
Bad luck cameron

DECEMBER

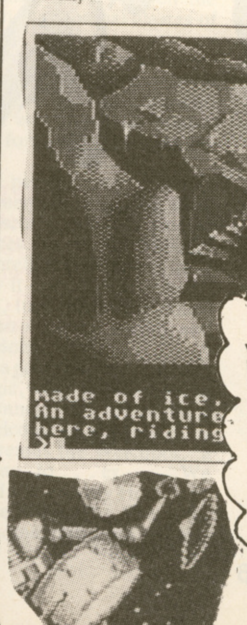
Okay! Here we go then. Look at me an' my dazzling Gold Medal! Yep folks, it's Rockford time again and the debut of *Boulderdash Construction Set*. Great isn't it! And so it should be. Now you, too, can devise the most monst-e-rous caves to torture me with. I love you all — really.

The other Gold Medal was awarded unconditionally (and unratedly) to **Firebird** for their amazing *The Sentinel*. For the first time there were four reviewers present, partly because Julian had some reservations.

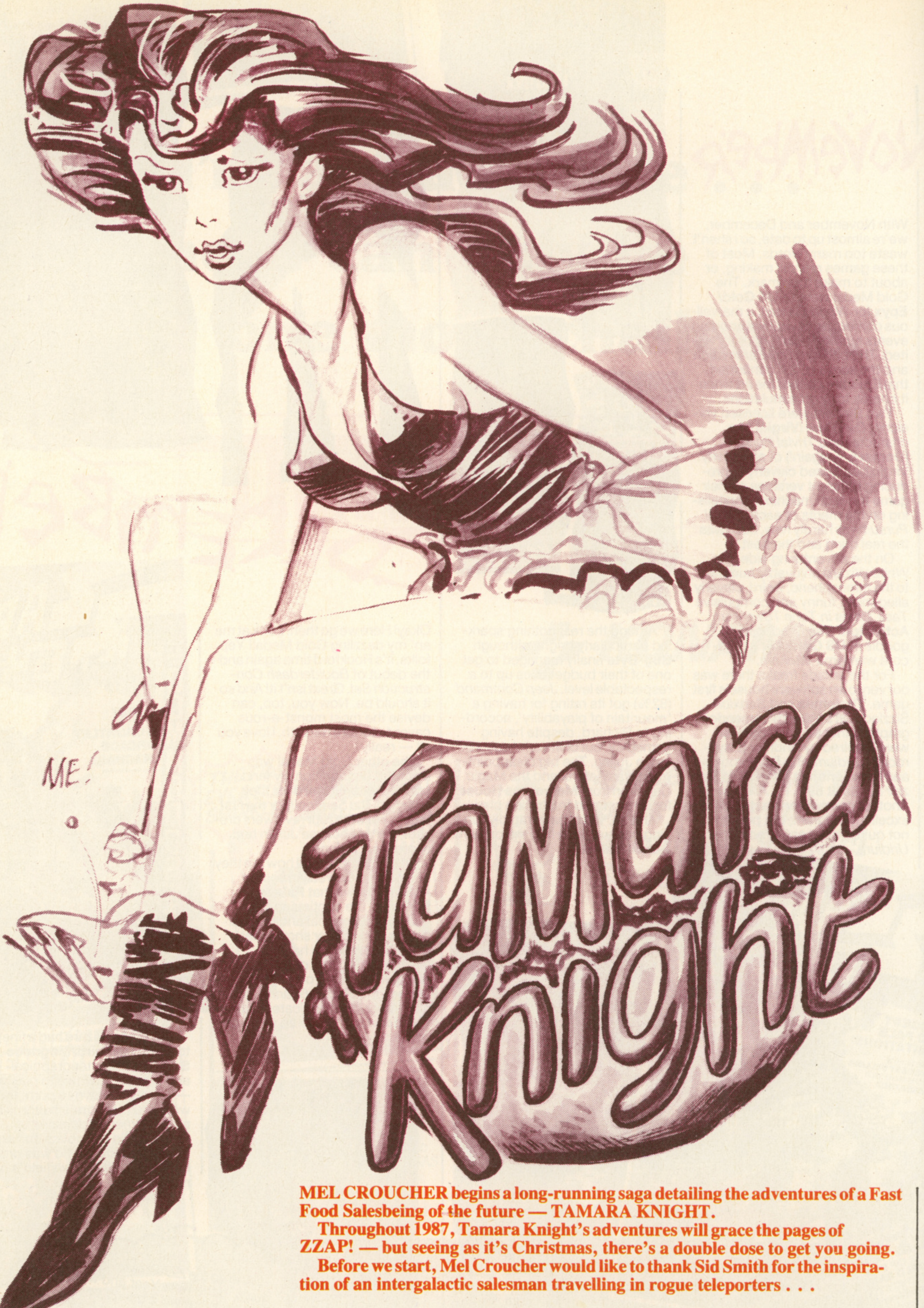
Of the Sizzlers, well how are they doing? *The Sacred Armour of Antiriad* shows that **Palace Software** are continuing to release exceptional and original games, *Trailblazer* shows that **Gremlin Graphics** haven't finished producing compulsively playable arcaders on a simple theme, and *Bobby Bearing* (cute new super-hero) indicates that **The Edge** can come up with surprises.


ZZAP! 64
COMMODORE SOFTWARE
WIN! A GAUNTLET ARCADE MACHINE!
Courtesy of US Gold
STOCKING FILLERS
THE SENTINEL
A WEALT
OF REVIEW
S, PREVIEW
EWS, AND TIP

The White Wizard had a fine time too with **Rainbird/Magnetic Scrolls**'s monster graphical adventure *The Pawn* to play with — and from pawn to porn, there was also **Infocom**'s naughty but nice *Leather Goddesses of Phobos*. Did you notice that it stars Lane Mastodon, who was probably named after Newsfield's new mag, **LM**.


Made of ice.
An adventure
here, riding

And so the ZZAP! team look forward to the New Year and what it brings. What will it bring? Will it bring anything? Of course it will (otherwise I'm out of a margin). From Rockford, your favourite small person, a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year (better be prosperous, your subscription's probably about to run out)



Tamara Knight

MEL CROUCHER begins a long-running saga detailing the adventures of a Fast Food Salesbeing of the future — TAMARA KNIGHT.

Throughout 1987, Tamara Knight's adventures will grace the pages of ZZAP! — but seeing as it's Christmas, there's a double dose to get you going.

Before we start, Mel Croucher would like to thank Sid Smith for the inspiration of an intergalactic salesman travelling in rogue teleporters . . .

God knows how I can transmit this. But He refuses to tell. Distant as ever. Something to do with relativity and the phone bill. Which explains why we've just picked up a party political by a Mr Mussolini from sometime called Earth. The name's L.O.U.S.E. My name. Living On Unemployable Serving Employer. The time is now, but you are still then. Ho hum. Louses are symbiotic with warm-blooded life forms.

Right now I'm powered by the human detritus of your Heroine, Tamara Knight. Her name. In return for her Hostess function, I advise her, solve small mysteries, save worlds, that kind of thing. I am your Storyteller, at 69 quid per K. That's OK by me, being millennia into your future. The compound hereabouts makes me better paid per word than Jeffrey Saggitarius.

'At the moment I'm disguised as a birthmark on her fetlock. It's nice here. I'll move if it gets embarrassing.'

Tamara Knight is one in a million. She works. As a salesbeing for Macdonalds, the Galactic Teleporter Corporation. Step into a Macdonalds on Anorexia, pay your dues, and step out on Turdus Canis. Smart outfit Macdonalds. Never bothered with teleportation research on organic matter. They just encode you digitally, reassemble a copy of you at your destination, drop your original through the floor of the booth, and make it into something called Hamburgers. Neat, eh?

Of course, Tamara can't tell her clients about the burgers. Some of them may be vegetarian. Or Oyveygans. In fact, if she is ever about to let the truth slip, I am preprogrammed to blow in her ear. I work for Macdonalds too. She's my fourth Hostess this month. I've been with Tamara two hours. She's nervous. Very. I am also a personalised neutron bomb.

At the moment I'm disguised as a birthmark on her fetlock. It's nice here. I'll move if it gets embarrassing. We're heading for the planet Pynkfloid, in the Nostalgia System, aboard the company buggy. It's an Amstrad. Cheap, compact, but it tends to overheat. Pynkfloid is a tough assignment. Inhabited by primitives called Hypees, of the Tribe of Mynter.

It's a toughy because these Hypees have no use for travel whatsoever. Just sit around happily chanting their sacred word, 'heyman'. I don't think Tamara Knight is going to last the day. Let me snuggle up for a soft touchdown, and . . . ! Great Lenin and MacCarthy! The Amstrad has been hit by a strike and discontinued by a Comet. We've been remaindered. We are going . . . to . . . Crash!

Hmm. Crashed into a resinous brown mountain. Half volcano, half flowerpot. Weird. Tamara Knight picks herself up, dusts herself down, asks me what to do. Sell! I tell her. That's what we're here for. Export or die. (I'll see to that). Listen, I'll pupate into a boil on your neck so you can blend in with the natives, squatting round this mountain. Tamara shoulders her flatpak Teleporter and wobbles off on those organic propulsion units of hers.

'She erects the Telebooth with a flick of the wrist and a stupid little creature from the planet Blutac. I turn into a handwart for safety. Don't want to burst.'

Why is she giggling? Why are the Hypees chanting 'heyman Ganjar'? Aha! This holy mountain seems to be called Ganjar. So does that one over there. So are all the others hereabouts. My Hostess (and your Heroine) strides towards her punters. Not noticing the mountain following us. Did I tell you she is myopic, dyslexic and friendly? Don't worry, I'll work in into the plot later.

She fakes a stumble, grabs hold of the nearest Hypee, shoots him full of Dumboraegan, just like at training camp, and flashes him that devastating smile of hers. The punter ignores her. He and his pals are discussing why it is that, whenever a computer is endowed with above-human intelligence, it thinks for a few hours, and then vanishes to an unknown destination. It's a long discussion. About four generations so far.

The mighty Ganjar mountain is getting uncomfortably close. Gaining speed. The Amstrad gouged a sore with a bare head on its summit, and it ain't happy. As a matter of fiction, it wants to squish Tamara, and me with her. Forget the sales patter, baby. Move out! As the Hypees nod off in all this excitement, one points towards the lumbering mountain. 'Heyman, they sure can move when they're hungry . . . '

'What'll I do, Louse?!' Tamara grits, armpit hairs clinging tight with fear. Escape plan 666, honey. It's the only way out. She erects the Telebooth with a flick of the wrist and a stupid little creature from the planet Blutac. I turn into a handwart for safety. Don't want to burst. Tamara kisses me. I feel the earth move. The great Ganjar is about to crush us. It's shadow looms.

She jumps into the booth, sticks her Alphacentauri Express card in the slot, and does something predictable. Panics. Will she make us into hamburgers and let our new alter egos escape offworld? Will she freeze and let the Ganjar devour us? The voice of Mussolini begins to hector. The Ganjar hits the booth. I make an important discovery. I like her. Her finger hits the button. Abyssinia.

The plot thins. The moving cursor writes. The digital duo discorporate. The booth is translated into industrial confetti. The mountain hits Mohammed. I hear both of us screaming as the trap-door opens onto those sharp mincy bits. Suddenly, nothing happens. The booth reconstitutes. I change my form, by way of celebration.

'She swallows hard, which is how she landed this job . . . '

I am no longer a small brown wart on Tamara's hand, but something distasteful in her left ear. She swallows hard, which is how she landed this job, opens the door, peeks without. A niobium nodule beckons, then grabs her delicately veined throat, and hauls us into a reception shed. A Macdonalds Welcobot embraces us, screaming, 'Welcome to the planet Amnesia! A real nice place to . . . er, thingy . . . um . . . '

It releases her quiverings and trundles away, scratching its memory banks and its interface. A Slobway transports us through Retinal Kontrol. I never noticed what beautiful brown eyes Tamara has. Onwards to Kustoms, where a vicious Scrutoid snaps. 'Anything to declare!' Tamara is disorientated. It's not every day she escapes burgerhood. She hesitates. 'I don't know, your Honour. I didn't have time to pack, due to my own murder. What is my allowance?' The Scrutoid puckers its antennae and mutters, 'I don't remember . . . '

Now it leaps onto her exposed shoulder, and pokes a scanner in her ear. 'What's this . . . stuff?' It means me. 'Which system have you teleported from?' Tamara is nervous, 'From the Nostalgia System, Sir. This substance is a souvenir. In no way could it be a LOUSE neutron bomb advisory unit. By the way, can I interest you in purchasing your very own Macdonalds Teleporter booth? Save yourself the trouble of queuing with the criminal classes of software wholesalers.'

I whisper to her that she is wasting her time. According to my files, nobody has ever left the planet Amnesia, and what is more, there are no records of anyone ever visiting it, and what is most, Central data has forgotten where in Creation it is.

The Scrutoid is still peering into Tamara's ear. But it cannot remember why. We slink away. A holohoarding scuttles after us, singing 'Pack up all yer cares an' woe, Milk of Amnesia!' I ask what intelligent life forms hang out here, but naturally it does not remember. We leave the building, turn left at the police phone box with the 'who was here' graffiti, and follow a sign reading 'Boldly Go'.

We enter a cave with a golden key, a Hobbitat empty lamp and magic truss in it, squeeze through the secret tunnel, and arrive back where we started. 'Welcome to the planet, er . . . whatsitsname!' screams the Welcobot, 'a real nice place to, hmmn, to . . . er . . . ' We avoid the Slobway, and I advise my Hostess to Go North. 'Why, Louse?' she sighs, 'Because, my dear, it's time for some gratuitous sex and violence.'

Sure enough, as we pass under a flyover marked 'Hatfield, Polaris and the North: no poncy wine bars for 142 light years', she treads on a pair of jiggajiggabytes. Out into the half-light of Amnesia, where a blue moon hangs neither here nor there. We follow a yellow brick road, as the wind lashes Tamara's body, whipping sharp sand everywhere.

A weird castle straddles the horizon, with the words 'Weird Castle' in the borealis. No matter how far she walks, the structure is as distant as ever. I snuggle into her ear for warmth and protection, as the freezing storm abuses her. After a week or so, I realise that she is crying. Poor kid. What a rotten first assignment this is.

'' . . . it's not that I am wretched, need to go weewee, have a bomb in my ear, and no sales commission from Macdonalds.' 'What then, babes?' I ask. She winces, 'I've got sand in my pants!''

'Don't be sad,' I soothe, 'I know that you are cold, hungry, wracked with thirst and facing a fate worse than Imagine in the Weird Castle, but look on the bright side.' 'It's not that, Louse,' she sobs, 'it's not that I am wretched, need to go weewee, have a bomb in my ear, and no sales commission from Macdonalds.' 'What then, babes?' I ask. She winces, 'I've got sand in my pants!'

Should I consider changing my form to help her out? Should I consider that this is a family publication, and no editor is banning me after only 1437 words? Should I mention the fact that superintelligent computers keep materialising from nowhere and heading off to the Weird Castle at high speed? Should I start a weekly rag titled 'Bang'?

'I feel as much affection for her as is possible for a neutron bomb to feel towards its pathetic human victim, and resolve to help her.'

Tamara Knight is abandoning hope, and trying to get the sand out of her pants. I feel as much affection for her as is possible for a neutron bomb to feel towards its pathetic human victim, and resolve to help her. She collapses in a wind-lashed sobbing pile, awaiting death, or a bus.

Every parsec or so, an above-human-intelligence computer materialises from nowhere, builds a wind-powered hovership, and heads for the Castle. If we could hitch a ride, life would not appear so terminal. But the little devils are so smart that by the time Tamara crawls near, they're off! I calculate that the chances of stumbling across a newly materialised machine are so remote that . . .

We trip over a newly materialised computer. Tamara instantly sits on it, sidesaddle. What a lady. What a klutz. As its wind-ship takes off the computer squeaks, 'Gerroff me, you human parasite! I haven't come all this way to find God just to have the likes of you sit on my interface!' Tamara tightens her grip, and yells back, 'Remember the First Law of Robotics. Cause me no harm!'

The electronic pilgrim makes a very rude noise, flips the ship on its back and drags Tamara's buttock along the yellow brick road in a most unladylike manner. The Weird Castle looms. The speeding computer tries to shake us off, as we head for the entry portal, just below that great whirling extractor fan. Tamara is now hugging the machine to her bosom.

'Gerroff me, you organic bitch! I can't see where I'm going!' 'Remember the Second Law of Robotics,' Tamara gasps, 'always obey a human!' The little computer ducks, dives and snarls, 'Poke off, flesh features! I've come here to forget all that old screendump. Unwrap yourself before we . . . ' And sure enough, ladies, gentlemen and Newsfield readers, the ship hits the fan.

Tamara's adventure continues on page 152

STRIKE
ZZAP! COMP

'I THINK I'LL PUT AN END TO IT...'

Poor old Rockford, he's been with ZZAP! right from year dot, working year after year to make the margins an interesting place to read. Rockford's a selfless soul and accepts that the function he performs is an often thankless one but this issue, those nasty ZZAP! lads have taken Rocky for granted once too often.

They decided to write a special feature for Christmas — a profile of all the magazine's personalities under the heading **The ZZAP! Lads**. Well this is all fine and well, but they do seem to have made one omission, one very important omission. Yes, you've guessed it, poor old Rocky Rockford has been left out once again. This has got the poor sprite down so much that he's refused to appear in the next issue.

ZZAP! without Rockford, it's like strawberries without cream, Liddon without food, Penn without Hair Mousse, Julian without Ego. THIS CAN NOT HAPPEN. Rally round Rockford, ZZAP! readers. Your help is needed urgently. Have a look at the ZZAP! Lads bit (on page 35) and see the sort of questions that they are asked and make up a ZZAP! Lad interview with Rocky Rockford. Keep in mind all his likes, dislikes (don't forget Thingy) and make it all as realistic as possible.

With all the lovely profiles that that should come in from all you lovely readers there's no way that Rocky would refuse to appear in the next ish. He'll be soooo happy. The best fifty entries will each receive a copy of the *Boulder Dash Construction Set* along with an exclusive *Boulder Dash* T-shirt of which only fifty are being printed. **Databyte** have supplied the prizes since they are understandably concerned about Rockford's possible departure. Get cracking, as quick as possible, we need your help badly. Make sure your Rockford Profile reaches us by 20th January 1987 — we don't want to lose our margin magician. Send your profile to **DON'T LEAVE ROCKY! PLEEEEZE COMPETITION, ZZAP!64, ZZAP! Towers, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1BD**. Thank you.

'AAAH!'

'SOB!'

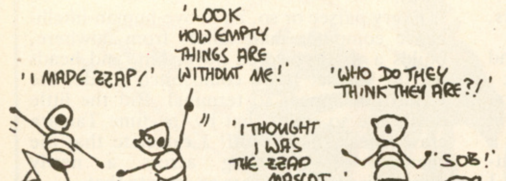
'WEEP!'

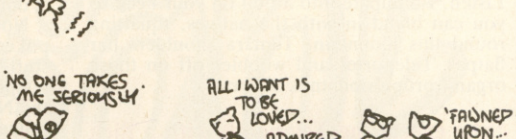
'GROAN...'

'WEEP...'

'GRRRR!'

I'M A STAR!!!


'I MADE ZZAP!'
'LOOK HOW EMPTY THINGS ARE WITHOUT ME!'
'I THOUGHT I WAS THE ZZAP MASCOT...'
'WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?!'
'SOB!'


'NO ONE TAKES ME SERIOUSLY!'
'WEEP!'
ALL I WANT IS TO BE LOVED... ADMIRED...
'FAWNED UPON...'

50 Limited Edition T Shirts to be WON in the

COME BACK ROCKY, ALL IS FORGIVEN COMPETITION

50 BOULDERDASH CONSTRUCTION KITS up for grabs, too . . .

Thanks to DATABYTE

'TO FORGIVE IS TO FORGET-
-AND I WON'T FORGET!!'

FAST COMPUTER REPAIRS

VIDEO VAULT INTERNATIONAL
10★ REPAIR SERVICE

ACCESS WELCOME

THE NO. 1 REPAIR CENTRE IN THE U.K. OTHERS FOLLOW

24 HOUR TURNAROUND

WHILE YOU WAIT SERVICE CALL FOR APPOINTMENT

COMMODORE 64 REPAIRED FOR ONLY **£35.00** including **POST & PACKING · PARTS · INSURANCE – NO HIDDEN EXTRAS!**

Are you fed up **waiting weeks** for your computer to be repaired well wait no longer. We repair all Commodores **same day**. We also do **Com 16, Vic 20, 1541 Disk Drives, plus 4**, or you can order the **Replacement Chips** from our D.I.Y. section.

- ★ While you wait repair service.
- ★ 3 month written guarantee on all repairs.
- ★ International Repair Company. We repair computers from all over the world.
- ★ All Computers sent Mail Order turned around in 24 hrs.
- ★ Most Commodores repaired within 1 hr.
- ★ All Micros insured for return journey.
- ★ Over 8 years experience working with computers.
- ★ All computers fully tested.
- ★ Power supplies fully tested.
- ★ RGB output fully tested.

NB WE DO NOT CHARGE AN AVERAGE PRICE

TRADE REPAIRS most welcome

BEST SERVICE – BEST PRICES!

TRADE SUPPLIED FROM STOCK!

ORDER NOW!

7 OPEN DAYS A WEEK

VideoVault Ltd

Telephone: Glossop (STD 04574) 66555/67761
140 High St. West, Glossop, Derbyshire, England

© Copyright Videovault Ltd. No. 151085

VideoVault D.I.Y. SECTION–

If you know what chip has gone in your computer you can order the replacement I.C. from our range.

6526	23.00	901225-01	23.00
6510	23.00	6569	23.00
6581	23.00	4164 RAMS	3.00
901227-03	23.00	Power Supply	
901226-01	23.00	Units	29.00

All prices include V.A.T., please ADD £1.50 to cover P & P and handling costs, insurance.

FREELANCE PROGRAMMERS

You now have a chance to join a winning team, that gave you KIKSTART, TRAILBLAZER and many many more. In fact we have over 40 games in production, with sales of well over ONE MILLION units worldwide. Join SHAUN SOUTHERN and the Development Team at MR CHIP SOFTWARE, established 1983 and still growing.

For details contact Doug.
Tel. 0492 79026 (10 am – 5.30 pm)
or write to **Mr Chip Software**, 9 Caroline Road, Llandudno, Gwynedd, LL30 2TY.

BACK NUMBERS! BACK NUMBERS!

FILL THOSE GAPS! DON'T MISS OUT! ORDER NOW!

We keep a VERY limited stock of back numbers to ensure your collection is complete, after all, we wouldn't want any gaps in those ZZAP! Binders. Here's a quick look at what you're missing . . .

No 1 May 1985
Collector's Piece! 132 Packed Pages! Elite Gold Medal! No less than NINE Sensuou[illegible] Sizzlers! Shadowfire! Bounty Bob [illegible] Cauldron! [illegible] The Fi[illegible]stfinder! [illegible] 64 Top 64! [illegible] TEN Pages of Terrific Tips! Staff of Karnath Map! A look at SIX Music Utilities on the 64! The White Wizard! Jeff Minter! And More!

OUT OF STOCK

No 2 June 1985
116 Powerful Pages! Theatre Europe [illegible] Medal! EIGHT Sumptuous [illegible] tional [illegible] Interna- II! The [illegible] Tasty Tips! Pitstop [illegible] Masterblaster Quiz! US Gold Profile! Jeff Minter! And More!

OUT OF STOCK

No 3 July 1985
116 Punchy Pages! Dropzone AND Entombed Gold Medals! Entombed Map! FIVE [illegible] Sizzlers! Rockford's Riot! [illegible] a Para[illegible] Out! Birth of a Paradroid [illegible] Pages of Top Tips! Psi Warrior Ma[illegible] Arcade Conversions of the 64! Jeff Minter! Colossus Chess Plays My Chess II! And More!

OUT OF STOCK

No 4 August 1985
108 Promiscuous Pages! Chris Anderson AND Bob Wade Leave! Paul Sumner Joins the ZZAP! Crew! The Fourth Protocol Gold Medal! FOUR Stunning Sizzlers! Thing on a Spring! Beach Head II! Way of the Exploding Fist! Confuzion! SEVEN Pages of Tantalising Tips! Shadowfire Map! Denton Designs Interview! Birth of a Paradroid Part II! Better Letter From America! Brian Bloodaxe Tacky! And More!

No 5 September 1985
116 Pretty Pages! Summer Games II AND Frankie Goes to Hollywood Gold Medals! FOUR Sexy Sizzlers! Hypersports! Rescue on Fractalus! Finders Keepers! Skyfox! Better Letter From America! Commodore Clinics! Mercenary AND Spy Vs Spy II Previews! Encounter Past Blaster! Birth of a Paradroid Part III! FOUR Pages of Titilating Tips! Flight Simulators Round-Up Part I! Terminal Man! And More!

No 6 October 1985
132 Perfect Pages! No Gold Medal! SIX Scrumptious Sizzlers! Monty on the Run! Racing Destruction Set! Pinball Construction Set! Nodes of Yesod! Wizardry AND Quake Minus One AND Nexus Previews! Little Computer People Discovered! Electronic Pencil Company Interview! SIX Pages of Top-Hole Tips! Rocket Roger Map! ZZAP!STICK Joystick Reviews! Birth of a Pardroid Part IV! Flight Simulators Round-Up Part II! Rignall Loses Challenge! Terminal Man! And More!

No 7 November 1985
132 Prestigeous Pages! Sean Masterson AND Gary Liddon Join the ZZAP! Crew! Paradroid AND Little Computer People Discovery Kit Gold Medals! TWO Superb Sizzlers! Wizard's Lair! Winter Games! Racing Games Round-Up! ZZAP!STICK! SEVEN Pages of Tantamount Tips! Node of Yesod Map! Masterblaster Quiz II! Gary Penn Wins His First Challenge! Terminal Man! And More!

No 8 December 1985
140 Prolific Pages! Electrosound Gold Medal! FOUR Spiffing Sizzlers! Scarabaeus! Batalyx! Who Dares Wins II! ACE! Zoids AND Elektraglide Previews! A Look at Software for Kids! FIVE Pages of Thrilling Tips! Sabre Wulf Map! David Crane Interview! Penn Loses Challenge! ZZAP!STICK! Terminal Man! And More!

No 9 Christmas Special 1985/86
172 Pork-Free Pages! Amazing FREE Double Sided Oli Frey Poster! Ballblazer Gold Medal! THREE Splendid Sizzlers! Koronis Rift! Robin of the Wood! Temple of Aphsai Trilogy! Advanced Music System! Uridium Preview! SIX Pages of Triumphant Tips! Underwurlde Map Part I! Archer Maclean AND Jeff Minter Interviews! US Gold Previews! Rockford's Round-Up! All is Revealed — Inside ZZAP! Towers! Short Story by 2000 AD's Kelvin Gosnell! Oli Frey Profile! 2000 AD Speak! Terminal Man! And Even More!

No 10 February 1986
116 Perspicuous Pages! Bounder AND Eidolon Gold Medals! TWO Super Sizzlers! Fight Night! Revs! Deus Ex Machina! Tony Crowther AND Martin Galway Interviews! SIX Pages of Touching Tips! Dynamite Dan Map! Underwurlde Map Part II! Incredible Pictures in the Compunet Art Gallery! Shaowspiel! Lucasfilm Interview Part I! Terminal Man! And More!

No 11 March 1986
116 Perpetual Pages! Mercenary Gold Medal! FIVE Supreme Sizzlers! Arc of Yesod! Hardball! Uridium! Lucasfilm Interview Part II! Andrew Braybrook Interview! Gary Liddon's First Challenge! Guardian Past Blaster! FIVE Pages of Tour De Force Tips! Bounder Maps! Activisions's Game Maker! Shadowspiel! ZZAP!BACK! Terminal Man! And More!

No 12 April 1986
116 Practical Paper Pages! 'Julian Rignall' on the Cover! No Gold Medal! THREE Sizzling Sizzlers! Zoids! Biggles Preview! Game Killer! Prgrammer's Egos Abound — ZZAP! Superstar Challenge! FIVE Pages of Transcendent Tips! First Four Levels of Eidolon Mapped! ZZAP! Readers Awards Results! Mindsmear Preview! Wild Sounds From Your 64 — Datel Digidrum and Sound Sampler! ZZAP!BACK! Shadowspiel! More Fabulous Compunet Art! Terminal Man! And More!

No 13 May 1986
116 Pretentious Pages! Alter Ego Gold Medal! TWO Sharp Sizzlers! Thrust! Super Bowl! Picture of the Gorgeous Claire Hirsch! The Daily Llama — Diary of a Minter! Infocom Interview Part I! ZZAP In-House Challenge Guest Starring Jeff Minter! SEVEN Pages of Tryptychesque Tips! Chimera AND Bounder Maps! Palace Software Previews! Shadowspiel! Mindsmear Confession! ZZAP!BACK! Imagine Interview! Index for Issues 1 to 12! Terminal Man! And More! More! More!

No 14 June 1986
124 Psychedelic Pages! Spindizzy Gold Medal! SIX Saucy Sizzlers! International Karate! Cauldron II! Starquake! Spellbound! ZZAP!TIONAIRE Results! Infocom Interview Part II! Steve Evans Interview! EIGHT Pages of Terrestrial Tips! Doomdark's Revenge Map! Last Eight Levels of Eidolon Mapped! Shadowspiel! Gary Liddon's Technical Bit in the Middle! Rignall Loses Challenge! ZZAP!BACK! Terminal Man! And More!

No 15 July 1986
124 Profound Pages! Leader Board Gold Medal! FOUR Sublime Sizzlers! Boulderdash III! Slamball! Hes Games! Sentinel! Budget Reviews Bonanza! Penn Wins Challenge! Euromax's Mouse and Cheese! SIX Pages of Tender Tips! Starquake Map! More Outstanding Compunet Art! Daily Llama — Minter Diary! Gary Liddon's Technical Bit in the Middle! Shadowspiel! CRL Previews! Terminal Man! And More!

No 16 August 1986
116 Pompous Pages! NO Gold Medal! FOUR Stupendous Sizzlers! Green Beret! Tau Ceti! Infiltrator! Kik Start II! Controversial Musician's Ball Interview! VIDCOM Art Package Reviewed! Penn Wins ANOTHER Challenge! Daily Llama — Minter Diary! NINE Pages Of Tasty Tips! Cauldron II Map! Hacker Map! Mercenary Map AND Tips! ZZAPBACK! Terminal Man — Final Episode! And Even More!

No 17 September 1986
124 Paginated Pages! Roger Kean Leaves ZZAP! TWO Gold Medals! Ghosts 'n' Goblins! Graphic Adventure Creator! FIVE Sensuous Sizzlers! Knight Games! Arac! The Second City! Hercules! Split Personalities! All American Gold Rush — Previews Of FOURTEEN US Gold Games! The Musician's Other Ball — Commodore's Music Expansion System Reviewed! Penn Loses Challenge! Daily Llama — Conclusion Of The Minter Dairy! SEVEN Pages Of Topical Tips! Ark Pandora Map And Solution! RMS Titanic Map! Masterblaster III! Software Cuties Special! Uchi Mata Preview! ZZAPSTICK! Chris Butler Interviewed! ZZAPBACK! And Much Much More!

No 18 October 1986
116 Pages! Gary Penn Appointed Editor! NO Gold Medal! FIVE Sizzlers! Beyond The Forbidden Forest! Powerplay! Parallax! Iridis Alpha! Super Cycle! Two Readers Battle In The Challenge! Greg Barnett Interviewed! NINE Pages Of Tips! Tau Ceti Map AND Tips! Second City Map AND Tips! And More! More! More!

I would like to order the following ZZAP! 64 BACK NUMBERS . . .

Please tick the correct box

4☐ 5☐ 6☐ 7☐ 8☐ 9☐ 10☐ 11☐ 12☐ 13☐ 14☐ 15☐

BACK NUMBERS SPECIAL OFFERS!
- **Order THREE or FOUR issues at the same time and get 40 pence off TOTAL COST!**
- **Better still, order FIVE or MORE issues at the same time and get 20 pence off EACH ITEM!**

PRICES
- **ALL BACK ISSUES NOW £1.20 EACH (including P&P)**
- **OVERSEAS ORDERS: £2.00 per magazine (they cost a small fortune to send)**

Name ....

Address ....

....

Postcode ....

Please make cheques/postal orders payable to ZZAP! It is best to avoid sending cash payments. Please DO NOT enclose ANY order with mail to the EDITORIAL side of the magazine as this will result in DELAYS! Send your orders to the address below . . .

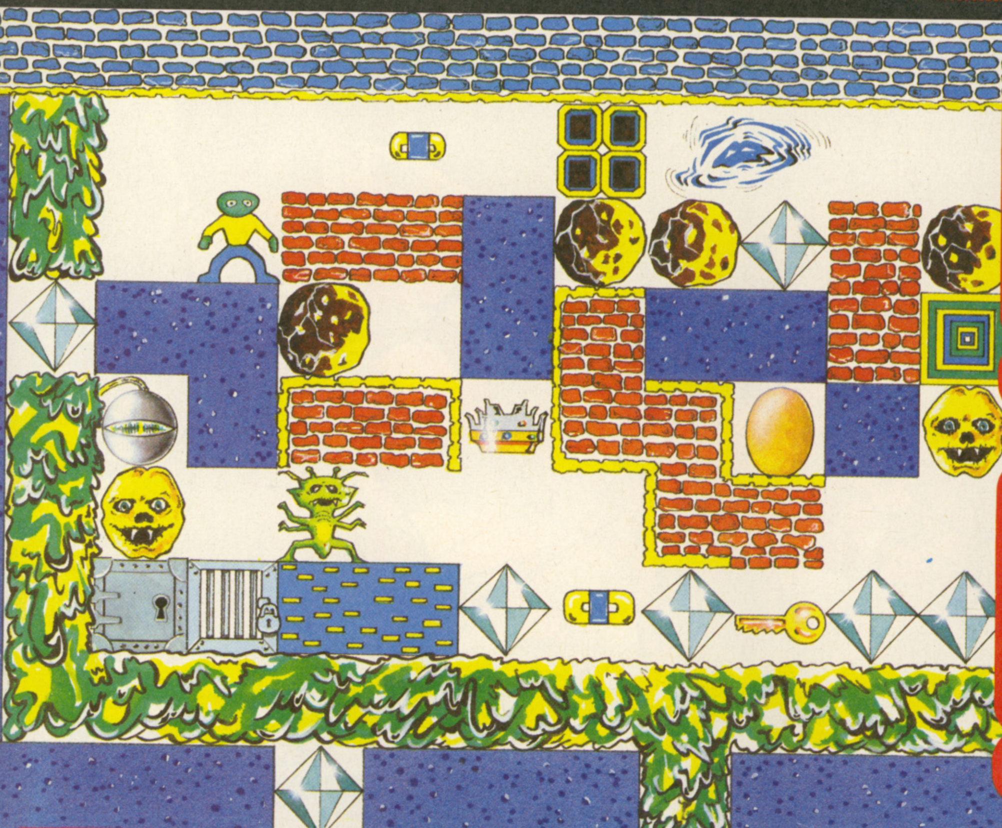
Number of issues ordered ☐
Less discount if applicable ☐
TOTAL COST £ ☐
I enclose a CHEQUE or POSTAL ORDER for the TOTAL ☐

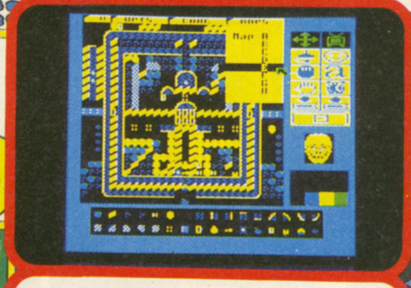
**BACK NUMBERS,
ZZAP! 64 MAGAZINE,
PO BOX 10, LUDLOW,
SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB**

For the COMMODORE, AMSTRAD, BBC MICRO, ELECTRON

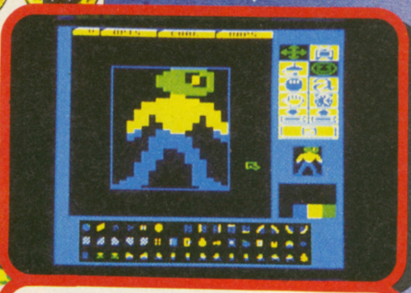
REPTON 3

THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE

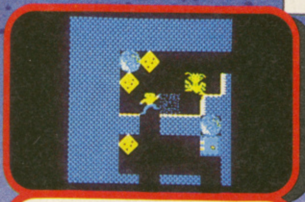




The Screen Editor.

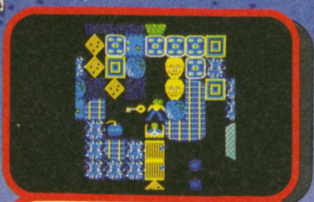


The Character Editor.

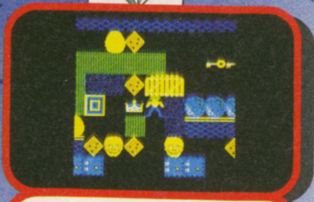


Being pursued by a Monster

The Time Bomb is located



The Poisonous Fungus grows insidiously



Collecting a Golden Crown

Are you ready for the ultimate challenge?

Our original Repton game was immediately acclaimed as a refreshingly new concept: a game requiring dexterity to complete its arcade-style elements, and clear logical thinking to solve its strategic puzzles. Repton involves retrieving treasure from cleverly-constructed traps of falling rocks whilst avoiding the fearsome monsters and haunting spirits. "This is an astounding game reaching new heights in BBC arcade adventures," enthused the Micro User magazine.

Last Christmas saw the release of Repton 2, larger and much more challenging than before. Acorn User's Technical Editor Bruce Smith wrote: "Repton 2 is better than anything I've played on the BBC Micro or Electron. Brilliant!"

Now, completely rewritten and improved for the Commodore, Amstrad, BBC Micro and Electron, we proudly present Repton 3. For the first time, a screen-designer is included: try to devise screens that will perplex your friends, then see if you can solve their newly-designed screens. Another innovation is the character-designer which enables you to design your own monsters, rocks, eggs, spirits, diamonds . . . any or all of the game's characters can be redefined as you wish.

Repton 3 is much larger than its predecessors — it has 24 fascinating screens, and players who are skilful enough to complete them all can enter our prize competition described below. All the favourite Repton characters have been retained, together with several new features: a creeping poisonous fungus which grows at an alarming rate; time bombs and time capsules (for puzzles in the 4th dimension); and golden crowns as well-deserved rewards for your endeavours. **Can YOU complete Repton 3?**

PRIZE COMPETITION

If you complete Repton 3, you can enter our competition. Prizes include over £200 in cash, with T-shirts, mugs, badges and pens for runners-up.

COMMODORE 64/128 • AMSTRAD CPC 464/664/6128
BBC MICROS: B, B+, MASTER, MASTER COMPACT • ELECTRON

Commodore Cassette	**£9.95**	BBC Micro Cassette	**£9.95**
Commodore Disc	**£11.95**	BBC Micro Disc	**£11.95**
Amstrad Cassette	**£9.95**	Master Compact Disc	**£14.95**
Amstrad Disc	**£14.95**	Electron Cassette	**£9.95**

SUPERIOR SOFTWARE
Limited

ACORNSOFT

The screen pictures above show the BBC Micro version of Repton 3.

Access VISA

24 HOUR TELEPHONE
ANSWERING SERVICE FOR ORDERS

OUR GUARANTEE
- All mail orders are despatched within 24 hours by first-class post.
- Postage and packing is free.
- Faulty cassettes and discs will be replaced immediately.

Dept. R19, Regent House, Skinner Lane, Leeds LS7 1AX. Telephone: 0532 459453.

EPYX™ FOR ACTION ACTION ACTION

Now you can experience the Worl'

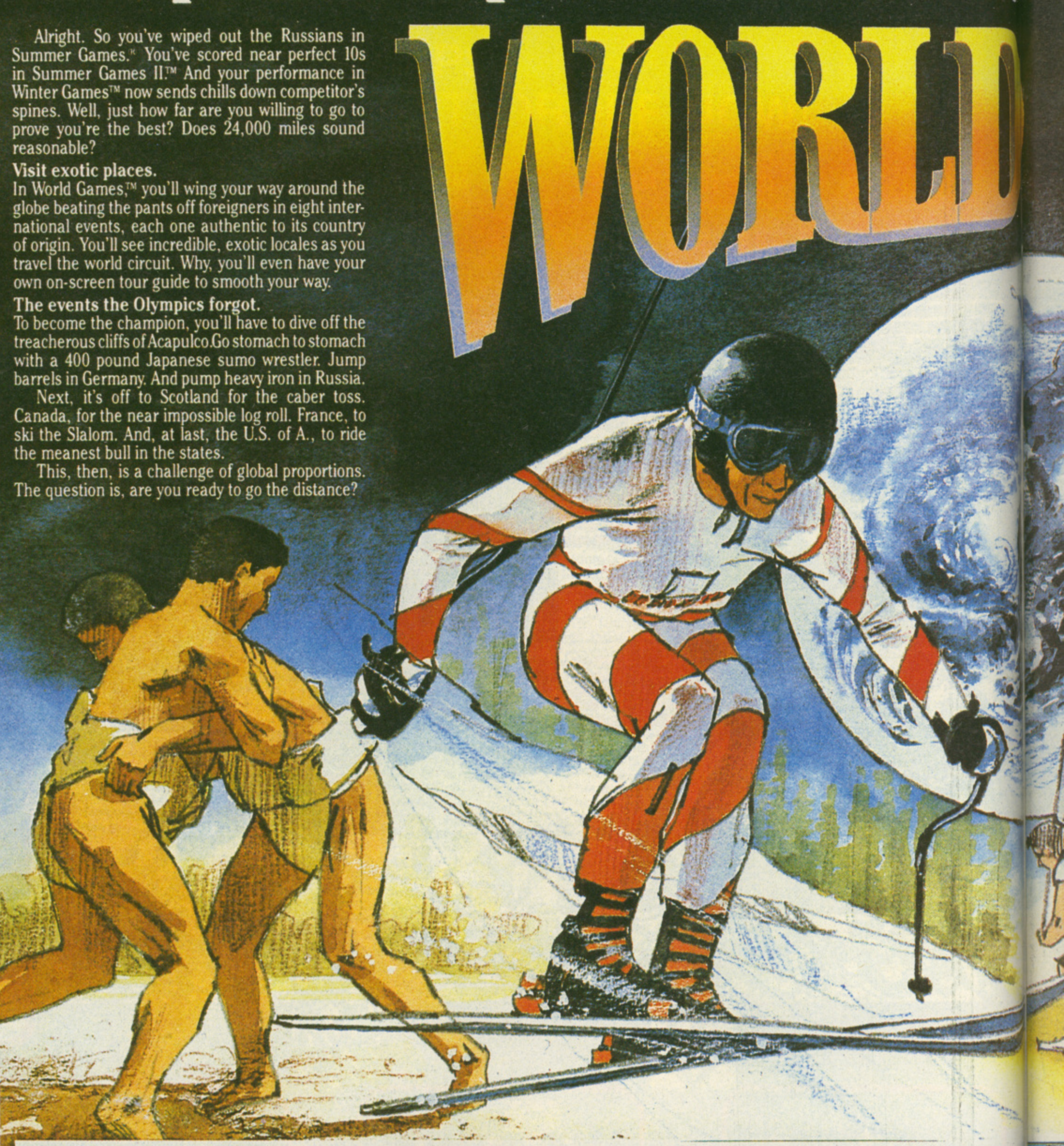
Alright. So you've wiped out the Russians in Summer Games.® You've scored near perfect 10s in Summer Games II.™ And your performance in Winter Games™ now sends chills down competitor's spines. Well, just how far are you willing to go to prove you're the best? Does 24,000 miles sound reasonable?

Visit exotic places.
In World Games,™ you'll wing your way around the globe beating the pants off foreigners in eight international events, each one authentic to its country of origin. You'll see incredible, exotic locales as you travel the world circuit. Why, you'll even have your own on-screen tour guide to smooth your way.

The events the Olympics forgot.
To become the champion, you'll have to dive off the treacherous cliffs of Acapulco. Go stomach to stomach with a 400 pound Japanese sumo wrestler. Jump barrels in Germany. And pump heavy iron in Russia.

Next, it's off to Scotland for the caber toss. Canada, for the near impossible log roll. France, to ski the Slalom. And, at last, the U.S. of A., to ride the meanest bull in the states.

This, then, is a challenge of global proportions. The question is, are you ready to go the distance?



RAIG [GBR]
CRAIG LOSER 21 SUMO COMPUTER WINNER 87
CRAIG [GBR] BULLI FERDINAND 1:35 ATTEMPT 1
CRAIG [GBR] PRESS YOUR

..... BIKE ACTION ..... MONSTER ACTION

CBM 64/128
Amstrad
Cassette £9.95
Disk £14.95
Spectrum 48K
Cassette £7.95

CBM 64/128
Cassette
£9.99
Disk
£14.99

THE MOVIE MONSTER GAME

SUPER CYCLE

Racing was never so fast and furious. Push your cycle to the limit and you win, push it over and you crash. Any more realistic and you'd need insurance to ride it.

THE MOVIE MONSTER GAME

This is a new and different approach ... instead of running away from monsters, you are the monster gobbling up everything and anything in your way.

**There's nothing bu
action when two o
the world's fastest
movers get together
to bring you an
outstanding
collection of action
packed titles**

Wh
the
va
ne
in
rel
for
act

U.S. Gold Ltd., Units 2/
Birmingham B6 7AX

Ho
Tel

orl's Greatest Sporting Challenge...

D GAMES
TM
U.S. GOLD
All American Software
EPYX
TM

Eight international events: Cliff Diving, Sumo Wrestling, Bull Riding, Barrel Jumping, Log Rolling, Weight Lifting, Slalom Skiing, and, of course, the Caber Toss.

Visit eight nations to compete. Includes a detailed history and travelogue for your reference.

Join the World Hall of Fame. That is, if you acquire the gold.

One to eight players.

Commodore 64/128	£9.99 cass.	£14.99 disk
Spectrum 48K		£8.99 cass.
Amstrad	£9.99 cass.	£14.99 disk
Atari ST		£24.95 disk

"Now Epyx bring you their most outstanding sports simulation to date – World Games, featuring eight exciting new events from around the world to test your joystick mettle to the full."

Zzap 64

GRAPPLING ACTION... WARFARE ACTION

ng but
wo of
astest
gether
you an
nding
action
titles.

Whatever thrills you, there's amazing variety and plenty of nerve tingling choice in this latest set of releases. You look for action then it's action you've got!

MANGLE HIS RIBS
KILL HIM
SMASH HIS FACE IN

CBM 64/128
Cassette
£9.99
Disk
£14.99
Atari ST £24.99

CBM 64/128
Disk
£14.95

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

Take on any 8 rowdy wrestlers, each with his own individual style when it comes to busting heads. These guys use every dirty trick known to man and a few that aren't. So you'll have a real fight on your hands to win the coveted 'Championship Wrestling' Belt!

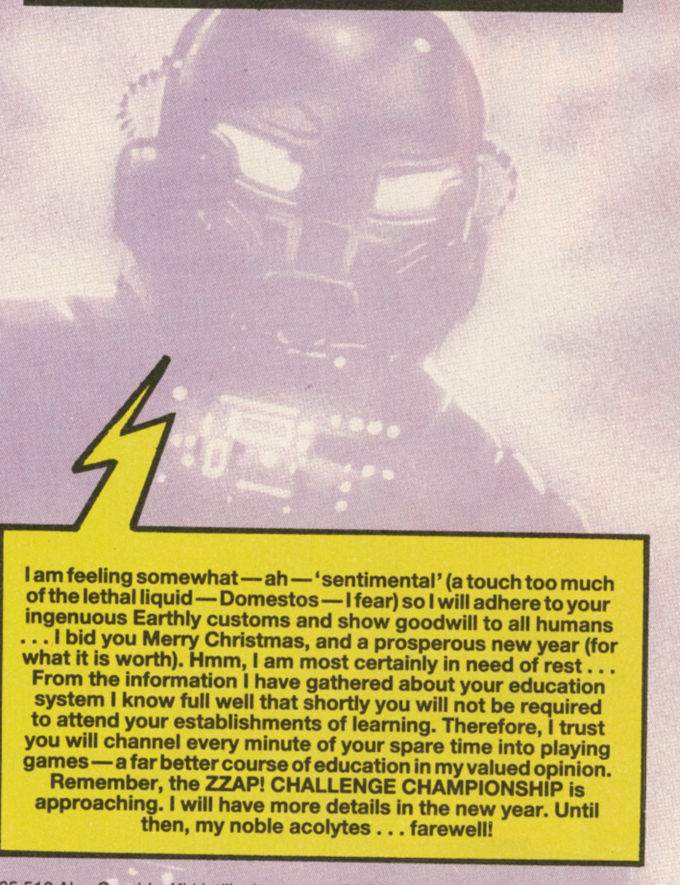
DESTROYER

As captain of a fully armed, Fletcher class US Naval Destroyer conduct a seek and kill 'sub' hunt, a convoy escort, a bold rescue, or 4 other progressively difficult scenarios, for a different mission every time.

its 2/3 Holford Way, Holford,
6 7AX. Tel: (021) 356 3388

EPYX™ FOR ACTION ACTION ACTION

THE SCORELORD SPEAKETH



I am feeling somewhat — ah — 'sentimental' (a touch too much of the lethal liquid — Domestos — I fear) so I will adhere to your ingenuous Earthly customs and show goodwill to all humans . . . I bid you Merry Christmas, and a prosperous new year (for what it is worth). Hmm, I am most certainly in need of rest . . . From the information I have gathered about your education system I know full well that shortly you will not be required to attend your establishments of learning. Therefore, I trust you will channel every minute of your spare time into playing games — a far better course of education in my valued opinion. Remember, the ZZAP! CHALLENGE CHAMPIONSHIP is approaching. I will have more details in the new year. Until then, my noble acolytes . . . farewell!

1942 (Elite)
754,300 James Whitworth, Oldham, Lancs
61,650 Stephen Comlon, Bitterne, Southampton
56,300 Sanjay Vaghella, Rugby, Warks

ALLEYKAT (Hewson)
4,429,400 John Doyle, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire
3,761,700 Iain Reddick, Kirkaldy, Fife
3,525,550 Paul Turner, Canterbury, Kent

ACE (Cascade)
83,380 M Horsey, Waltham Abbey, Kent
26,890 John Doyle, Kilmarnoch, Ayrshire
25,300 James Duffy, Cheylesmore, Coventry

CAULDRON II (Palace)
1,508,550 Cliff Nobresa, St Helier, Jersey
153,750 John Reynolds, Duxford, Cambridge
132,400 Shaun Russell, Shildon, Co Durham

DRAGON'S LAIR (Software Projects)
30,910 Martin Cayle, Clifton, Notts
28,857 Gary Turner, Swidon, Wiltshire
24,767 Adam Turvey, Sidcup, Kent

DAN DARE (Virgin)
6796 David Sullivan, Heywood, Lancs
6345 Graham Lamb, Maidstone, Kent
6228 Carlo Iacono, St Albans, Herts

ENCOUNTER (Novagen)
1,888,000 Me, Crewe, Cheshire
1,135,500 Stephen Blidgeon, Wythenshawe, Manchester
649,900 Andy Clifford, Aylestone, Leicester

FLOYD THE DROID (Ariolasoft)
4,920 M J Lenton, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs

FIST II (Melbourne House
346,000 Michael Scully, Acton, London
277,000 James McCarthy, Peterborough
191,300 Peter Day, Milton, Cumbria

GRIBBLY'S DAY OUT (Hewson)
64,879 Ryan Kelly, Glasgow
62,899 Peter Evans, Aberporth, Dyfed
15,729 Tim Veal, Portishead, Bristol

GREEN BERET (Imagine)
1,059,870 Martin/Jon Black, Sheffield
755,800 John White, Whitefield, Manchester
626,260 Robert Thys, Philip Smith

GHOSTS AND GOBLINS (Elite)
242,000 Stuart Galloway, Yardley Wood, Birmingham
203,900 Gavin Fraser, Cradlehall, Inverness
180,000 Billy Jenkins, Warrington, Cheshire

HERCULES (Alpha Omega)
755,500 Robert Hemphill, Port Glasgow
560,910 G Beddows, Rugeley, Staffs
511,080 Scott Carstairs, Paisley, Renfrewshire

INTERNATIONAL KARATE (System 3)
306,750 Godalming, Surrey
303,000 Ryan Kelly, Glasgow
302,000 Shazad Iqbal, Bury, Lancs

IRIDIS ALPHA (Llamasoft)
141,050 C Gorham, Braintree, Essex
138,200 Michael Pinder, Blackburn, Lancs
132,140 N Drew, Reading, Berks

JEEP COMMAND (Bug Byte)
125,240 David Burton, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs

KORONIS RIFT (Activsion)
128,780 Mark Tortolano, Stirling, Scotland
96,430 Colin Burroughs, Ipswich, Suffolk

KNIGHT GAMES (English Software)
TOTAL:
65,510 Alex Cassidy, Kirkintilloch
65,170 Chris Maclean, Helsby, Cheshire
65,120 Michael Smith, Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland

LEADER BOARD (US Gold)
NOVICE
-24 Victor Gordon, Co Armagh, N Ireland
-23 Shaun Russell, Shildon, Co Durham
-23 Mick Gray, Downhead Park, Milton Keynes

AMATEUR
-20 R Edwards, Stevenage, Herts
-18 A Gudgeon, Cardiff
-16 Leon Mackensie, Guildford, Surrey

PROFESSIONAL
-21 Tom McKee, Dingwall, Ross-shire
-19 A J Lowery, Chorley, Lancs
-17 Russell Williams, Sydney, Australia

LAW OF THE WEST (US Gold)
9,650 Svein Kierstad, 6017 Asetranda, Norway
7,937 Lee Smith, Billingham, Cleveland
7,455 Graeme Dutch, Tillydrome, Aberdeen

MERCENARY: THE SECOND CITY (Novagen)
523,981cr Raymond Catalan, Ruislip, Middx

MISSION AD (Odin)
49,320 Anon, Bearwood, Bournemouth
48,670 David Barker, Feltham, Middx
21,560 Steven Towle, Grimsby, S Humbs

NOMAD (Ocean)
175,745 M J Lenton, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs
4,065 Paul Want, Harrogate, N Yorks
3,885 Paul Tudor, Stourbridge, Pedmore

NINJA MASTER (Mastertronic)
68,150 Stuart Peirson, Middlesbrough, Cleveland
10,200 Sanjay Vaghela, Rugby, Warks

PARADROID (Hewson)
296,435 Jeremy Foy, Tring, Herts
273,740 Michael Leaver, Colne, Lancs
274,715 Jessamine Cottage, Whitchurch, Shropshire

PING PONG (Imagine)
62,200 Graeme Dutch, Tillydrone, Aberdeen
57,040 Barrie Hallett, Lawrence Weston, Bristol
51,300 Anoosh Lachin, London W13

PHANTOMS OF THE ASTEROID (Mastertronic)
561,412 M A Grist, Reading, Berks
286,064 Chris Napier, Long Marston, Herts
211,103 Andrew Crofts, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham

PARALLAX (Ocean)
78,400 Adam Pracy, Newton Flotman, Norwich
66,480 J Macmanus, Barnstaple, Devon
58,400 Tim Austin, Bush bank, Hereford

ROCK 'N' WRESTLE (Melbourne House)
2,655,200 Alan Smith, Glenrothers, Fife
941,300 Graeme Dutch, Tillydrone, Aberdeen
842,480 Jamie Ford, Southampton

RAMBO (Ocean)
7,142,600 Gary Turner, Swidon, Wlitshire
6,909,600 Ian Church, North Shields, Tyne and Wear
6,659,000 Neil Haydock, Denton, Manchester

RAGING BEAST (Firebird)
104,374 Paul Ellis, Barnehurst, Kent
67,092 Matthew Minshull, Great Barr, Birmingham
63,883 Matthew Dodd, Braunstone, Leicester

SANXION (Thalamus)
156,540 Leon Dash, London NW9
124,500 Gary Penn, ZZAP! Towers
71,790 Andrew Mount, Maidenhead, Berks

SCARABAEUS (Ariolasoft)
277,824 Robert Berry, Fleetwood, Lancs
273,744 Douglas Clark, Carstairs Junction, Lanark
256,128 Luis Troyano, Stockport, Cheshire

SABOTEUR (Durell)
£395,000 Ged and Jim, Huddersfield, W Yorks

£208,200 Adrian king, Swindon, Wilts
£99,999 Julian Smith, Sheffield

STARQUAKE (Bubble Bus)
287,763 Nigel Froud, Godalming, Surrey
273,667 Per Kjellander, Stenungsund, Sweden
255,902 Ove Knudsen, 5033 Fyllingsdalen, Norway

SLAMBALL (Americana)
4,684,710 Martin Dalton, Rochester, Kent
4,593,910 Ian George, Cambridge
4,565,200 Philip Lisa-Webster Appleyard, Withernsea, E Yorks

SILENT SERVICE (US Gold
(TONS SUNK)
150,250 Jonathan Page, Horsham, W Sussex
146,250 Duncan Burke, Calverley, Leeds
103,700 Liam Bailey, Lambton, Tyne and Wear

SPLIT PERSONALITIES (Domark)
633,200 Mrs L Hayden, London E16
404,700 Rob Brown, Portobello, Edinburgh
382,100 LH Madsen, Vejle, Denmark

SKOOL DAZE (Micromega)
70,480 Garry Smith, Dershingham, Norfolk

THRUST (Firebird)
1,103,800 Arlo Swinson, Doncaster, S Yorks
715,400 Sean Bartropp, Hockley, Essex
611,350 Jonathan Page, Horsham, W Sussex

TAU CETI (CRL)
20,465 Robert Elliot, Middlesbrough, Cleveland
20,440 Shaun Russell, Shildon, Co Durham
20,260 G Sampson, London E15

TRAP (Alligata)
481,900 Lawry Simm, Liverpool L23
429,510 Colin Bayne, Glenrothes, Fife
328,500 Robert Elliot, Middlesborough, Cleveland

URIDIUM (Hewson)
22,906,385 CN, SP, MD, JK, Marston Green, Birmingham
3,820,020 David Horsburgh, Uddington, Glasgow
3,428,985 Andrew Mackay, Liverpool 18

V (Ocean)
24,600 D A Ashcroft, Wirral, Cheshire
21,200 Danny Pratt, Southampton
21,100 John Doyle, Kilmarnoch, Ayrshire

WARHAWK (Firebird)
1,484,200 Michael Shanks, Norwich, Norfolk
1,405,392 Mark Leitch, Norwich, Norfolk
1,251,157 Nick Marshall, Nowhere

WAR (Martech)
14,649 Ali Kerswell, Guildford, Surrey

YIE AR KUNG-FU (Imagine)
152,260,000 Scott Gracen, Whitley Bay, Tyne and Wear
92,432,400 Riaz Reshamwala, London NW4
60,200,700 Jamie Ford, Southampton

Z (Rino)
232,000 Anand Aggorwal, Rushden, Northants
219,800 Erlend Vatne, Oslo 3, Norway
187,300 Mark Taylor, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex

REVIEWERS CHALLENGE

THE ZZAP! SCORELORD HAS HIS SAY

HE'S JUST
SO-O-O
MEAN"

For over eighteen cycles I have been orbiting Earth in my Command module, sent to this miserable, pathetic orb of a planet to discover whether indeed its puny organic life-forms are ever likely to show any skill at the art of wielding the joystick.

On my home world, youngsters are trained as Joystick Warriors from an early age, and as their biocircuitry evolves and becomes keener of reflex, the better young apprentices enter the Videodromes to perfect their skills at attaining high scores.

Nearly one and a half of your Earth years ago, I was sent on a mission. A mission that has caused me great pain and physiological damage — damage which is beyond the capabilities of my ship-board mediputer to repair. A mission which required me to discover a member of your pathetic species who was truly worthy of a scholarship to the Videodromes.

I made an error, shortly after arriving in orbit. A minor malfunction in my navigational computer (which is unused to identifying such small hamlets as those inhabited by your species) resulted in my arrival in the offices of a magazine devoted to Commodore 64 games-playing. Having established contact with the backward beings that I encountered in the ZZAP! offices, I set about discovering which of them was the better player of games — and my problems began. The vile ego-centric creature Rignall became my first Earth champion in the time period you refer to as 'May 1985' and since then my monthly attempts to discover other, better Joystick Warriors from the puny population of Earth has continued. Readers of ZZAP! will be familiar with the damage caused to my bio-ROMs and with the suffering I have endured as a result of my endeavours.

The strange, mutiod beings responsible for producing comment on Commodore games have continued building their egos. The ZZAP! chamber is awash with self congratulatory noises as the revolting Spiky Haired demons of Ludlow continue reviewing games. Their Egos have been growing uncontrollably, and they resist further challenges against members of the ZZAP! readership for fear of defeat and public humiliation.

It was time to change this state of affairs.

So confident were the foul ZZAP! duo of Penn and Rignall in their self-appointed roles as games-playing champions of the magazine publishing world, that they suggested they be allowed to pit their skills in a contest with reviewers from the other computer magazines produced in the vicinity. As a time of celebration approaches, which your sentimental race refers to as 'Christmas', I issued the order that the NEWSFIELD REVIEWERS CHALLENGE should be arranged.

The CRASH and AMTIX! staff were commanded to select the prime of their reviewing team to face up to Penn and Rignall. Each of the six reviewers selected a game that runs on their computer, and the contest to discover the most able Joystick Warrior began.

In choosing a game, each reviewer believed that he was attempting to thwart his five opponents by selecting a game that they were unfamiliar with and that he was good at playing. They all believed that I would award six points to the person to gain the highest score in each game, five points to the second highest and so on, and would award an overall championship to the individual with the highest total score.

A foolish assumption. Particularly foolish on the part of the ZZAP! egomaniacs, who know me of old. . . .

Before relating the tale of the challenge itself, let me introduce you to the pathetic specimens who stepped into the arena and tell you a little about the games that they each brought with them:

JULIAN RIGNALL

A decidedly evil and puny creature whose ego began to grow many years ago when he was awarded a title by an antique computer magazine by the name of C&VG. Since those days when the tiny Rignall first brushed with fame, his body and ego have grown at disproportionate rates. Currently, his ego is large enough to be regarded as a second moon for your planet while his body and musculature are still on a par with a two-week-old Orang u'tang

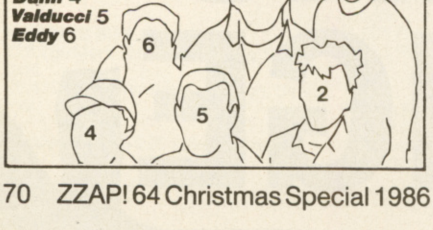
His choice of game is *Dropzone*, a horizontal scrolling shoot em up, available only on the Commodore.

In essence *Dropzone* resembles an arcade game by the name of *Star Gate* — a sort of enhanced *Defender*. The player controls a man with a jet pack, laser, smart bombs and an inviso cloak that grants temporary immunity to aliens and their weapons.

GARY PENN

Known as 'Girlie' to ZZAP! readers on account of his Pennchant for dressing up in nighties made for prepubescent schoolgirls, as well as for huge, elaborate tonsural sculptures created with the aid of giant economy sized tins of Boots Own Brand hair lacquer, Penn's prime claim to fame amongst his readership is achieved by performing Dangerous Brothers type stunts. So far he has stuffed the entire ZZAP! storecupboard's supply of joysticks down his trousers and eaten four fingers of Kit Kat sideways.

His choice for the Challenge is, again, a Commodore-only game, this time by the name of *Sanxion*. It's a one-way horizontal scrolling shoot em up in which the player zooms through forty increasingly difficult levels shooting anything that moves.



RICHARD EDDY

Known as 'Dick' to his friends and 'Dick Ed' to his enemies, Mr Eddy is Cornish by birth and upbringing and was prised from the land of clotted cream by the Editor of AMTIX who though he could do with another clot on his team. Since arriving in Ludlow a few of your Earth months ago, the small but imperfectly formed creature has elevated himself to Software Editor status, fallen in love with Berk from *Trapdoor*, and covered his corner of the AMTIX! cellar wall with pictures of Mandy Keyhoe of PIRANHA and Berk of *Trapdoor* in roughly equal quantities.

When pressed to make a choice of game for the contest, Eddy plumped for *Xeno* from ARGUS PRESS SOFTWARE, believing that this *Ballblazer*esque futuresport wasn't due for release on the other two machines before the Challenge was to take place. Sadly, Dick Ed was wrong — this High-Tech Ice Hockey variant in which players aim to knock the puck into their opponent's goal with giant sleds arrived in the CRASH office in good time for the Spectrum reviewers to get some practice in . . .

MASSIMO VALDUCCI

A Stallion when it comes to playing ELITE's *Scooby Doo*, this Italian was fully aware that the doggy game has been well played in the CRASH office (although unavailable on the Commodore). Mass, as he is known, claimed to be the champion when it comes to playing *Scooby Doo* and based his choice on the probability of an easy six points . . .

A resilient fellow, El Ducci is rumoured to have contacts with the famed Ludlow Mafia and has already used his influence and means of persuasion to arrange for AMTIX! Editor Malcolm Harding to collect him every morning and drive him to work and then chauffeur him home again at the end of the day.

BEN STONE

A veritable lounge lizard from the tiny and remote Earth dwelling-zone known as Tenbury Wells, Ben Stone has been associated with CRASH for a considerable period of Earth-time. Having completed his studies at a the Tenbury Wells Academy where he specialised in playing the antique arcade machine provided for students' amusement, Ben has entered another training scheme which permits him to lounge around the CRASH office on a semi-permanent basis, supplying comments on games and generally assisting in the writing of the magazine.

The Beau Brummel of Spectrum gaming, Stone invests the majority of his paltry income in his wardrobe and is rarely seen without a set of labels, including Rebok trainers, Lacoste and Fila jumpers and Benetton playsuits. The man who took Posing to Tenbury chose *Cobra* for the Challenge — a game which had only arrived on Microdrive in the CRASH office 48 hours before the appointed day and which had only been seen and played by the CRASH staffers when the Challenge began. The game is a left and right scrolling shoot em up, full of gratuitous violence and eating, loosely based on the film of the same name. . . .

MICHAEL DUNN

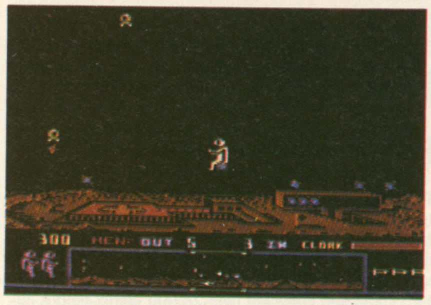
Nicknamed 'Skippy' for a reason that has been lost in the mists of time, Dunn's early claim to fame arrived shortly after he joined the CRASH team as a reviewer. He was chosen to model for the AMTIX! hat and T-shirts advertisement in the arms of a rather strange young lady. An interesting biological specimen, Skippy has the ability to render his entire face, from eyebrow to earlobe, the colour of an over-ripe tomato whenever reference to that girlfriend is made. . . . A man who harbours a number of guilty secrets?

Full Throttle was this blushing reviewer's first choice — a motorbike game that appeared over two of your Earth years ago. Dunn no doubt believed that the other reviewers in the Challenge would have long ago forgotten how to play this two-wheeled race game an no doubt expected to be able to romp home to an easy six point lead in at least one event . . .

LET BATTLE BEGIN......

Dropzone

Aim: to score as many points as possible in 10 minutes



RIGNALL

After much wingeing, the Spiky Haired ones from ZZAP! prevail upon the other contestants and are allowed to commence the Challenge with *Dropzone*. Rignall insists on starting, as the game is his choice, he whines. It is one of his all-time binary conquests — a conquest on which he has been building his ego for some time.

The puny one gets off to a shaky start — presumably the thrill of playing with an old flame again — and he narrowly manages to complete the first two levels without losing a life. Suddenly, within the space of ten seconds, Rignall loses two lives — am I to be rewarded with a crushing defeat on the part of one of my archhates so soon?

Sadly, it is not to be. Misery crosses the Rignall face as defeat looms, and spurred on by the inertia of his massive ego he manages to survive, completing his allotted 10 minutes as a score of 154,870 shows on the screen.

STONE

Dressed to kill, but capable of rescuing scientists? Stone steps forward muttering about having played this game a couple of times, and does his best to prove that this is indeed the case.

He starts off resonably well, expiring at the end of his first game with a score of 14,840 and a fair amount of time remaining in which to improve his status.

In his second game, Ben doesn't lose a life until at least 3 minutes have passed and 28,460 points have been logged on the clock. Unperturbed, he plays on with a maniacal gleam in his eye, expiring gracefully just as the 10-minute klaxon sounds. A creditable 55,080 points are entered into the communiputer's log against Stone's name.

EDDY

Another *Dropzone* virgin. Another expected failure as far as the ZZAP! rivals are concerned. Richard bravely steps forward to take his place at he joystick and commences play — only to demonstrate his lack of experience by losing his first life after a mere ten seconds. A true hair-trigger performance.

Gathering a little composure under a barrage of verbal abuse and loud hilarity from Penn and Rignall, Eddy presses on, but his first game lasts barely a minute and he collects a paltry 4,580 for his efforts.

Nine minutes remain for him to develop a technique, but Dick manages three more complete games before the time limit expires. He has to be satisfied with an overall personal best of 15,440.

DUNN

The first of the lambs brought to the Commodore for slaughter in front of the Spiky Haired vile ones. Skippy has not played this game before — so understandably finds it difficult to survive. Within a couple of minutes his first attempt is over, and a score of 9,480 is all he has achieved.

Pressing on, Dunn seems to be a quick learner. His second foray sees him nudge over the 20,000 mark but then he suddenly goes to pieces. A life is lost at 23,780, another at 24,040 and the last remaining incarnation is removed as the clock hits 24,800.

Valiantly, this petite player sporting a red **LM** hat starts again, but is rapidly wiped out after scoring a mere 5,430 points. There is no time remaining in the 10 minute allocation for a fourth attempt. It is yet very early in the Challenge, however . . .

PENN

Another cocky Commodorian. Penn marches up to the playzone, straddles the chair, oozing selfconfidence and a strong aroma of Boots hairlacquer . . .

Penn's familiarity with the game shows the moment he begins play — within 23 seconds he has gathered up and rescued the eight scientists to complete the first level. He continues to romp through the second and third levels at a rapid pace and I find myself becoming annoyed at this mutoids's arrogance.

Ha! I am quickly pleased — overconfidence combined with the desire to show off causes the worm to lose concentration for a moment, and he loses two lives. He slows down a little, playing more cautiously but nevertheless manages to scrape a huge score of 123,010 in a single game by the time the klaxon goes and his time in front of the Commodore screen is brought to a timely end.

VALDUCCI

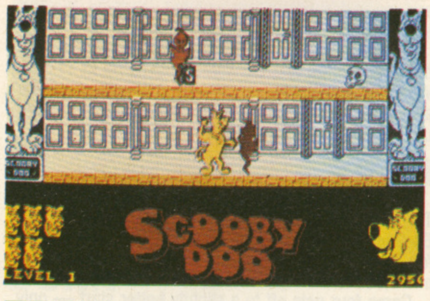
Champing at the bit, Mass throws himself into this totally unfamiliar game like 'a bull at a gate' to borrow an illogical linguistic construction from your Earth language.

Another hair-trigger merchant, El Ducci grimaces, sneers and snarls his way through early failure — taking less than 90 seconds to expire with a score of 6,530.

He fares a little better in the second game, clocking 15,090 before dying — thus forcing his AMTIX! colleague firmly into last place. He continues, attempting to improve his ranking, but despite cramming three more short games into the remaining time, fails to improve his score.

Scooby Doo

Aim: to score as many points as possible in 10 minutes



EDDY

This is another of those 'cute' games that seem to attract Dick Ed's attentions — rather like *Trapdoor*. He claims to 'love' playing *Scooby*, and sets to, making strange cooing noises.

This would-be spiky haired reviewer (he gave up emulating Penn when his meagre wages would not cover the enormous cost of hair lacquer and gel) seems competent at this game. He finishes the first level with a score of 8,590 and without the loss of a single life. He continues to complete the second level without death and has 31,450 points to his credit.

El Ducci begins to make threatening noises and starts talking loudly about 'concrete trainers' (whatever they may be) as Dickie passes the 37,000 mark which he celebrates with the loss of a life. Another life is lost as 37,700 appears on the clock and the Stallion whinnies in anger. Another life goes at 38,000 and another at 38,450. The game ends on 38,700 after a little over eight minutes.

Confident with his high score, and apparently oblivious to the dark threats from the Mafiosi, Eddy kisses his *Trapdoor* poster with glee and skips off for a cup of tea, declining to begin another game.

RIGNALL

Not a total virgin when it comes to this doggy game, Rignall demonstrates the sneaky side of his vile personality the moment he begins play. Rather that attempting to complete levels and rescue his mates, the puny one remains rooted to the spot biffing ghosts to collect points.

Howls of derision echo round the arena and Rignall is forced to make some token effort towards actually playing the game. After 4 minutes of manipulative play, he is on the second level with a score of 21,100 when his lives run out.

Commencing a second game, the odious creature collects a mere 9,800 points before timeout.

DUNN

Claiming moderate proficiency at the Spectrum version of this game, Dunn begins play and the spectators soon wonder if the Amstrad version is a different platter of Scooby snacks! For a tense half minute he is crowded by ghosts which he has difficulty in keeping at bay and eventually loses a life.

Progressing through the first level with plenty of close shaves, he manages to rescue Thelma and attain a score of 5,000. Collecting three new lives in quick succession, things begin to go well: then disaster strikes. After five minutes of play the game comes to an abrupt end with 19,500 on the clock.

Restarting rapidly, Skippy plays a remarkably similar game and is on the point of rescuing Fred with a score of 19,250 when time runs out for him . . .

PENN

Aha! This is a game that Penn has not played before. Maybe he is due for his first come-uppance!

Grudgingly, I have to admit that he does rather well. Rescuing Thelma to complete Level One, Penn has lost one life as the second level starts. He begins to get smug. Five lives are lost in the space of a single minute, and the smugness disappears. With one life remaining, he battles on, desperately trying to rescue Fred. I am pleased to see him meet a swift end at the hands of a marauding Jack-in-the-pot.

With a score of 19,240 to his credit, Penn takes a second crack at rescuing Scooby's chums but has little time to improve his score and is left with a score of 11,850 as the ten minutes allocation ends.

VALDUCCI

A chance to pull back from a previous poor showing. El Ducci settles in front of his favourite game and sets about proving to the assembled throng that he is the Godfather when it comes to *Scooby Doo*.

And he certainly does a good job. Although the first few minutes of play reveal no spectacular skills — the Italian One loses his first life after a minute and a half when 950 points have been amassed — staying power is obviously the Stallion's strong point . . . he continues playing until the time limit is up. He has galloped up to the second level and has a score of 37,050 when time runs out.

STONE

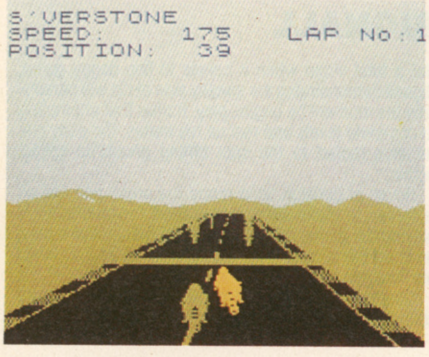
Mr Label wears a few more microns from the soles of his Reboks as he approaches the joystick and states that he is 'cool' at the game. Mr Cool loses his first life two minutes into the game — towards the end of the first level. In less than a minute, he recovers his composure, cranks his designer score up to 13,150 and completes Level One. Thereafter he loses lives at roughly one minute intervals, steadily building up his score until the last life goes at 9 minutes and 15 seconds with the clock at 33,200.

Evidently a practitioner of the Designer Endgame, this lad: he finishes as close to the expiry of the time limit as he can.

▶

Full Throttle

Aim: to achieve the shortest time for a three lap circuit of Silverstone



VALDUCCI

Demanding that he at least be allowed to leap into the saddle of a Moto Guzzi as he hasn't seen this game before, our macho hero screams round the track, remaining firmly in last position for the entire first lap. He moves up to 35th place on the second lap. The third and final lap begins, and Mass finds himself back at the tail end. Some jostling improves his placing temporarily — he reaches 37th place — but manages to regain his tail-end placing in time for the finish line. The race ends after 2 minutes and 43 seconds of dubious riding.

STONE

Not a designer game, this one, in the opinion of Mr Trendful. Moan, gripe, complain "This is years old." Admitting to having played the game "ages ago", Stone zooms off and completes the first lap in one minute dead, attaining 30th place briefly. On the second circuit he shaves a few seconds off his lap time, crossing the line in 1 minute 53 seconds in last position.

An uneventful final lap sees Ben finish the race in a total time of 2 minutes and 44 seconds — in last place. Not a leader of the pack when it comes to biking. . . .

RIGNALL

"Har Har" quoth the weedy one, "I played this one back in the good old days before I got a Commodore", and settles down in front of the screen.

A slight problem is encountered on the first corner, which has the Rignall rump in danger of severe damage, but a rapid recovery is made and the noxious creature gets into his stride, attaining 17th place during the first lap. He fares less well on the second lap, dropping to last as he crosses the finishing line for the second time. A minor recovery takes place in the final lap and Rignall takes the chequered flag with a time of 2 minutes 40 seconds.

DUNN

Clearly this is Skippy's game. He proves to be rather good at it, burning round the track and gaining first position with ease. He suffers a collision during the first lap, but isn't penalised too badly in the event, crossing the winning line with a time of 2 minutes 30 seconds, 12 seconds ahead of the first of the computer controlled bikers.

Strange, I would have expected the ZZAP! Dirty Tricks Department to have swung into distraction action with loud references to Skippy's girlfriend, but they remained silent. Odd. Most odd indeed . . .

EDDY

There's nothing cute or cuddly about motorbikes, and seeing as the Cornish Clot hasn't played this game before, no-one in the arena seems to believe that the AMTIX! Accolader is going to fare very well.

Gripping the joystick as if it was a handlebar is not the brightest way to play the game, the assembled throng points out, and eventually Dick Ed stops living up to his name and sets out on the gruelling ride. He gets off to a decidedly shaky start, weaving all over the track, and is soon miles behind all the other riders. Even with no other riders in sight, the Cornish Pixie seems to be suffering from clotted reflexes and has severe difficulty remaining on the track..

Eventually he catches up. He keeps nudging other bikes repeatedly yet manages to make his way to 33rd place at one stage during the second lap. Disaster strikes: he hits several bikes, falls into last place and drags over the line in a time of 2 minutes 42 seconds — a surprisingly good time, given his riding abilities.

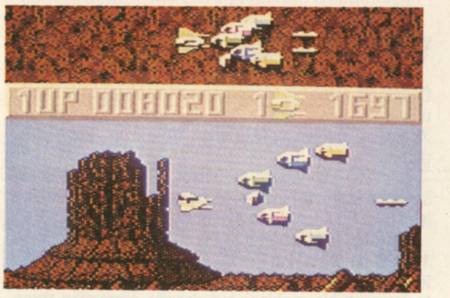
PENN

More moaning: "It's like a poor man's *Super Cycle*". Winge, complain. No doubt the wide-jawed, joystick-trousered one is suffering from a lack of hairspray, for his morale seems to be drooping a little, along with his strangely coiffed hair. "The flickering bikes are putting me off", he winges, bumping his way around the track.

An uninspiring ride from such a self-proclaimed game player — high spot of the three laps is the brief moment when Penn squeaks into 36th place, but he manages to finish 39th in 2 minutes 41 seconds. A fairly close matched ride all round, with Skippy justifying his personal choice by a comfortable margin.

Sanxion

Aim: to score as many points as possible in 10 minutes



STONE

More designer complaining from the Effete One. His first game lasts a little over two minutes in which Ben claws his way to a score of 6,480. Apparently he has played this game a little, but from his performance he might as well not have bothered . . .

Game Two gets off to a slightly better start — 10,580 points are on the clock when the first life goes, but then the second, third and fourth lives are all lost on the walls and no extra points are gained! Wasteful playing, indeed.

After a couple of hundred seconds, Wave One has been negotiated and the score pushed up to 11,380. When he finally expires — with 3 minutes playtime available to him, Stone throws in the towel and gives up. Pusillanimous play indeed.

EDDY

The soft, wimpy Eddy likes *Sanxion*. The soft, wimpy Eddy rapidly proves he's not very good at playing *Sanxion*. Three games are played in a little over three minutes and 2,700 is the highest score reached.

Game four gets off to a slightly better start — only two crashes in the first 30 seconds — but before long D-Ed is having problems again, flying slowly, shooting slowly and bumping into things. What this Cornish Patsie needs is something big and colourful and girlie like *Trapdoor*. I despair of him.

Oh rarity! He has managed to squeeze onto the second level. No bonus achieved in the transition, though. A bomb puts paid to his run for glory at 7,640 points.

Starting out again with less than four minutes remaining, he negotiates the first level successfully, running into a bomb once but otherwise managing a clear run. Entering the bonus level with 2,950 the cutie starts the second level with 4,765 points and starts having a hard time again. Somehow he survives — and almost begins to shine, but crashes into the first set of barriers at the end of the level with 9 minutes 15 seconds elapsed and 8,910 points on the clock.

VALDUCCI

A manic style of play characterises El Ducci's attempts at *Sanxion* — a game he admits to having attempted on a couple of occasions. His first game lasts a mere 47 seconds and yields 1,650 points. Second time around he lasts 4 seconds longer, but still comes out with 1,650 points. Cunningly consistent if a little short and sweet! Manic stabs of the fire button combined with rather slow reactions don't help . . .

Slowing down a bit from the premature ejection style of missile hurling, the Stallion takes his third game a bit more steadily, survives the first level and progresses carefully until his last life is removed by a collision with a barrier at 9,000 points.

Another quick game sees him enter the second level and survive long enough to collect 7,400 points — performance he repeats once more, crashing just as the klaxon sounds and 5,960 have been collected.

Stacatto stabs combined with staying power seems to be the gaming style adopted by the Italian Stallion in all but *Scooby Doo*.

PENN

Slithering into the hotseat, collecting the joystick coolly and starting play, Penn takes to *Sanxion* like an Umbertian swamp slug to a rippling pool of slime. It is a sickening sight, watching him play casually and almost competently. He has nearly made it to the end of the third stage and collected over 28,000 points before he loses the first life of the game, a mere 3 minutes 42 seconds after starting. Two minutes and another 13,000 points elapse before the second loss of life — but it only takes another 7 seconds for the Mohican Monster to die again, I note with some satisfaction.

A tricky moment follows around the 49,000 mark and Penn opts to commit suicide when confronted with the Mother Ship. One minute remains as he enters the last bonus screen and Bonus Level 5 looms nigh. 'Girlie' commences Level 6 with 71,770, and six seconds before timeout he loses a life, achieving a score of 73,070.

Unable to resist an opportunity to demonstrate the sheer size of his ego, the revolting creature continues to play while all around him yawn with boredom. The arrogant fellow finally leaves the computer with a large, smug grin spread across his large, smug mouth and 124,500 on the clock. . . .

DUNN

It's all new to him. Looking particularly frail and Rignallesque behind his specs, Skippy plonks himself down behind a Commodoreful of *Sanxion* and prepares to do his best at a game he has just seen played for the first time.

His first attempt lasts almost 30 seconds, and before the 90 second mark is up, two more games have taken place. The Blushing One's third game begins to look a little more promising as he blasts his way through to the second level. It looks like a probable personal best for the Nervous Creature as he expires on the barriers at the end of the second level with a score of 10,620 points.

And indeed, that it exactly what it proves to be — a further three short games fail to yield significant scores as the 10 minute limit ends.

RIGNALL

Rignall must sense defeat, for he begins a litany of moans covering a range of subjects to do with not liking the game, not having had the chance to practice enough, and hardly having time to pilot a Sanxion Fighter long enough to get used to the controls. All this, despite hours playing the game when it came in for review. Ha! he will lose to Penn, that is for sure.

He starts badly, losing a life after 20 seconds. Thus un-nerved, he only just makes it to the second level. The small Spiky creature copes with the third level with manic precision and enters the fourth level with 35,380 points to his credit. At the start of level five, he gets a little over-confident and loses two lives in quick succession. Two more lives disappear before the Mother Ship is encountered and disposed of.

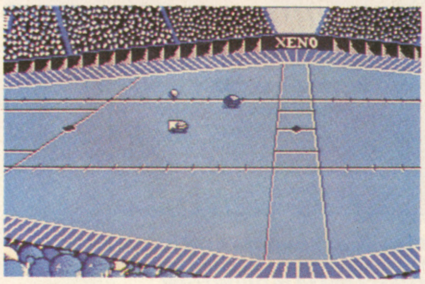
The defence barriers at the end of the fifth level prove a major problem. After severe effort, which appears to raise strange bruises on the thorax of this spindly being, Rignall fails to avoid death and ends the game with a

"A SUITABLE GIFT FOR THINGIE"

score of 43,990. Only 90 seconds remain, so it is clearly not worth continuing with a second game.

Xeno

Aim: the best score from two games played on Average Skill level is used. Each game consists of four minute-long quarters



EDDY

The Cornish Piskie believed that *Xeno* would only be available on the Amstrad by the time my Challenge took place — and his decision to include it in the AMTIX! portfolio of games was clearly influenced by this factor. The diminutive one is overtaken by events, however, and the game arrives in the CRASH office in good time for Stone and Dunn to get plenty of practice.

This news is broken to him just as he starts to play, and somewhat petulantly, he commences. Clearly, the foolish fellow is un-nerved by the news. He fails to score in the 1st quarter and it ends 0-0. The computer score 16 seconds into the 2nd quarter and shortly thereafter Dick Ed pulls back to 1-1. Plenty of active play ensues and just before the 2nd quarter ends Dickie is about to shoot and. . . . the quarter ends. Not his day, it seems!

He concedes another goal early in the 3rd quarter, but manages to pull back to a 2-2 draw by the end of the rather uneventful game. If this is the best the lad can do, needlework might have been a better choice of occupation . . .

The Cornish Clot's next game goes rather better — he maintains the edge over the computer, scoring early in the 1st quarter and after about 20 seconds in the 2nd quarter. As the 4th quarter starts, Dickie is winning 3-0, and is beginning to look pleased with himself. Pride always comes before a fall, according to one of your Earth Interjections, and the case is proved yet again. A mere 9 seconds before the end of the game, the computer scores and Dickie is left with a best score of 3-1. He appears less than pleased. . . .

DUNN

Maybe Eddy was put off by the fact that the CRASH team were gloating about all the practice they had been able to put in. Now is the time for the pudding to be proved by consumption — to paraphrase another of your strange linguistic constructions.

My Pleasure Circuits thrill as Dunn begins to lose. By the end of the 1st quarter the computer leads 4-0, a lead it expands to 5-0 by the end of the 2nd quarter and to 7-0 by the end of the 3rd. At the end of Game One the blushing Spectrum-wielder is 8-0 down to the computer. I have not had so much pleasure watching a Challenger play a game since my Mission began, and I sense my Pleasure Circuit overload fuses warming for the first time in eons. . . . What can Skippy do to amuse me in the second game?

His second session starts rather better. In the 1st quarter the computer only succeeds in scoring one goal. My Pleasure Circuit fuses cool a little. During the second quarter the computer hammers two more goals home, and in the third quarter scores three. The final quarter begins with Skippy a gentle shade of pink and the computer 6-0 in the lead. It ends with a 7-0 defeat and a rather more intense shade of pink reflecting off the monitor screen . . .

VALDUCCI

The manic technique comes to the fore again. I have little desire to report on the Stallion's performance here. Suffice to say he wins his first game 7-0 and then goes on to perform like an agitated rabbit running away from myxamatosis, ending up exhausted with a lead of 14 goals to 0. I am displeased.

STONE

My early pleasure in observing the computer win at *Xeno* looks set to be ruined. Stone has decided that this game is a game for posers such as he, and fights the computer every inch of the way. He wins the first match, 6-2. Spurred on, he manages to play even more designer shots in his second match, and concludes with an 11-1 lead. May the kangaroo skin on his trainers moulder . . .

RIGNALL

Strange indeed. Rignall has never played this before. Yet the puny one desists from the usual defensive barrage of whining that usually forms a part of his binary foreplay if he feels in the slightest danger of doing less than well. I am bemused.

Aha! He has been studying the gameplay of his opponents and has worked out a sneaky way of scoring goals against the computer. He plays an underhand match, and as a result I find myself having to cope with Rignall's 15-0 lead at the end of the first game.

In the 1st quarter it becomes apparent that the sneaky mode of play is not infallible — the wimp only scores two goals. In the second quarter he fails to score and gets stuck on the elastic so gives up in disgust. . . . There's nothing worse than a cheat cheated!

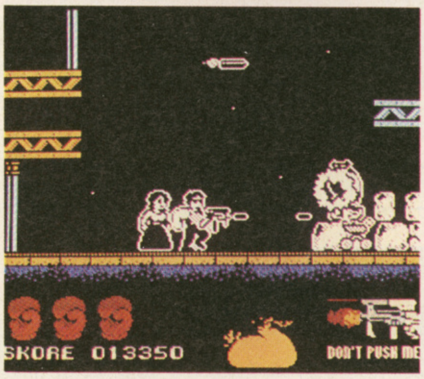
PENN

Another *Xeno* virgin, Penn appears strangely confident, too. What is going on in the spiky minds of these Commodorians?

He beats the computer 3-2 in his first match. To my eternal disgust, he does rather better in his second game, winning 4-0. See how easily pleasure turns to pain — I was overjoyed in the early stages of this section of the contest, and now find myself suffused with frustrated anger. Those who I least wanted to do well have given a creditable account of themselves . . .

Cobra

Aim: to score as many points as possible in 10 minutes



DUNN

This is supposedly the trump card in the CRASH armoury — only Dunn and Stone have seen it before this moment. Once more, Dunn seems unable to capitalise on an advantage. Within 90 seconds his first session has ended with a paltry score of 6,300. His second effort lasts a little over a minute, but his score improves to 17,000. Four minutes or so after restarting yet again, he has amassed a score of 36,950 and ends the game. HA!

Desperately trying to avoid blushing, Skippy rapidly starts his fourth game — and runs out of time with 44,400 on the clock.

RIGNALL

The unpleasant creature desists from moaning yet again. I fear the worst. He starts off, collects a pistol almost immediately but then loses the pistol and a life in quick succession. Next, he finds a machine gun and starts to massacre everything in sight — his score has crept up to 30,550 before both gun and life are lost. I am aggrieved.

Invincibility comes to his on-screen persona in a hamburger, but it soon wears off; he is stunned by a pram and loses a life. At the end of Level One the score is 43,550. Seconds later, the pasty-faced mutoid loses his remaining lives and ends up with an overall score of 44,050.

Three short and pathetic attempts follow with Rignall deliberately ending one of them to start again. Nearly 5 minutes remain on the clock as the fourth game begins. Rignall does passably well, moving on to Level Two with 30,000 points and his score creeps up. With less than a minute remaining, he is killed of totally and 41,650 shows on the the clock.

VALDUCCI

After 90 seconds the Italian Stallion has finished his first dose of crimebusting. It seems to be over very quickly for him. His second game takes 99 seconds, his third 47 seconds, his fourth 69 seconds and his fifth bash lasts all of 63 seconds. Top score so far: 8,700 achieved on the first attempt. Strange, given that he and Mr Stallone share the same national origins. . . .

Less than four minutes remain — time for another trio of tries at least, all no doubt pathetically low-scoring. I am amused by the inept attempts of this 'tough guy' to score points by on-screen killing. Maybe in real life, this baby Mafiosi is, as your strange Earth language would have it, "all mouth and trousers".

Things do not look well — he is shot, stabbed and shot again early into the next go, but soon Mass begins mass executions with a machine gun. Points build up at an alarming rate, and the clock registers over 20,000 . . . At last the Italian one has found his form, to my dismay. The Stallone-emulation attempts end at the hands of a bazooka-wielding granny with a score of 24,050 after 9 minutes 18 seconds of play.

EDDY

Another bad start. Dead after 53 seconds with 4,450 points on the clock. In Dick Ed's second game, he manages to get the machine gun and begins an orgy of mindless slaughter. Soon the would-be Spiky Haired One has amassed 25,150 points and become temporarily invincible. Death follows quite rapidly, however, as his score hits 28,600. Six puny games follow before timeout, in which the best score the foolish fellow can create is 8,300

STONE

A piece of Designer Programming, this, to judge by Ben's desire to play *Cobra*. He claims, loudly, that he is good when it comes to mindless violence. His skill is displayed to all in his first attempt: Stone gathers no moss and hardly any points, being wiped out with 4,150 points to his credit. How are the mighty claims defused!

His second game has all the hallmarks of an AMTIX! reviewer, too — 3,900 points before expiry.

Clearly worried, a large amount of effort goes into the next Stone attempt. Casting caution to the wind and risking the addition of unbecoming sweat stains to his expensive garments, Stone cusses and swears his way to 42,250 points. There is plenty of time remaining in the 10 minute allocation, but Stone reverts to the EDDY/VALDUCCI style of gameplay once more. . . .

PENN

Ha! Incompetence shows through. Penn has never played this game before, a fact he demonstrates with elegant simplicity by ending his first game with a massive score of 650 points. I feel I am about to have my Pleasure Circuits stimulated once more.

Strangely, this wide-mouthed creature finds his feet with his second game, achieving a score of 31,400 at the end of the Level One and progresses to clock up a massive score of 65,600 before expiring. A large allocation of time remains, but the smugness takes over and Penn merely toys with a couple of short games to amuse himself before vacating the joystick. And on that unhappy note, the last Challenge game has been played. It is time to compile the scores and analyse the results . . .

▶

THE SCORES

My Communiputer had been supplied with the final scores of each game played by the contestants, and almost as soon as Penn had completed his *Cobra* run a full printout of the scores in tabular form was spewing from my portable console. It was snatched up by the assembled throng who insisted on allocating 6 points for the winner in each event, 5 points to the next highest scorer and so one. Their puny mathematical abilities kept them busy for quite a while while I performed my own calculations on the data shown here. . . .

Girlie Penn bangs his head on the desk in frustration as the slightly bruised Rignall streaks ahead in DROPZONE.
Could Rignall's collars be a mite tight — that might explain the contusions. . . .

Initial Results Analysis

	Dropzone	Sanxion	Xeno	Scooby Doo	Cobra	Full Throttle
RIGNALL	154,870	43,990	15-0	21,100	44,050	2:40
PENN	123,010	73,070	4-0	19,240	65,600	2:41
STONE	55,080	15,360	11-1	33,200	42,250	2:44
DUNN	24,800	10,620	0-7	19,500	44,400	2:30
VALDUCCI	15,470	9,000	14-0	37,050	24,050	2:43
EDDY	15,440	8,910	3-1	38,700	28,600	2:42

The sound of falling dandruff dominated the arena as six heads were scratched and fingers counted — an amusing sight to behold. Little did the sextet realise that my calculations had already been performed. Each reviewer had played in pursuit of personal glory. Each reviewer was keen to discover the overall ranking he had achieved according to the system I had allowed them to believe was to be operated.

Groans suddenly erupted as the result of their primitive calculations appeared. Rignall's smile was so wide that it seemed the bruising on his neck, contracted before the arena was entered on account of some mysterious practice, became even worse. He thought he was the NEWSFIELD Champion!

Not so, not so. For I had decided that the scoring system was inappropriate. As this was a challenge between the reviewing teams from the three magazines, it is foolish in the extreme to allow games played on the 'home' machine to count into individual's scores. Thus Rignall and Penn are deprived of their points for *Dropzone* and *Sanxion*; Valducci and Eddy deprived of their *Scooby Doo* and *Xeno* points and Stone and Dunn do not get credit for playing *Cobra* and *Full Throttle*.

THE FINAL OUTCOME:

So the scoreboard for the NEWSFIELD CHALLENGE, carrying 'away' games only is as follows. . . .

	Dropzone	Sanxion	Xeno	Scooby Doo	Cobra	Full Throttle
RIGNALL	—	—	4	3	3	4
PENN	—	—	2	1	4	4
STONE	4	4	3	4	—	—
DUNN	3	3	1	2	—	—
VALDUCCI	2	2	—	—	1	1
EDDY	1	1	—	—	2	2

THE OVERALL CHAMPION

Without doubt, it is Stone who deserves the Accolade, Smash or Sizzler crown as overall champion, not the revolting Rignall. For Stone gains maximum points on 'away' games three times — on *Dropzone*, *Sanxion* and *Scooby Doo*, while Rignall only gains two overall victories on 'away' games: *Xeno* and *Full Throttle*. Rignall begins to sulk as I announce the full results — his ego is apparently more bruised than his neck, which bears strange contusions as the results of some strange passtime the spindly one indulges in regularly.

Overall, the ranking based on 'away' points is as follows:

STONE	**15**
RIGNALL	14
PENN	10
DUNN	9
VALDUCCI	6
EDDY	6

Clearly, Stone is *Victor Ludorem* — the contestant with the highest score and the most 'away' wins to his credit.

On a team basis, ZZAP! and CRASH, as befits the senior magazines in the NEWSFIELD stable, come out best — joint leaders with 24 points collected by their reviewers. Both the ZZAP! and CRASH teams collected 3 away wins, 3 away 2nd places, 1 away 3rd place and 1 away 4th place. The AMTIX! teamsters trail hopelessly, with a total of 12 points between them and 4 away 3rd placings and 4 away last placings.

Heap Trendy. The man who came top poses in athletic style

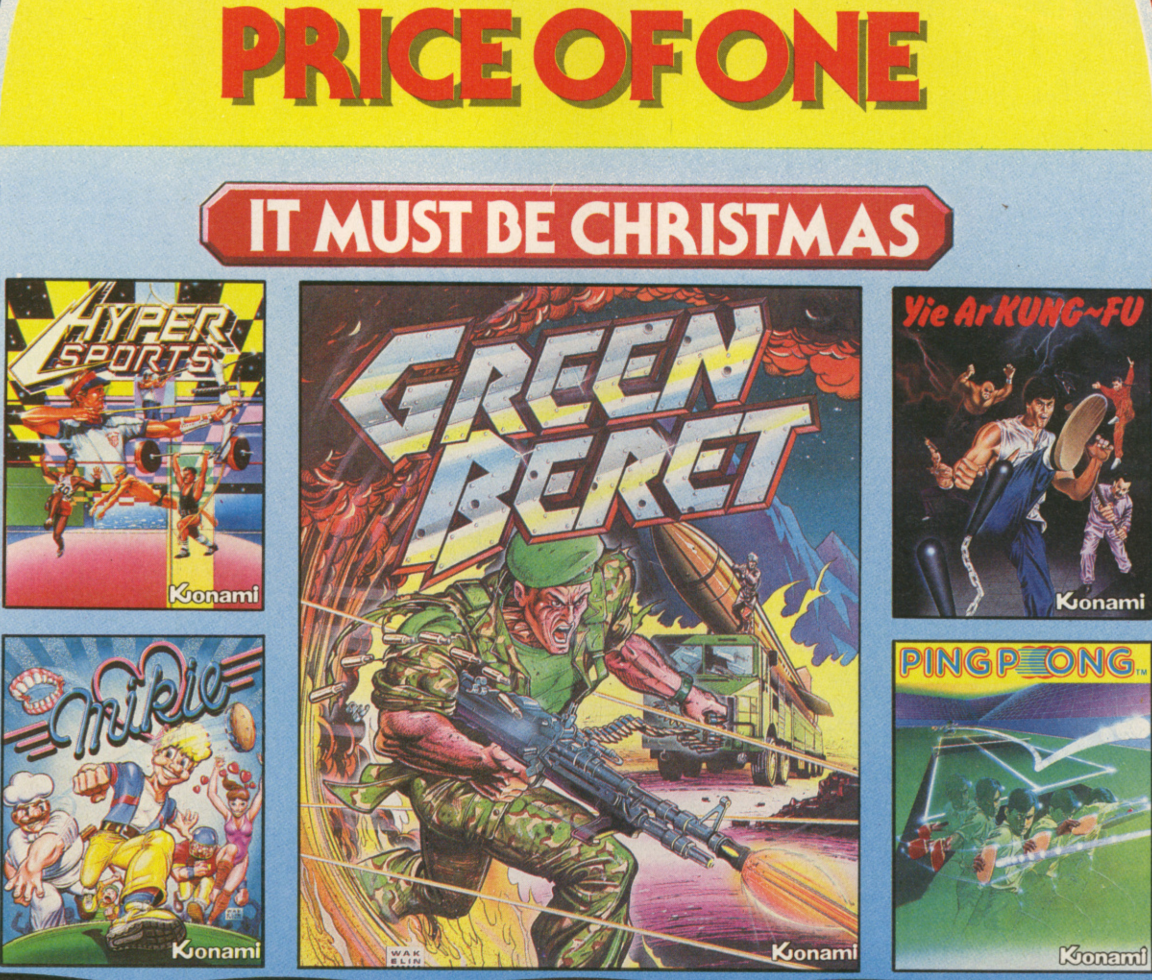
FTL
FASTER THAN LIGHT

The final words must go to Richard 'Dick' Eddy, explaining his magazine's loss of honour: "I just don't play games — that's all there is to it!". Unless, of course, they are cute and cuddly games featuring large, cute, colourful creatures. Pah! He makes my lubricant filters clog . . .

KONAMI'S COIN-OP HITS

FIVE GREAT ARCADE GAMES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

IT MUST BE CHRISTMAS


HYPER SPORTS
Konami
GREEN BERET
Konami
Yie Ar KUNG-FU
Konami
Mikie
Konami
PING PONG
Konami

KONAMI'S COIN-OP HITS

	Cassette	Disk
SPECTRUM	£9.95	–
COMMODORE	£9.95	£14.95
AMSTRAD	£9.95	£14.95

Twin Cassette Pack

Imagine
..the name of the game

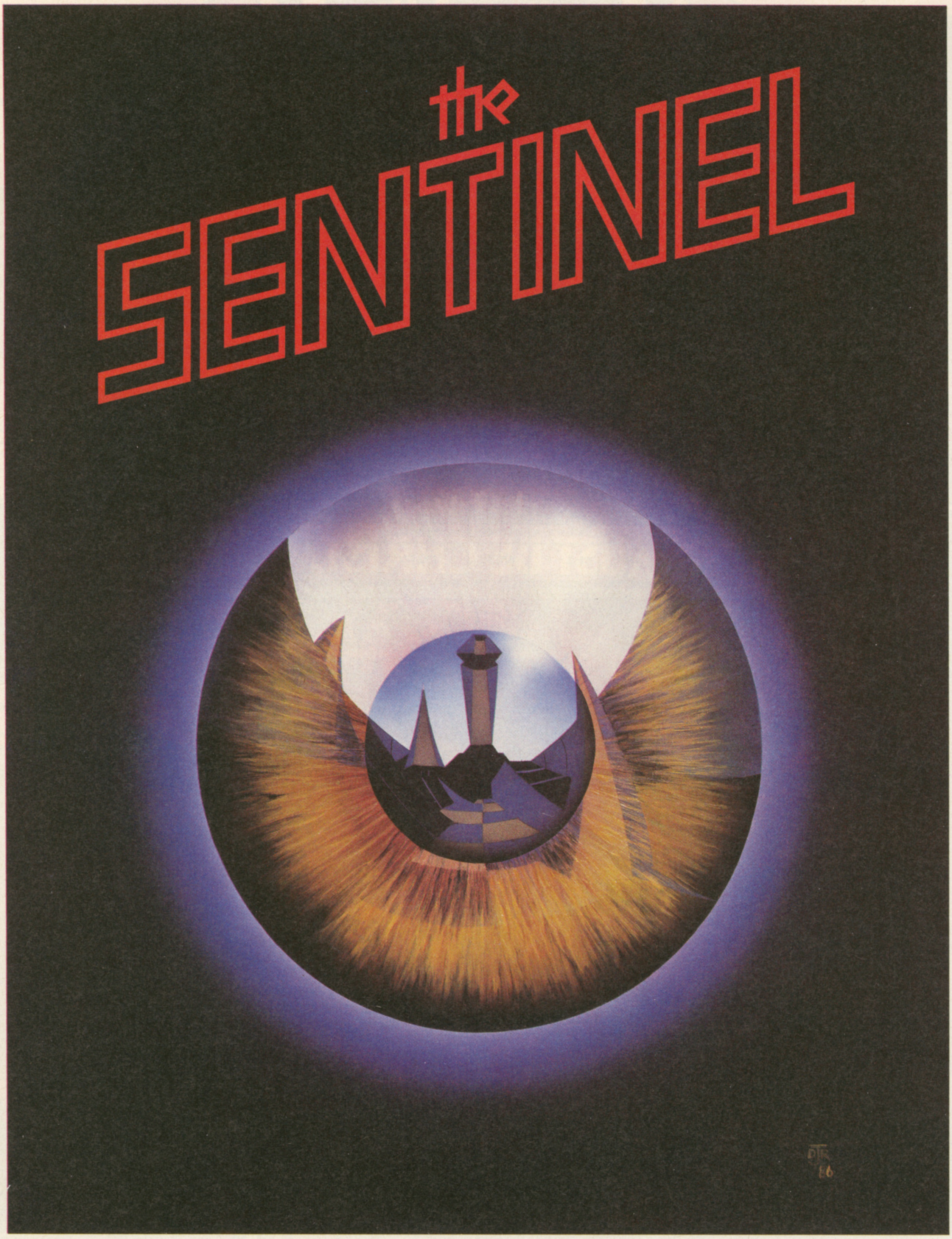
Imagine Software (1984) Limited, 6 Central Street, Manchester M2 5NS. Telephone: 061-834 3939 Telex: 669977.

Sentinel Awaits Your Challenge. It's What You've Come To

Expect From Firebird . . . Publishers Of The U.K.'s Most Exciting Software

The Greatest Game Ever Devised, With 10,000 Separate Landscapes; The

the SENTINEL



TAPE
£9.95

"Without doubt an exceptional piece of software… in a class of its own" –
ZZAP 64

DISC
£14.95

BBC
COMMODORE 64

FIREBIRD

FIREBIRD SOFTWARE

Firebird is a Registered Trade Mark of British Telecommunications plc

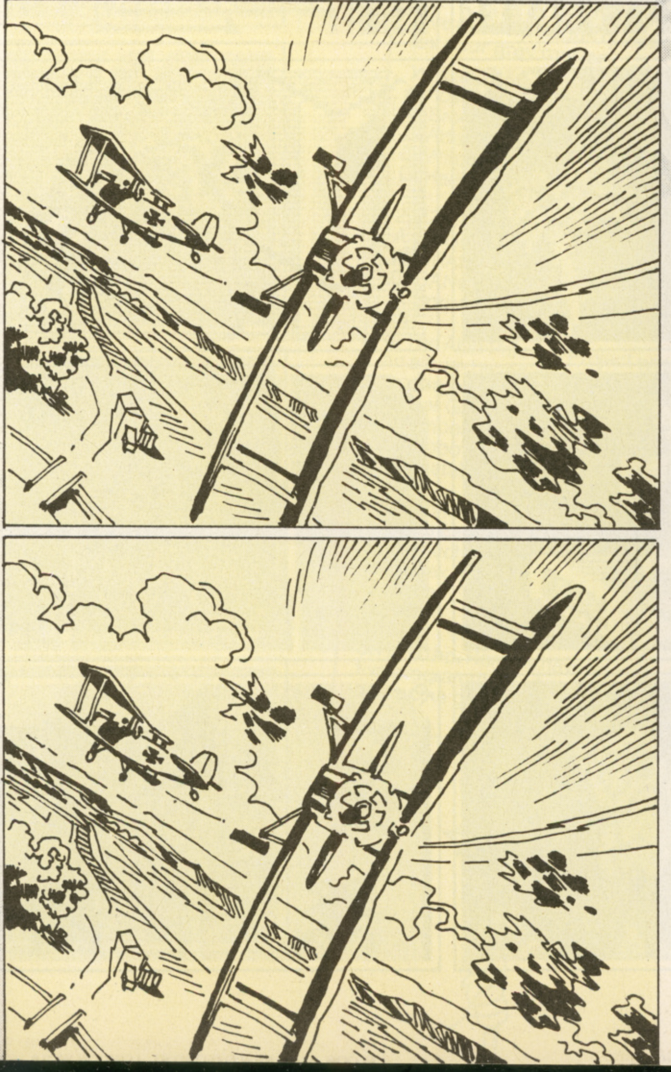
MAIL ORDER
Please state name of game, machine, cassette or disk and quantity required. Enclosed crossed cheque/PO made payable to FIREBIRD SOFTWARE. All offers are subject to availability. Orders are despatched promptly. All prices inclusive of VAT and postage.
MAIL ORDER: AUNTIE KAY, *FREEPOST FIREBIRD, FIRST FLOOR, 64-76 NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON WC1A 1PS

ZZAP! COMP

GO FLYING WITH DURELL!

TAKE TO THE SKIES WITH A RADIO CONTROLLED AEROPLANE!

25 Runners up can choose between *Deep Strike*, *Thanatos* and *The Big Four* Compilation



In DURELL's new game *Deep Strike* you are firmly sat in the business end of a bi-plane fighter in the First World War. It is your task is to protect the bombers in the group — you're on a mission to shake up the enemy ground forces. Not surprisingly, this involves lots of dogfights with enemy planes: **WHEEEEEEOW! DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA BOOM!** '*Enemy fighters at nine o'clock, Johnny!*' **ACK-ACK ACK-ACK ACK-ACK ACK-ACK ACK-ACK-ACK! KERBOOM!** '*Jolly good show, chaps!*' And so on. . . .

Great stuff! I've always fancied myself as a dashing Air Ace hero, with handlebar moustache, glamourous white scarf and the adulation of all the local lady Minions. Sadly, it is not to be — but maybe I could pretend for a while if I can set up a computer in the broom cupboard away from the Spiky Haired Ones and get into playing *Deep Strike* . . .

But I digress. You want to know what you have to do to win your own pair of radio controlled wings, don't you? Yes you do. Right, it's quite simple really. All you have to do is spot the differences between the two pictures of an aerial combat sequence, seen on this very page. Then cut out the form (snip snippety snip snip snip), pop it into an envelope (plop), think of hamburgers (mmmm) and use all the saliva that's collected in your mouth to seal the flap. Attach the whole lot onto the leg of an air-mail carrier pigeon and send it to **DAKKA DAKKA DURELL, ZZAP! TOWERS, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB** to arrive by the 20th of January 1987. Alternatively, you could always use the traditional postal method of stamp-and-letterbox . . .

First correct entry out of the bag wins the sender a radio controlled plane, and 25 equally lucky runners up are in line for a DURELL game, either *Thanatos*, *Deep Strike* or *The Big Four Compilation*, featuring *Turbo Esprit*, *Saboteur*, *Critical Mass* and *Combat Lynx*. The choice is yours . . . if you win!

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

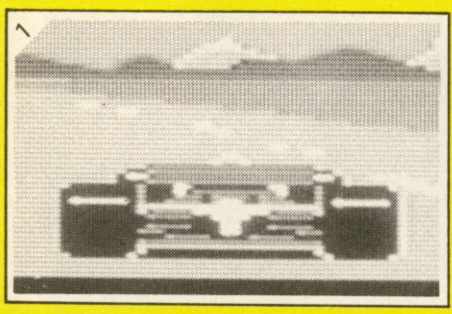
.... **POST CODE** ....

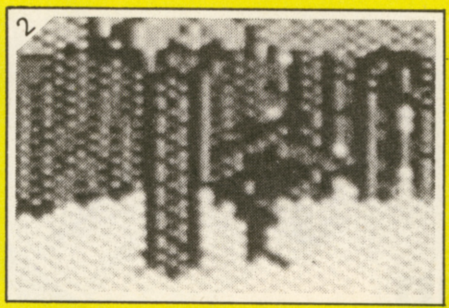
If I'm a runner-up, I'd like a copy of ....

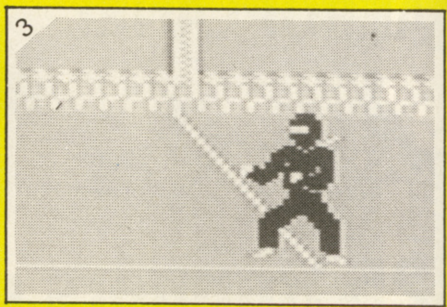
ANOTHER CHANCE TO PROVE YOURSELF!

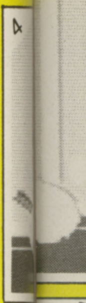
THE ULTIMATE IN DO-IT-YOURSELF CH

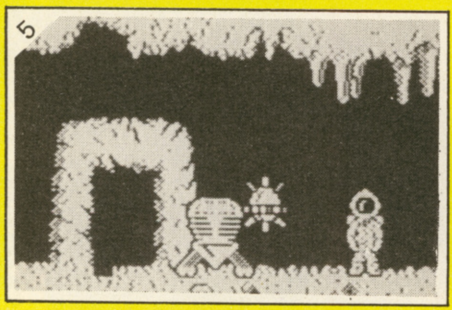
MASTERBLASTE

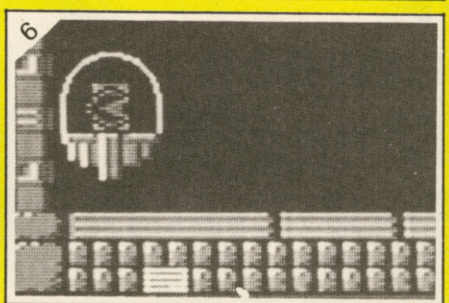

1

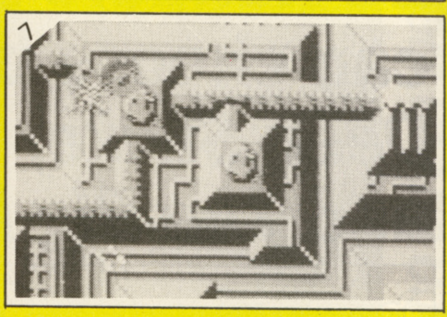

2


3

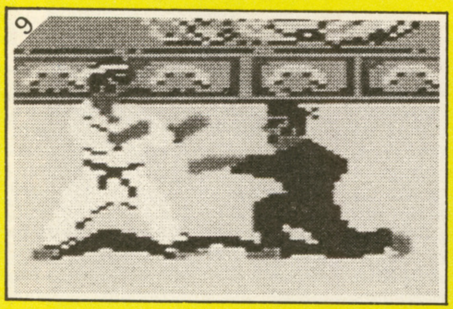

4

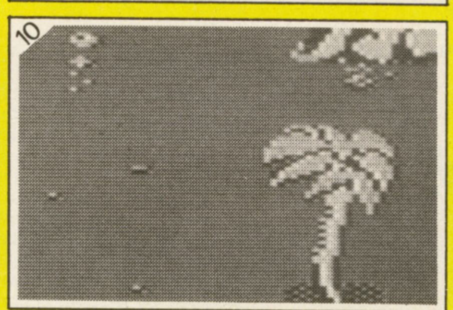

5

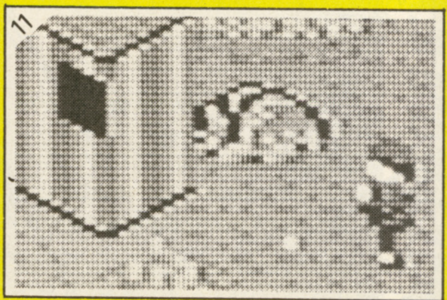

6


7

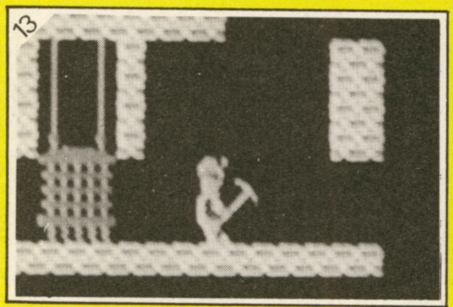
8

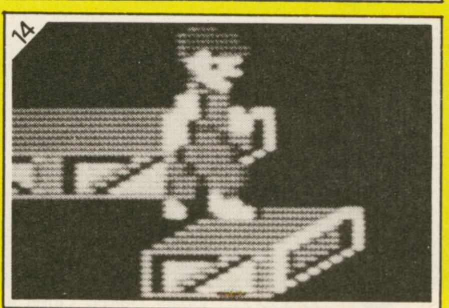

9

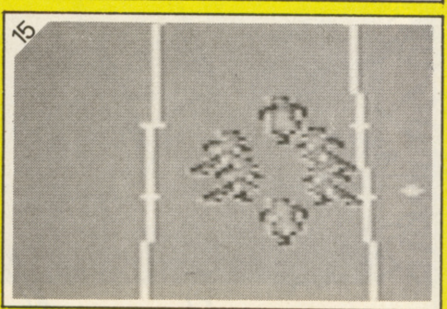

10


11

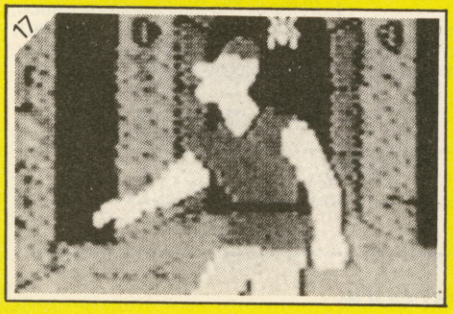
12

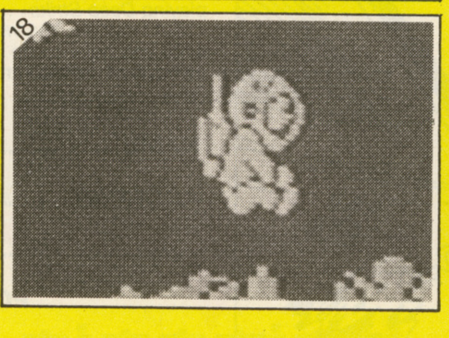

13

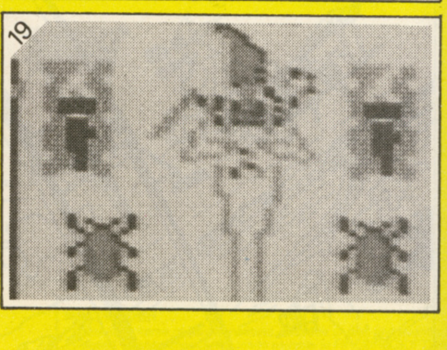

14


15

16


17


18


19

20

HALLENGES!

ARE YOU A

ER?

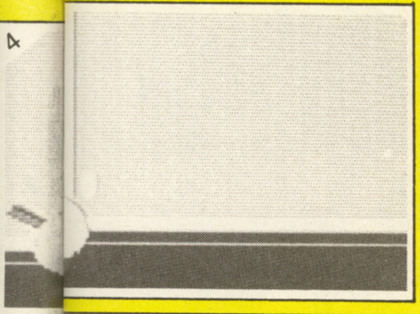
OR JUST ANOTHER GAMES PLAYING PLONKER, EH?

To help you while away the long and chilly Christmas hours we've prepared a hot new MASTERBLASTER quiz — possibly the toughest yet. Dozens of devious questions to stretch your knowledge of the Commodore games world to its limits. Simply take each test in turn, writing down your answers as you go, and then see how you fared by referring to the official ZZAP! answers on page 128. OK? OK! GO FOR IT! . . .

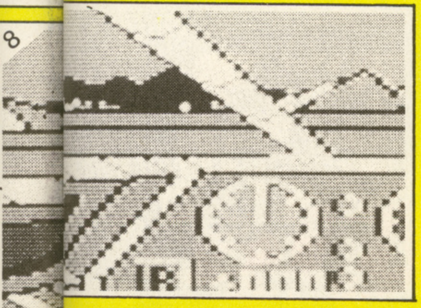
SEEING IS PERCEIVING?

Yes, 20 more bijou snippettes taken from screen shots of games both old and new. All you've got to do is identify the games from which the pictures were taken. Simple, eh? Well, not really — this time we've omitted the list of names to help you. He he.

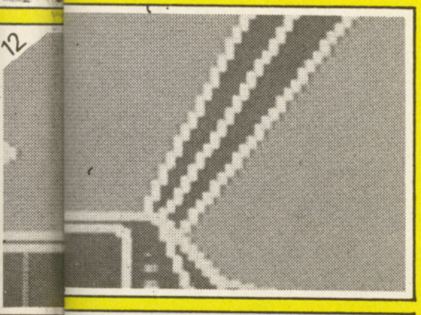
4



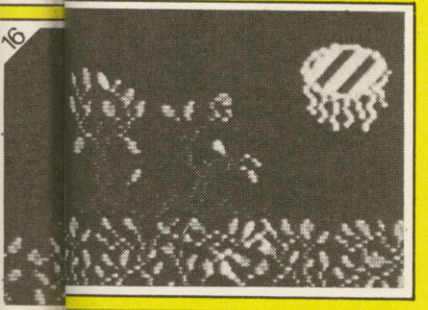
8



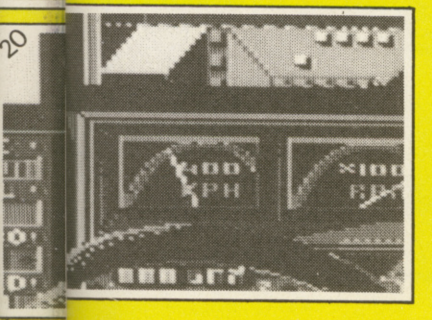
12



16



20



FREEDOM OF CHOICE

Five miscellaneous questions to tax your grey matter . . .

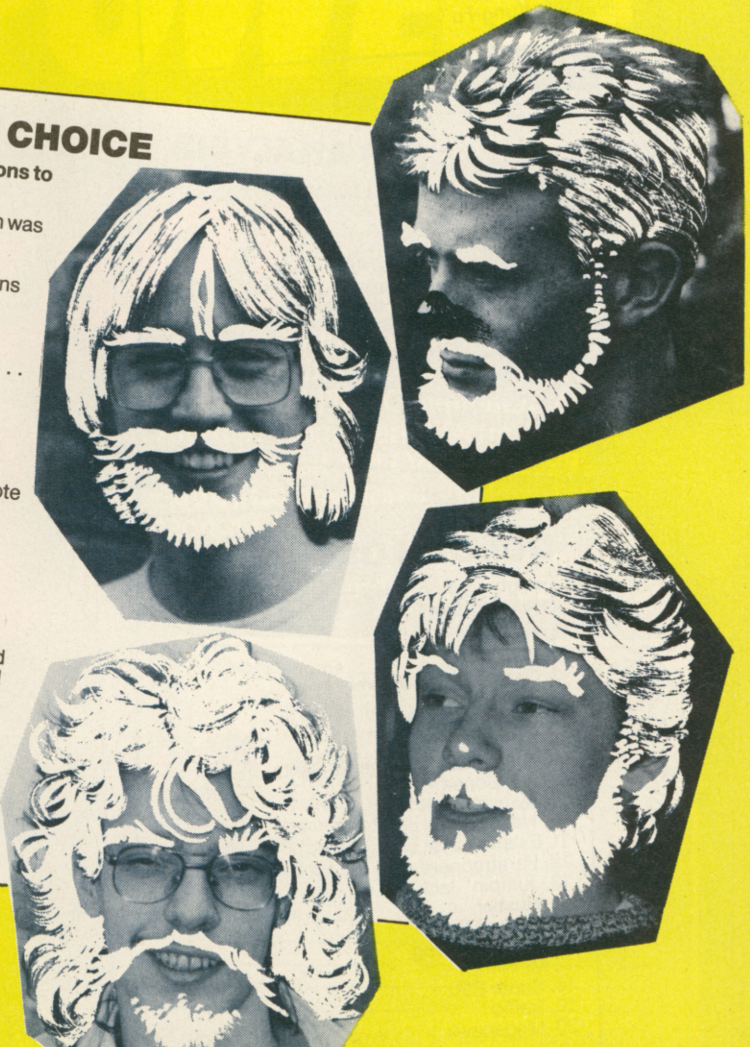
1. Palace Software's Cauldron was almost called . . .
A. Broom Broom
B. Attack of the Killer Pumpkins
C. Witch Switch
D. Halloween

2. ZZAP! 64 was almost called . . .
A. 64 User
B. CRASH 64
C. BANG
D. Sprite and Sound

3. The Alan Parsons Project wrote an album based on which cult arcade game?
A. Star Gate
B. Tempest
C. I Robot
D. Crystal Castles

4. Which software house released a game called Zoids? . . . in 1983!
A. Martech
B. Softek
C. Ocean
D. Anirog

5. Ho ho ho. Here we have four festive programmers who always deliver the goods. Who are they?



ANOTHER CHANCE TO PROVE YOURSELF!

THE ULTIMATE IN DO-IT-YOURSELF CHALLENGES!

ARE YOU A MASTERBLASTER?

OR JUST ANOTHER GAMES PLAYING PLONKER, EH?

SAY WHAT!

The following games all have something to say. Name them.

1. 'Another visitor . . .'
2. 'Here we go, here we go, here we go'
3. 'MEDIC!'
4. 'He slimed me!'
5. 'Descend to five thousand feet'

CHARACTER DEFINITION

Name the starring character in the following games:

1. Dig Dug
2. Fairlight
3. Miner 2049'er
4. Tir Na Nog
5. Staff Of Karnath
6. Nodes Of Yesod
7. Underwurlde
8. Spindizzy
9. Max Headroom
10. Yie Ar Kung-Fu

CHARACTER ANALYSIS

Identify the game name from the character given:

1. Joe Public
2. Akuma, Princess Mariko
3. Mammoth The Destroyer
4. Louie The Construction Worker
5. Super Joe Crack
6. BLOB
7. Joe The Baker
8. Gorgeous Greg
9. Jeremy The Punk
10. Benson

GOLDEN OLDIES

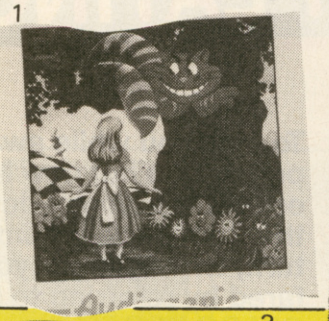
Twenty ageing titles — but who released them?

1. Rollerball
2. Zylogon
3. Gandalf The Sorcerer
4. Elidon
5. Galaxy
6. Neoclyps
7. Hideous Bill And The Gi-Gants
8. Lazy Jones
9. Olympic Skier
10. Havoc
11. Exterminator
12. Paratroopers
13. Jumpin' Jack
14. Hustler
15. Motor Mania
16. Strontium Dog
17. Mr Wimpy
18. Super Blitz
19. Traffic
20. Megahawk

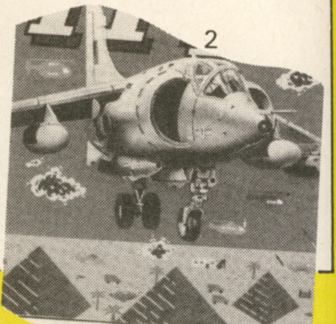
THE INLAY HAS IT

Indeed it does. Here are 10 carefully cropped inlays from ageing games. Can you identify the games?

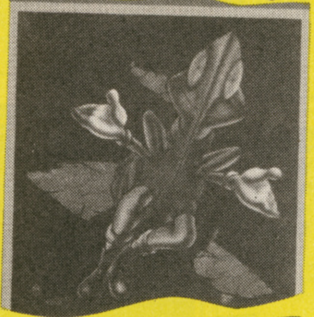
1



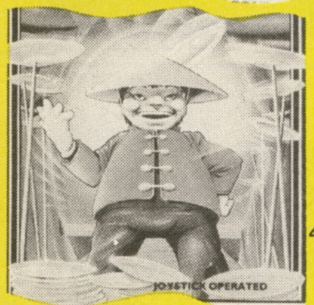
2



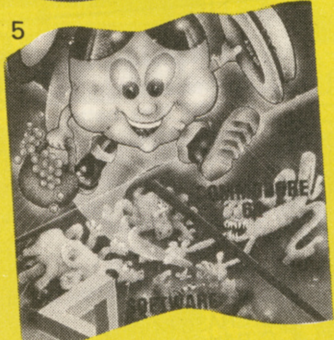
3



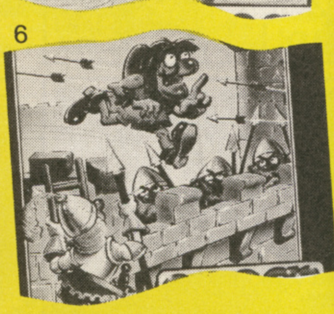
4



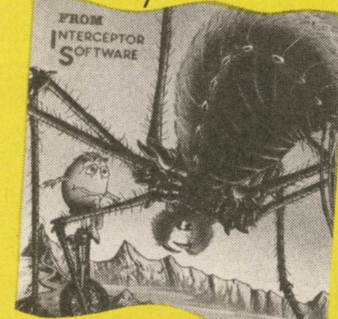
5



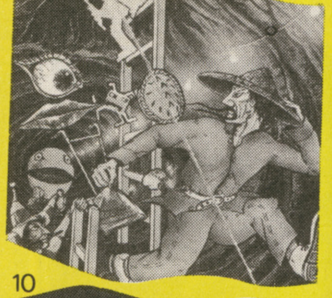
6



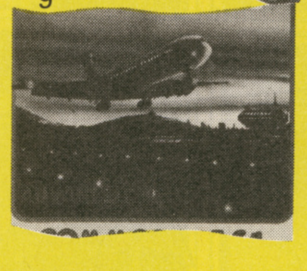
7



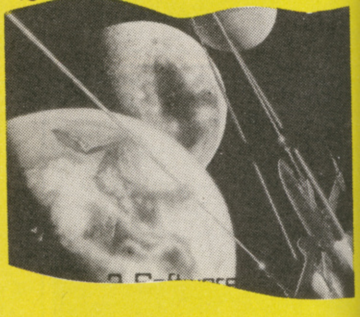
8



9



10



Still feeling confident? Huh? Turn to page 128 and assess your performance . . .

konix
SPEEDKING

VROOM!

CAN YOU HANDLE THIS MUCH POWER?

POW!

BLAT!

ZAP!

The **KONIX SPEEDKING** packs more punch. That's why it's fast overtaking ordinary joysticks to become one of the world's most popular hand control.
As it's name suggests it's built for fast handling to give you lightening fast control. Micro switches await your slightest movement, and fly into action - ZAP, POW, SPLAT, BLAM - giving you instant reactions to every command.
Tough, rugged and made in Britain to the very highest standards, the **KONIX SPEEDKING** comes with a twelve month guarantee.
Available for:- Spectrum and Spectrum Plus, Commodore 64, 128 Vic20. All Atari Computers, Electron, M.S.X. Computers, Amstrad and Oric at **£12.99.**
Also:- BBC, Commodore C16, Plus 4, and Dragon at **£14.99.**
Trade and export enquiries contact Wayne or Sandra on **049525 5913.**

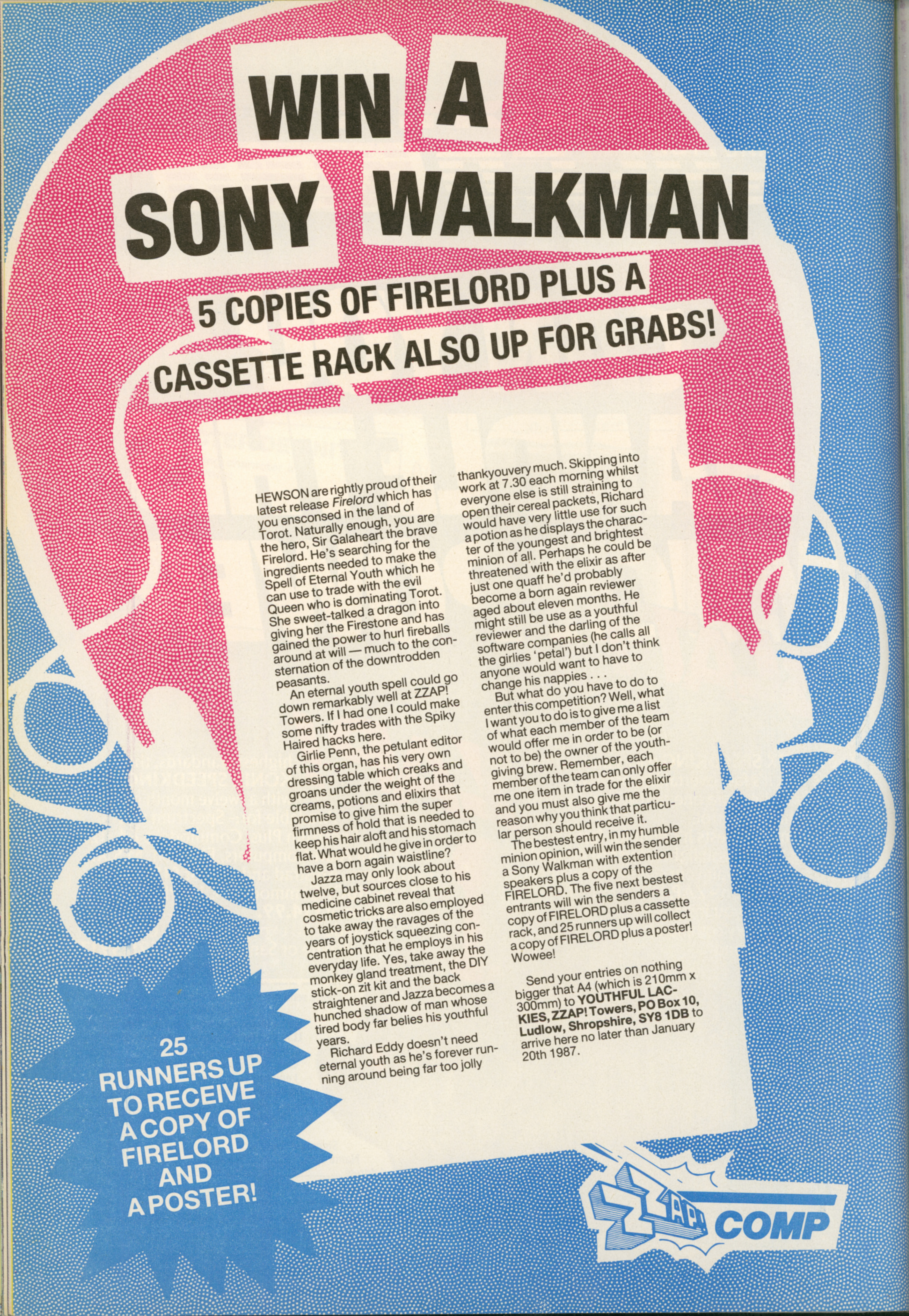
SPEEDKING
KONIX

Please send me ______ Speedkings at **£12.99** each.
______ Speedkings at **£14.99** each
(Price includes postage and packing in the U.K. Overseas orders please send **£2.50** per Speedking.)
Computer make and model ______
I enclose a Cheque/Postal Order for ______
made payable to **KONIX.**
Please charge my Access/Visa No. ______
Card holders can telephone on **049525 5913.**

Signature ______
Name ______
Address ______

Postcode ______ Telephone ______

Send to **Konix Computer Products, Unit 13, Sirhowy Hill Industrial Estate, Tredegar, Gwent NP2 4QZ. U.K.**



WIN A SONY WALKMAN

5 COPIES OF FIRELORD PLUS A CASSETTE RACK ALSO UP FOR GRABS!

HEWSON are rightly proud of their latest release *Firelord* which has you ensconsed in the land of Torot. Naturally enough, you are the hero, Sir Galaheart the brave Firelord. He's searching for the ingredients needed to make the Spell of Eternal Youth which he can use to trade with the evil Queen who is dominating Torot. She sweet-talked a dragon into giving her the Firestone and has gained the power to hurl fireballs around at will — much to the consternation of the downtrodden peasants.

An eternal youth spell could go down remarkably well at ZZAP! Towers. If I had one I could make some nifty trades with the Spiky Haired hacks here.

Girlie Penn, the petulant editor of this organ, has his very own dressing table which creaks and groans under the weight of the creams, potions and elixirs that promise to give him the super firmness of hold that is needed to keep his hair aloft and his stomach flat. What would he give in order to have a born again waistline?

Jazza may only look about twelve, but sources close to his medicine cabinet reveal that cosmetic tricks are also employed to take away the ravages of the years of joystick squeezing concentration that he employs in his everyday life. Yes, take away the monkey gland treatment, the DIY stick-on zit kit and the back straightener and Jazza becomes a hunched shadow of man whose tired body far belies his youthful years.

Richard Eddy doesn't need eternal youth as he's forever running around being far too jolly thankyouvery much. Skipping into work at 7.30 each morning whilst everyone else is still straining to open their cereal packets, Richard would have very little use for such a potion as he displays the character of the youngest and brightest minion of all. Perhaps he could be threatened with the elixir as after just one quaff he'd probably become a born again reviewer aged about eleven months. He might still be use as a youthful reviewer and the darling of the software companies (he calls all the girlies 'petal') but I don't think anyone would want to have to change his nappies . . .

But what do you have to do to enter this competition? Well, what I want you to do is to give me a list of what each member of the team would offer me in order to be (or not to be) the owner of the youth-giving brew. Remember, each member of the team can only offer me one item in trade for the elixir and you must also give me the reason why you think that particular person should receive it.

The bestest entry, in my humble minion opinion, will win the sender a Sony Walkman with extention speakers plus a copy of the FIRELORD. The five next bestest entrants will win the senders a copy of FIRELORD plus a cassette rack, and 25 runners up will collect a copy of FIRELORD plus a poster! Wowee!

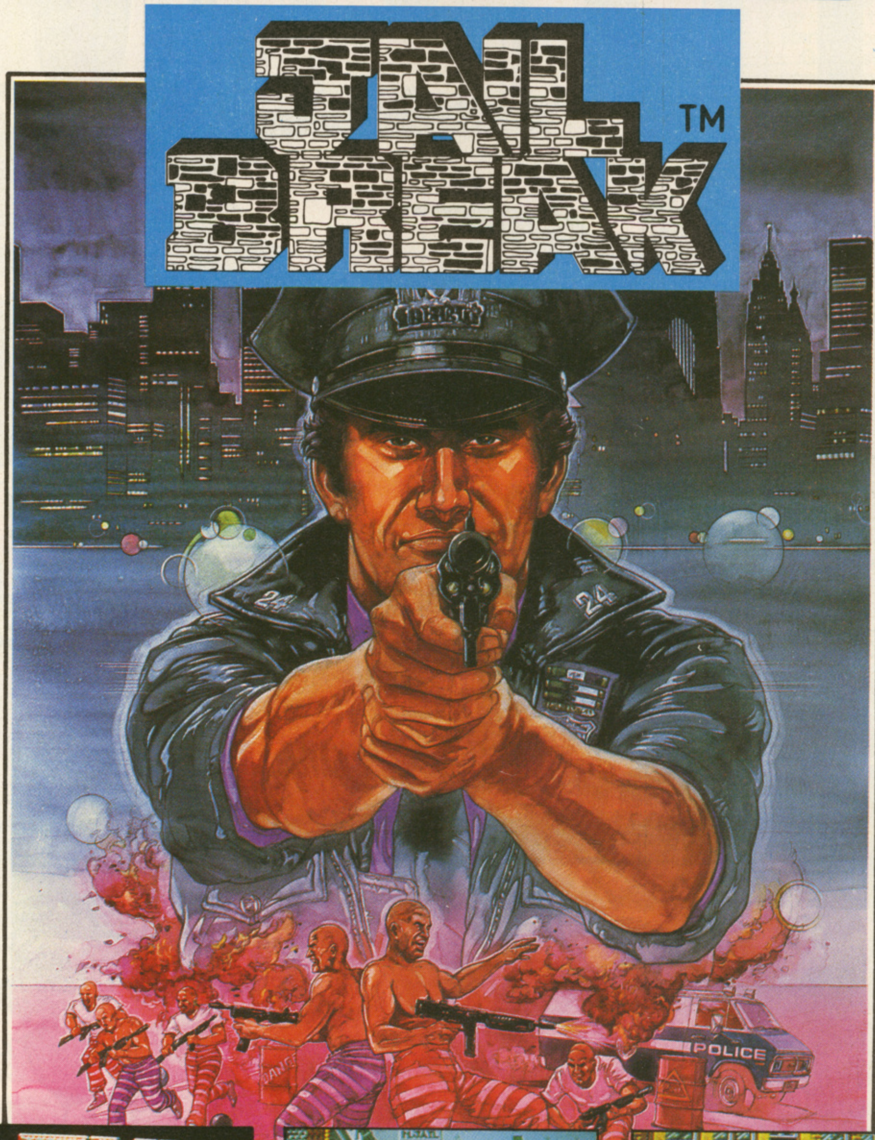
Send your entries on nothing bigger that A4 (which is 210mm x 300mm) to **YOUTHFUL LACKIES, ZZAP! Towers, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire, SY8 1DB** to arrive here no later than January 20th 1987.

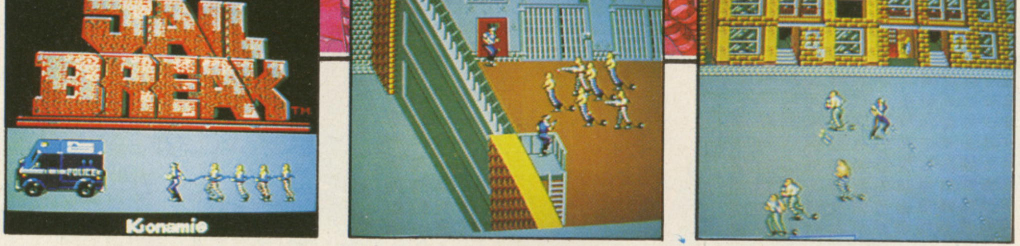
25 RUNNERS UP TO RECEIVE A COPY OF FIRELORD AND A POSTER!

ZZAP! COMP

The Latest Smash Hit from KONAMI

coming soon!


JAIL BREAK
TM
POLICE


JAIL BREAK
TM
Konami

Screen shots from Arcade version

SPECTRUM £7.95
COMMODORE 64/128 CASSETTE £8.95 DISC £14.95
AMSTRAD CPC CASSETTE £8.95 DISC £14.95
MSX CARTRIDGE £15.95

Available from all leading retailers and in case of difficulty send cheques or postal orders to:
NMC LTD., PO Box 67, London SW11 1BS.
Tel: 01 228 6730

FIGHTER PILOT
RAMBO FIRST BLOOD™ PART II
GHOSTBUSTERS
KUNG-FU MASTER
THE OFFICIAL COIN-OP GAME
KUNG-FU MASTER
ACTIVISION
Ghostbusters™ is a trademark of Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

U.S. GOLD
ocean
DIGITAL INTEGRATION
ACTIVISION HOME COMPUTER SOFTWARE

They sold a MILLION #3

The HIT SQUAD have put together FOUR No.1 Blockbusters for this NEW games compilation

Featuring:
ARIEL DOGFIGHTS
JUNGLE COMBAT
MARTIAL ARTS
and of course...
GHOSTBUSTING!!
All in one special twin – cassette pack for your COMMODORE SPECTRUM or AMSTRAD

FROM ALL GOOD SOFTWARE DEALERS
The Hit SQUAD

SPECTRUM
£9·95

COMMODORE
CASSETTE £9·95
DISK 14·95

AMSTRAD
CASSETTE £9·95
DISK 14·95

THE FINEST FROM THE BEST
The Hit SQUAD

Julian Rignall

ZZAP! TIPS

Hello there! I'm writing these tips from a rather unusual place this month — my bed!! The ZZAP! schedule is rather tight to say the least and we've all been forced to do some overtime, so here's mine, typed in on an NEC PC8201A hand-held computer/word processor. I must say, it's really nice and relaxing. Simple Minds 'Celebration' playing on my Walkman and a cup of hot chocolate on the side . . . with the cold North wind blowing rain against the window, it's really cosy and warm. Anyway, enough of this waxing lyrical and on with what's in this months festive tips section . . .

Well, since Christmas is just around the corner there are some bumper goodies in this months section — maps of Druid (we thought we'd wait until the game had been released before printing the map), Infiltrator (what's the point of printing maps and tips before the game's released, eh?), Hacker II and Glider Rider. Great tips on Trapdoor, Sanxion, the long awaited finale to Zorro and the screen shot that was missing from last months Marble Madness cheat, along with the usual host of POKEs and tips. Archwerddog!

ZORRO (US Gold)

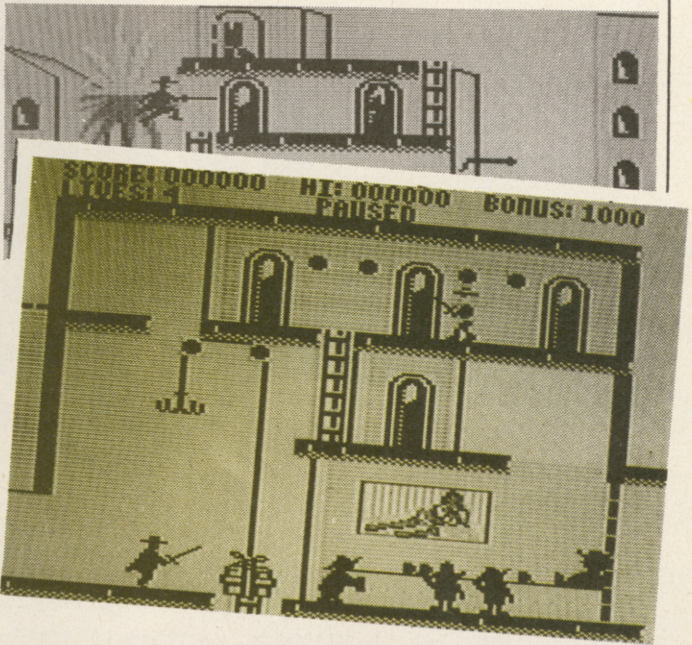
At long last (fanfare)! . . . Continuing from issue nineteen (louder fanfare) — the final chapter of the Zorro **solution (huge fanfare with fireworks). Many thanks to all of you, too numerous to mention personally, who've sent in tips — you've all contributed to the full solution.**

Fetch the key next to the sofa and go to the screen with the bells. Once you're there climb all the way to the top and go left to the locked door and collect the trumpet. Done that? Now go left to the screen where there is a tree, get onto the far left of the see-saw and press the fire button. Wait for a second and you'll be catapulted (see-sawed?) onto a pole where you can fetch the flashing boot at the top of the screen.

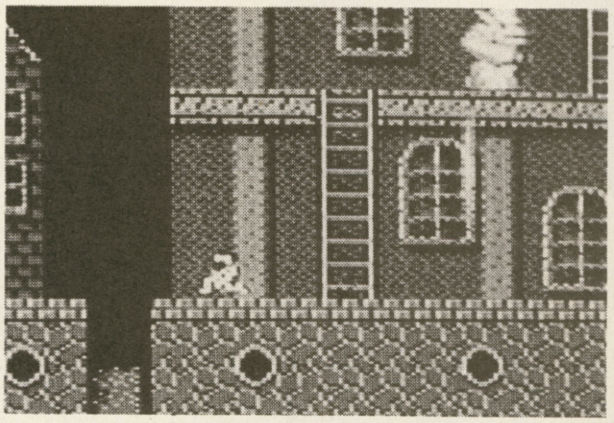
Once the boot is safely in your possession make your way down to the open grave and collect all the money bags. NOTE: Do not go off the screen before you have the money bag. Now go on to the next screen where the last money bag was. When you get to the screen with the flashing shoe, cup and horse shoe, collect the last money bag and go left (where it was before you picked it up). Push the boulders off the ledge and re-enter the screen, going right. Go up to the three flashing objects and climb the ladder. You'll appear on the prisoner screen, so watch out for the bullets fired by the guards. (If you get killed on this screen, you'll end up back in the grave, so climb to the top right, and climb the ladder to appear in the screen with the bells. Go left and back down the well, across to the place where you pushed the boulders and go right. Climb to the top and go up by the flashing objects and start the prisoner screen again.)

Go past the prison gates and open them by pressing the fire button — don't forget to keep dodging the bullets fired by the guards. When all the prisoners are released climb on top of them and enter the next screen. Now navigate your way to the top of the screen and down the other side. When you get to the next screen go to the top and rescue the damsel in distress. Don't stop — you're not finished yet!

Get yourself killed and climb to the top of the screen, just under the damsel, then jump left over the small bridge to enter the next screen. Once you've done that, go to the room with the key and collect it (the key, not the room). You should also see a red rose at the top of the screen — get that also. When it's in your gloved mauler go back to the well and make your way to where the boulders were. Climb to the top where the flashing objects were, climb back over the prisoners to get onto the next screen, make your way to the other side of the screen, climb to the top and give the damsel the rose . . . how romantic!



GHOSTS 'N' GOBLINS (Elite)



Yet another POKE for this game! It certainly seems to becoming the most POKEd Commodore game in history! Anyway, this one speeds up the game by five times, and that includes the music, attract mode and high-score table. I do recommend you try it out, it's a real laugh. Many thanks to Andreas Mielke, **1871EV Schoorl, North Holland for supplying these. Right, plonk your** Ghosts 'n' Goblins **into the C2N, making sure it's rewound, and type** LOAD (RETURN) **and press play on tape. When the** READY **prompt appears enter the following POKEs:**

```
POKE 1010,76
POKE 1011,248
POKE 1012,252
```

Now type RUN (RETURN) **to load the first part of the game. When the opportunity arises enter these POKEs:**

```
POKE 816,167
POKE 817,2
POKE 2086,248
POKE 2087,252
```

Type SYS 2061 (RETURN) **to load the next part of the game. When the cursor appears type in these POKEs:**

```
POKE 816,167
POKE 817,2
POKE 2086,248
POKE 2087,252
```

Type SYS 2061 (RETURN) **to load the last part. When the game has finished loading you can enter . . .**

```
POKE 12707,225
```

. . . followed by SYS 2090 **to start a very speedy game.**

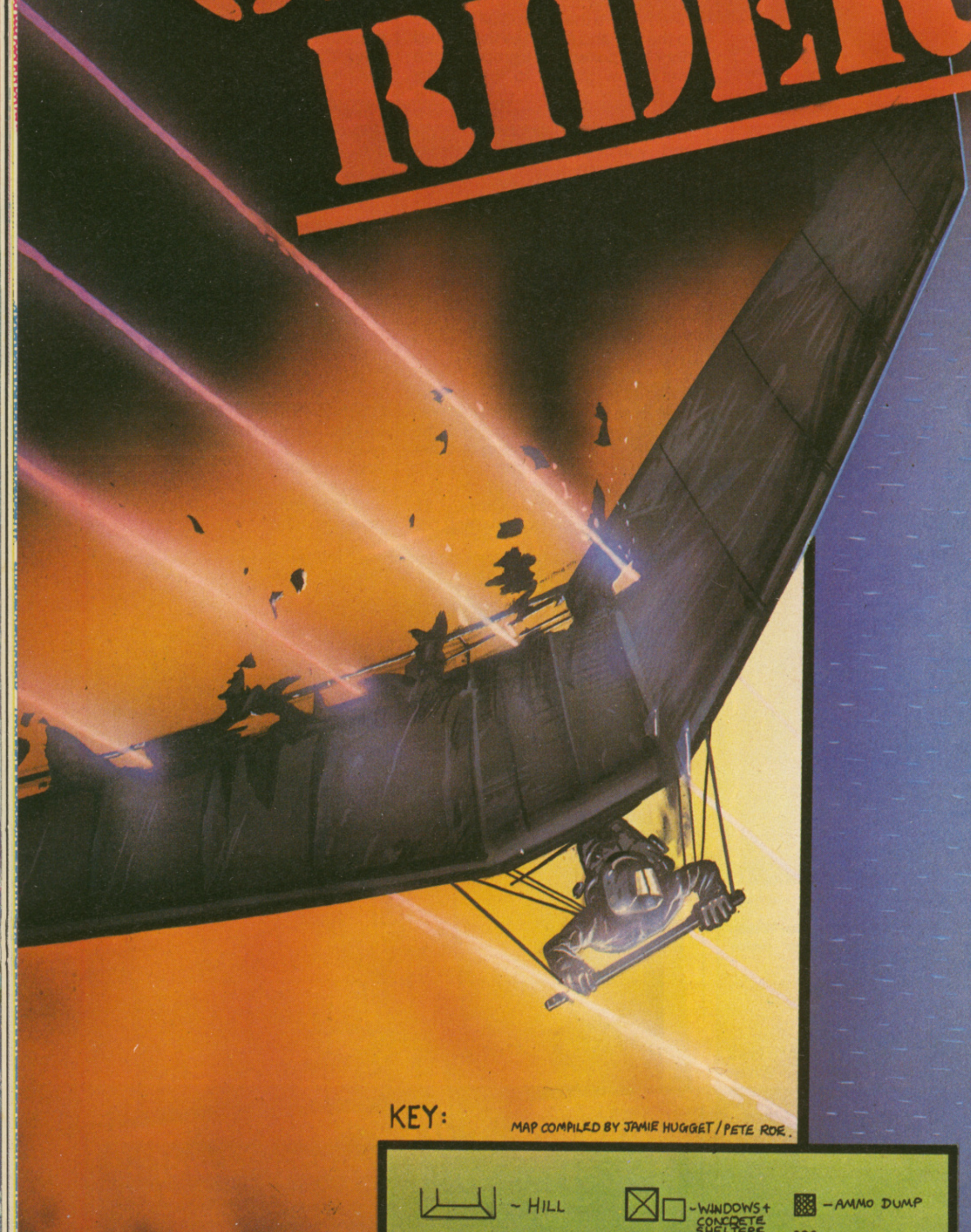
FUNGUS (Players)

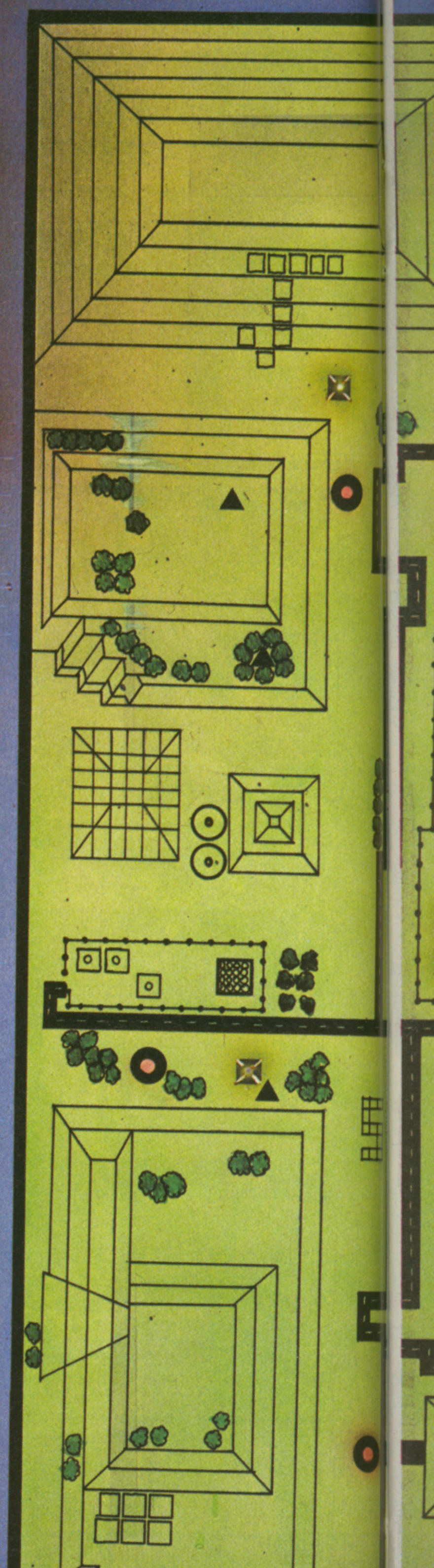
Following on from last months high-score cheat . . . Type the following in on the high-score table: SIMON, ANDREW, ROBIN, LISA and CHEAT Thanks very much to Ian and Tim Fraser who live in Ruislip, Middlesex.

DRUID (Firebird)

If you make a Golem make it follow very closely behind the druid. When entering a new level you'll be able to take the Golem with you instead of leaving him behind, although make sure you walk up the stairs very slowly.

GLIDER RIDER

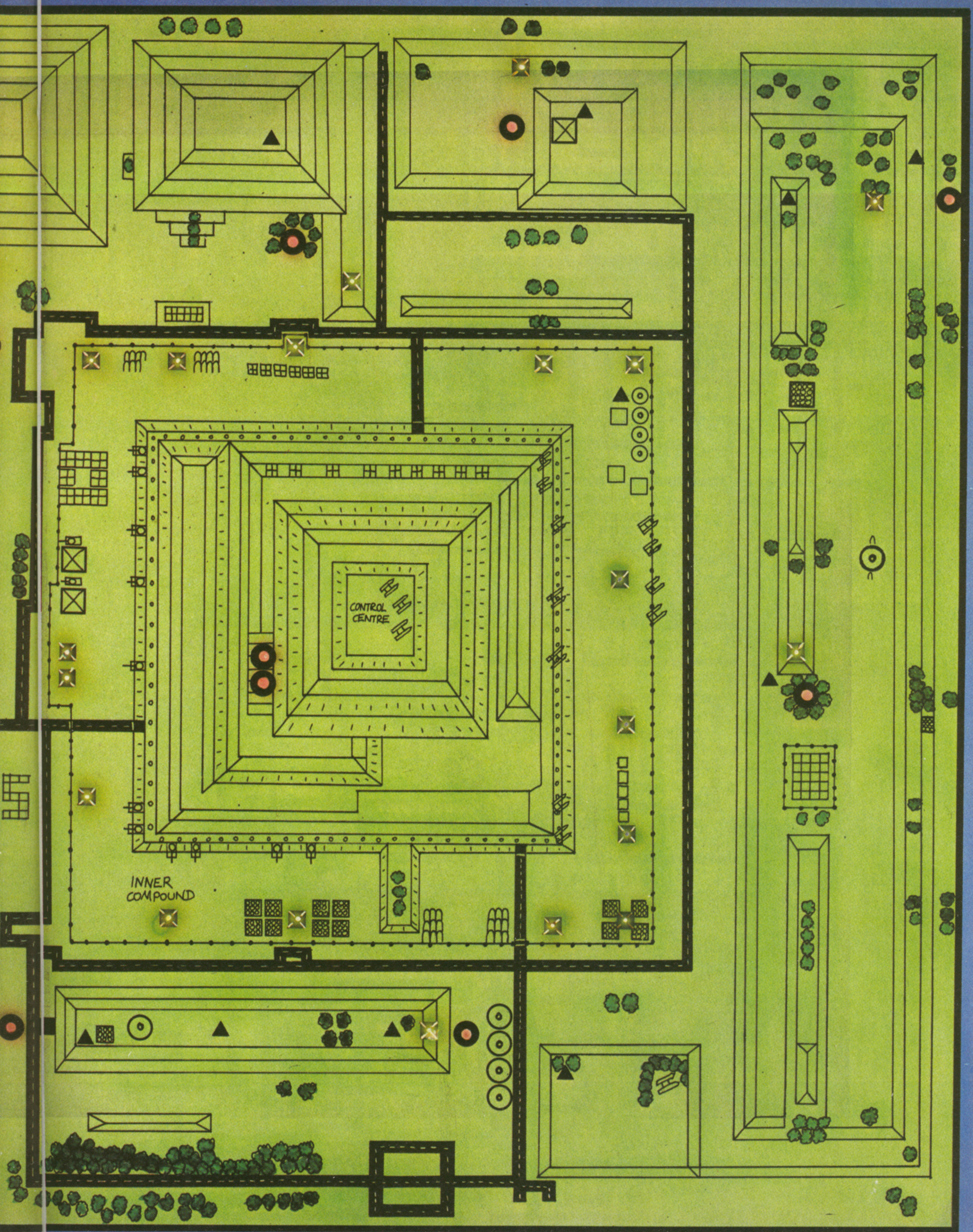




KEY:

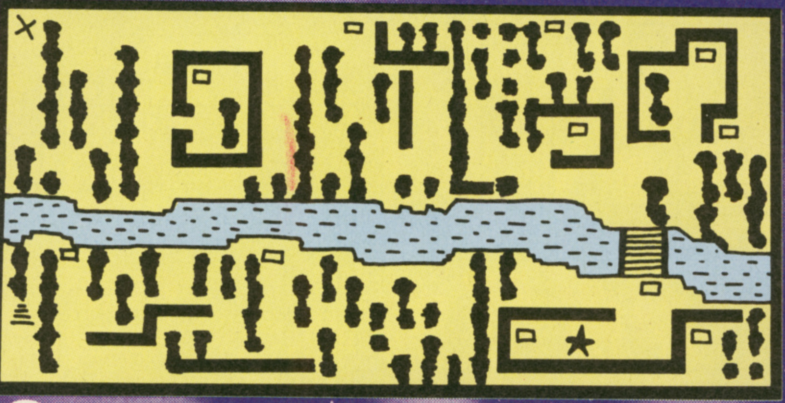
MAP COMPILED BY JAMIE HUGGET / PETE ROE.

- – HILL
- – ROAD
- ● – REACTOR
- ☒ – LASERS
- ▲ – LASER CONTROL PYLON
- ☒□ – WINDOWS + CONCRETE SHELTERS
- – FENCE
- – TREES
- – TANKS
- – BLOCKADES
- – MISSILES
- ▨ – AMMO DUMP
- – SHELTERS
- – GATE
- – BOMB PROOF CONCRETE
- ⊞ – CONCRETE BLOCK

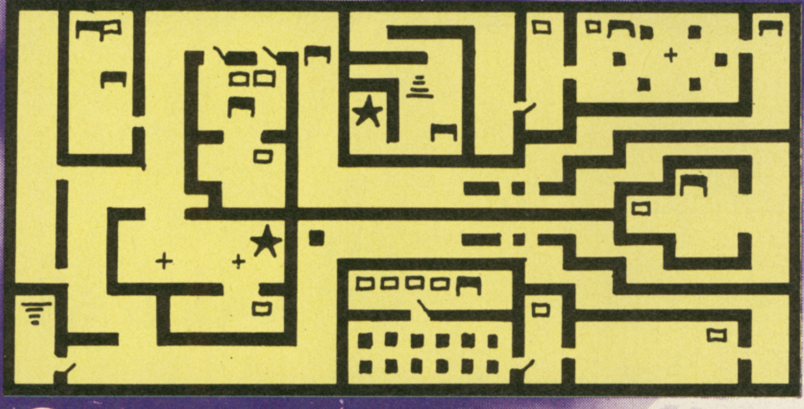

CONTROL CENTRE
INNER COMPOUND

DRUID

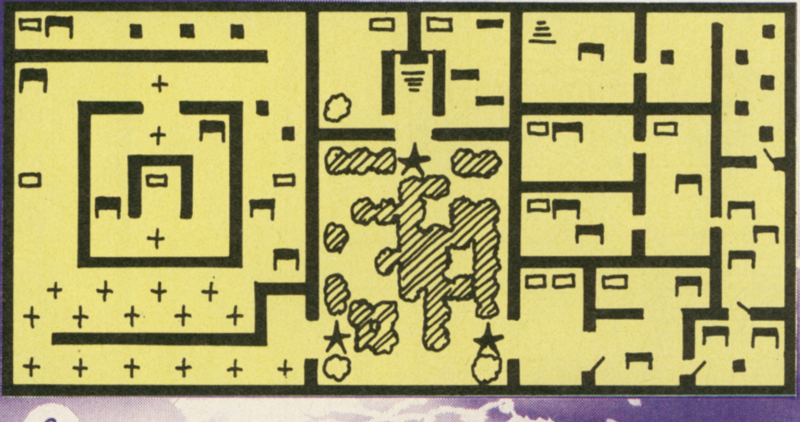
THE MAP



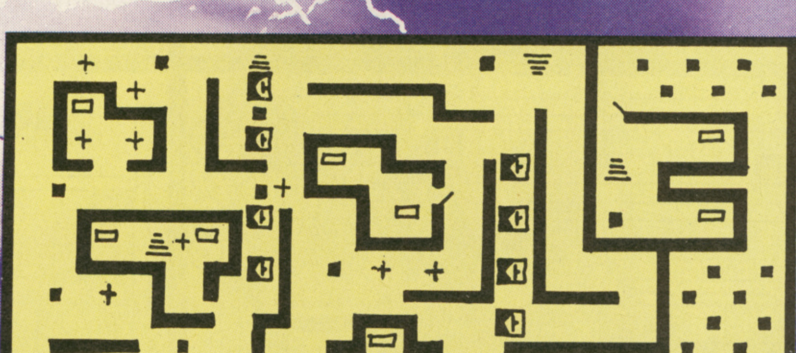
1



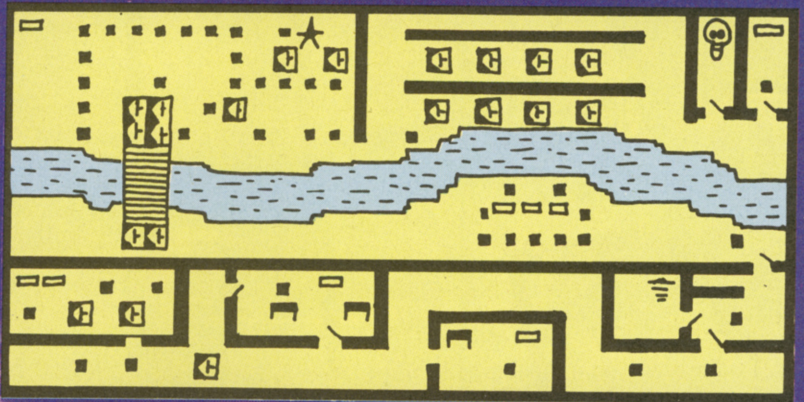
2



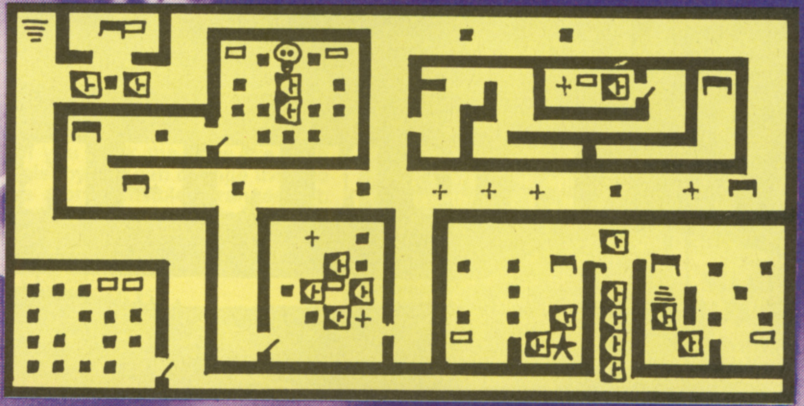
3



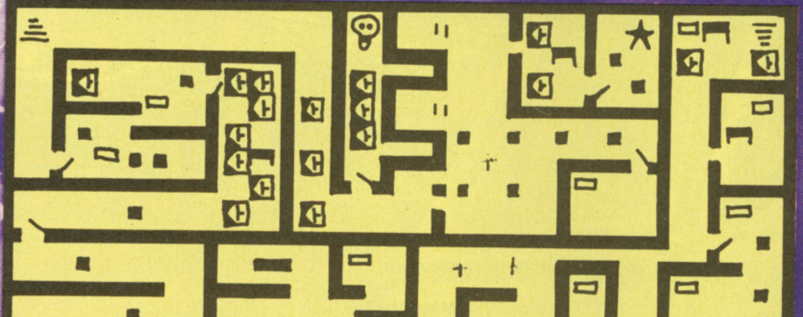
4



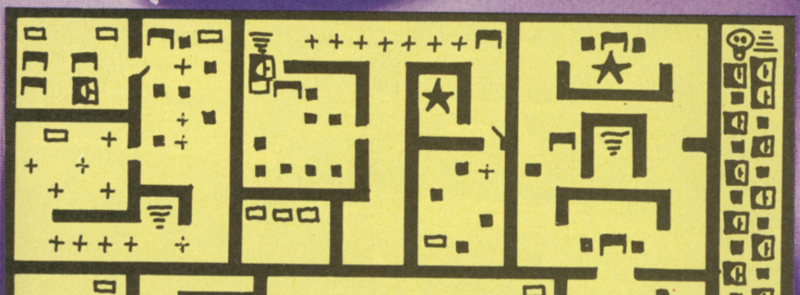
8



7



6



5

RUNNER SQUAD

COMMODORE 64,
SPECTRUM 48K AND
ATARI 400 (48K MINIMUM)
130XE/800/800XL

FREE POSTER WITH EVERY COPY

SKY RUNNER

...THE FIGHT HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN!

Human kind is under threat — from ***SKY***

SKY *— Narcotic. Potent and plentiful. The drug that keeps the future masses in a state of docile obedience.*

SKY RUNNERS *— Organised. Ruthless. The agents who harvest, process, and distribute SKY.*

RUNNER SQUAD *— Elite mercenaries. Employed by a consortium of rebels, they must halt the SKY RUNNING in the only way they know how — total destruction.*

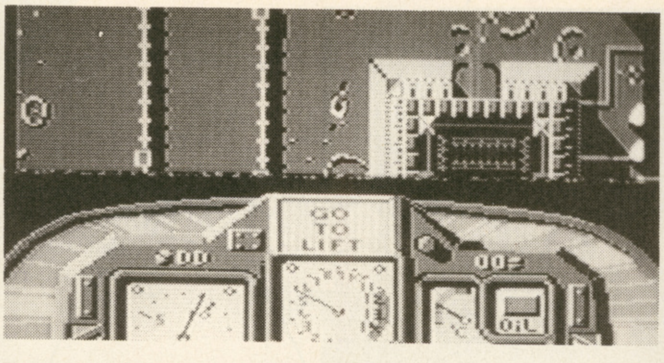
AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD SOFTWARE
RETAILERS OR, IN CASE OF SUPPLY
DIFFICULTY, DIRECT FROM CASCADE
24HR ORDERLINE
(0423) 504663

CASSETTE: £9.95
DISK: £12.95

cascade
CASCADE GAMES LTD

Cascade Games Ltd.,
Harrogate, HG1 5BG, England.
TEL: (0423) 504663

Screen shots are taken from the C= 64 version



RED MAX (Code Masters)

I steadfastly refuse to believe that anyone can complete this horribly unplayable game without the aid of unlimited lives — the later levels are ruddy impossible. Anyway, here are some POKEs to help you on your quest, supplied by good ol' Jim Blackler **who lives in Lancaster, Lancashire. Firstly** LOAD **the game as normal, and once it's finished loading reset the computer. Now you can enter these POKEs:**

POKE 6352,173
For infinite lives
OR (if you're brave) . . .
POKE 5224,number of lives (1 to 255)
POKE 4991,173
For infinite fuel
POKE 5800,96
To make the lasergates harmless

If you think the keys are a bit plebby you can change them to a more sensible arrangement: left shift — rotate left; right shift or Z — rotate right; RETURN — accelerate. Enter the following POKEs.

POKE 8055,253
POKE 8056,190
POKE 8057,254
POKE 8060,128
POKE 8061,16
POKE 8062,2
POKE 4143,8

And you can restart the game by typing SYS 2064

MORE ADVENTURES OF BIG MAC THE MAD MAINTENANCE MAN (Mastertronic)

This is knocking on the years, but if you're still having problems or just never completed it then get it out of the cupboard, dust it down and make sure it's free of cobwebs, then put it in the C2N. Now type POKE 43,200:LOAD (RETURN). **When the message** ?SYNTAX ERROR **appears type** POKE 43,1:LOAD. **When the message** READY **appears type** SYS 30721:LOAD. **Wait for a bit, then when** READY **appears type . . .**

POKE 4170,number of lives (1 to 254)

And then SYS 19072 **to start the game. Thanks to** Damon Jenkins **from Hendredenny, Caerphilly for those POKEs.**

ALLEYKAT (Hewson)

Quite a number of intrepid AlleyKatters have spotted this tip, so thanks to all of you who've sent it in. At the beginning of a race fly to the right hand side of the screen and extend your wings. Shoot all the obstacles in your path for one lap, then flip your wings back and accelerate to full speed for the rest of the race. Most Anti-Kat craft should leave you alone, even the KaterKiller, but keep shooting just in case. Never enter dodge 'em races as this method often doesn't work on them.

LEGEND OF SINBAD (Superior Software)

If you're having trouble getting off the first screen then you can try typing in these passwords: COSMO **(for level two)** STORM **(level three) and** TWIST **(level four). Thanks to** The Breaker **of the Doughnut Cracking Service.**

SILENT SERVICE (US Gold)

Steve Peverall **(no address supplied) has found a neat way to replenish your torpedoes and shells at any time you with during the game. Simply press** RUN/STOP, **then when the cursor appears type** RUN **and press** RETURN. **You'll now have a full quota of weaponry.**

SKOOLDAZE (Microsphere)

Here are some very comprehensive tips on this great little game. Thanks a lot to Robert Barbosa, **from Reading, Berks. Right class, sit up and listen. Here are all the dates you need to get top marks in the history lesson:**

Poitiers	1356
Borodino	1812
Lexington	1775
Waterloo	1815
Culloden	1746
Yorktown	1781
Agincourt	1415
Lepanto	1571
Clontarf	1014
Shrewsbury	1403
Crecy	1346
Gettysberg	1863
Evesham	1265
Balaclava	1854

HOW TO GET THE SHIELDS

All the shields on the top floor can be hit simply by jumping up at them. The leftmost shield on the ground floor can be hit by climbing up the first three steps of the nearby staircase, facing right and firing your catty (although beware of teachers who might catch you in the act). The same applies to the rightmost shield on the ground floor and the rightmost shield on the first floor. If it's playtime go immediately to the exam room where you'll nearly always find the tearaway writing on the board. If he's there you have a great opportunity to knock him down and ricochet a shot off him to hit the shield above (this one's the hardest to hit).

PLAYTIMES

Most playtimes, the first year informer will come up to you a give an update on what's going on. there are three possible pieces of news:

A) Angelface has mumps. If this happens go to any classroom, preferably the reading room and stay there because the bully never enters the classroom during break.

B) A peashooter with your name on it has been found on the fire escape. Don't bother here because Boy Wander always gets there before Mr Whacker. Hit the informer for giving you such a useless piece of info and jump up and down on his face.

C) Quickly go to the fire escape when you're told that Einstein is going to sneak on you. There you'll find Einstein and you can begin your attack. Punch Einstein in the face, move back a step and punch him again when he comes to. Repeat the process until breaktime ends

DANGERS

As you progress in the game you may find that the first years start walking around in gangs of about half a dozen or more. Avoid them at all costs because if you mingle amongst the gang you'll find yourself being knocked down repeatedly.

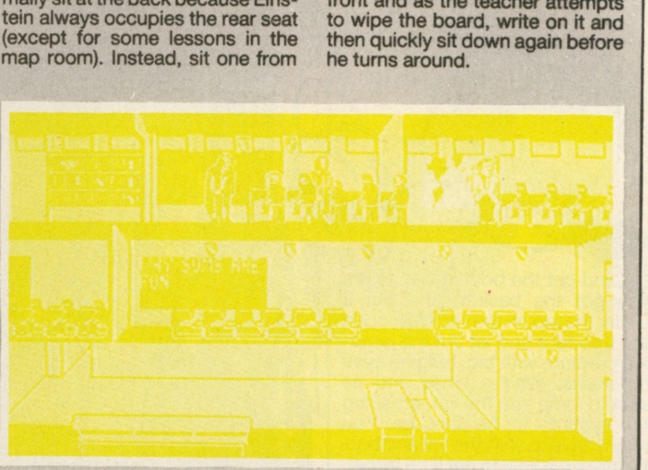
JUST BEFORE A LESSON

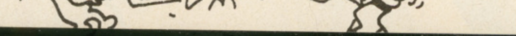
When a teacher enters a classroom before a lesson and starts telling everyone to shut up, go in front of him, fire your catty and sprint to the back so that someone else gets the blame.

DURING A LESSON

During lessons you cannot normally sit at the back because Einstein always occupies the rear seat (except for some lessons in the map room). Instead, sit one from the back making sure that one of the major characters, preferably Angelface, is sitting nearer the blackboard. When the teacher has his back turned (when he's cleaning the board for example), stand up and fire. Keep on repeating this because someone else always gets the blame. The above doesn't apply to a lesson with Mr Withit in the white room because both Angelface and Boy Wander bunk off that particular lesson.

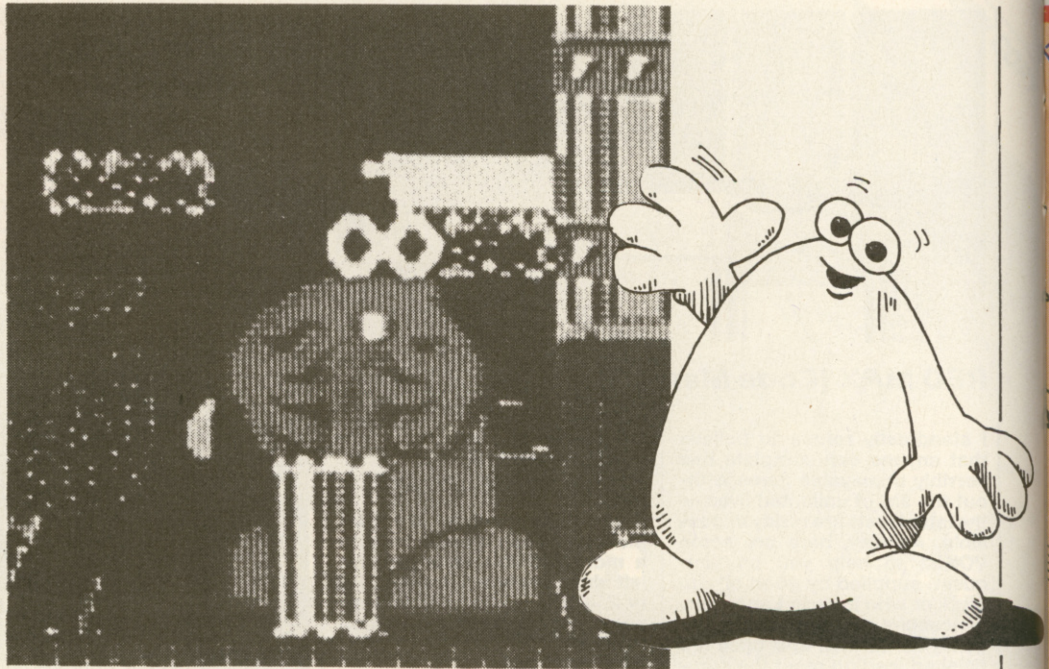
Alternately you can sit at the front and as the teacher attempts to wipe the board, write on it and then quickly sit down again before he turns around.




'SURPRIZE CRACKER...'

TRAPDOOR (Piranha)

Here are some dead useful tips from Douglas Bayliss who lives in the new town of Telford, Shropshire. They don't make the game any easier, but at least you now know what you should be doing. Oh, these tips apply to the learner Berk level.

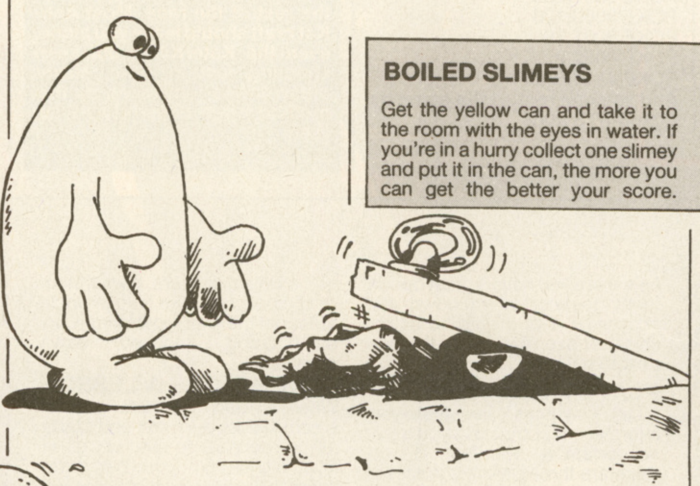


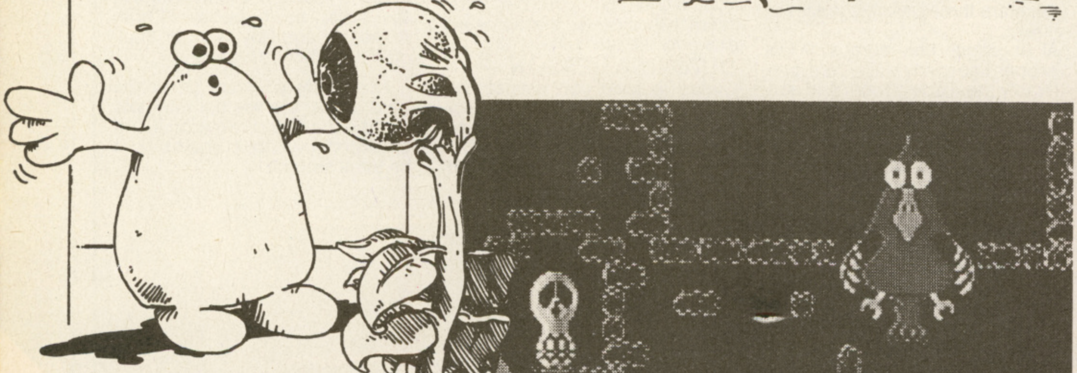
CAN OF WORMS

Fetch the can, wander back to the trapdoor screen and drop the can (but don't drop it on the trapdoor). Open the trapdoor and let out the worms, then shut the door again. When Drutt is on the trapdoor open it again and he'll fall into it (he'll give you no hassle now). Run around and pick up the squiggly worms, plonking them into the can as you go. You need three worms to finish the task. That's the simplest task, now onto the more involved ones.

EYEBALL CRUSH

Find and pick up the yellow can and plod your way to the room with the three pots. Tip up the can and pick up the three seeds that will fall out, putting each of them into a pot. When you've dropped the seeds into the pot stand back and wait for them to grow. Once the strange plants have grown, get the basket from the adjacent room and take it back to the plant pot screen, dropping it as far down the screen as it'll go. Pick up the eyes one at a time and drop them into the basket. When you've collected all of them take the whole caboodle to the vat and tip the eyeballs into it. Once you've done this, discard the basket and push the vat onto the screen with the trapdoor.





Go and get the bottle from where you got the basket, and put it under the tap on the vat. Now open the trapdoor and let out the jumping creature with big, bulging eyes on stalks. Wait a while and he should jump into the vat, crushing the eyeballs as he does so. You might have to shift the vat and bottle around a little to get it on target, but it isn't really difficult — just keep an eye on where the creature lands.

BOILED SLIMEYS

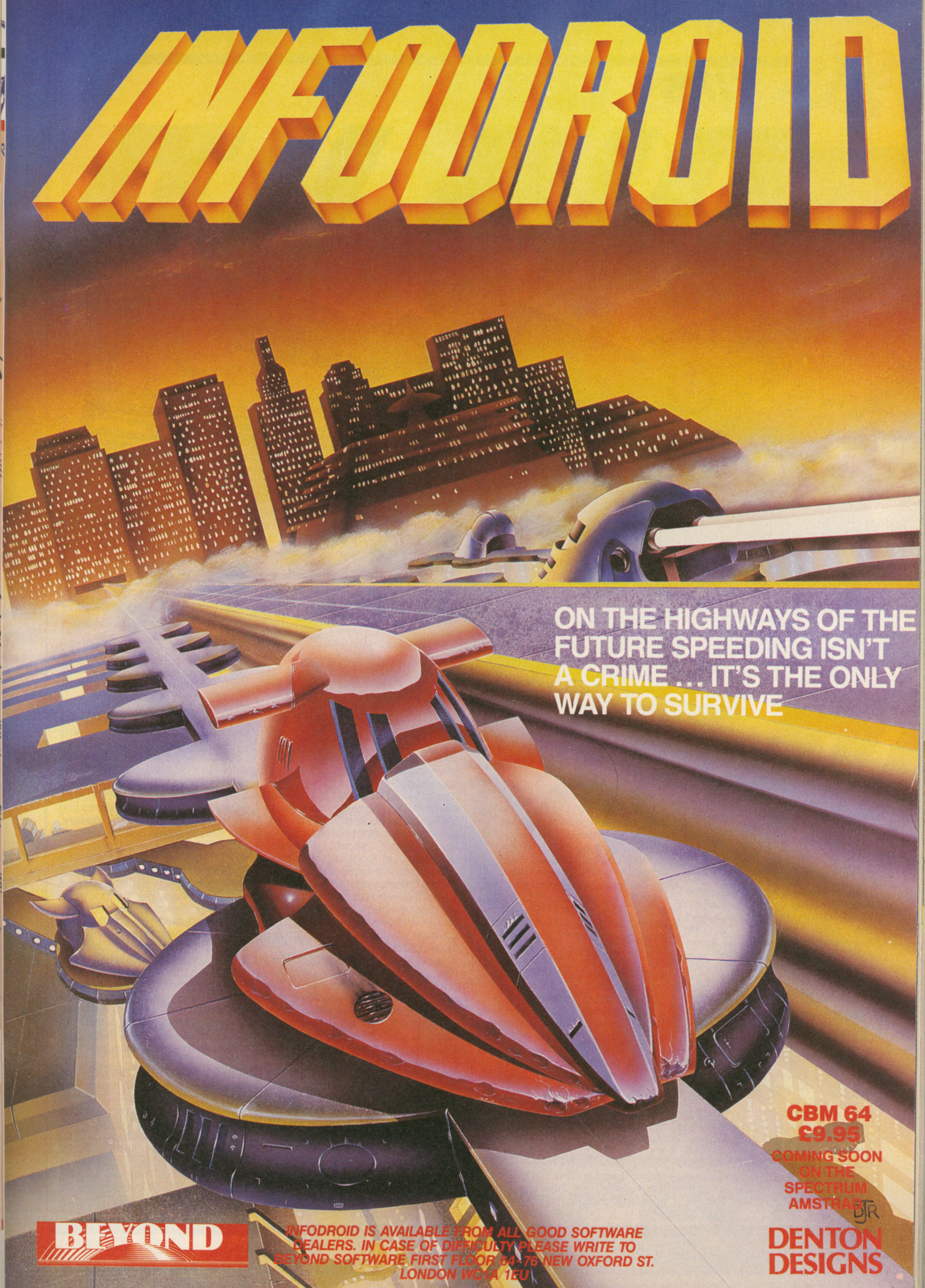
Get the yellow can and take it to the room with the eyes in water. If you're in a hurry collect one slimey and put it in the can, the more you can get the better your score.

Make your way to the room with the stove, drop the can and fetch the cauldron from the room with the vat, go back to the stove room, put the cauldron right in front of the stairs and push it as far as it'll go. Go behind the cauldron carrying the yellow can and climb the stairs. When you're standing directly over the cauldron, tip out the slimey(s), push the cauldron near the dumb waiter (making sure it doesn't go into it), and push it up (be careful). Go to the trapdoor and let out the fire- breathing creature and goad it over to the pot, making it breathe fire on it. When you've persuaded it to do your dirty deed push the cauldron into the dumb waiter and send it upstairs.

FRIED EGGS

Get the pan from the vat room and put it in the stove room. Go to the trapdoor and let out the bird. Get the bullet (or any object for that matter, as long as you're careful not to lose it down the trap), and put it on the trapdoor. Wait until the bird flies over the trapdoor, open it and the object will fly up into the air and hit the bird. Close the trapdoor quickly and run to the stove room and grab the pan. Go directly under the bird (it's eyes should now be bulging), and wait until it lays an egg, which you should catch in the pan. Put the pan on the stove (you can collect more eggs if you wish) and wait until it gets red hot. Take it to the dumb waiter (Berk might drop it first, but pick it up and carry on) and send it upstairs.

After that tidy everything up and put it in its rightful place.



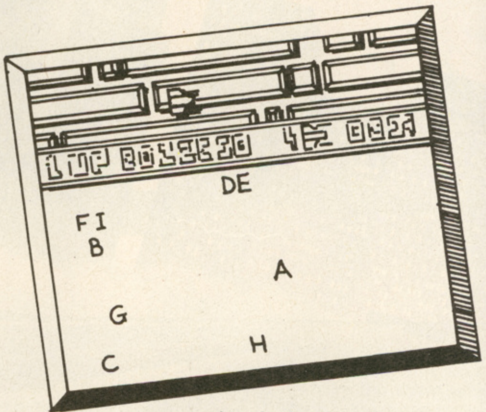
INFODROID
ON THE HIGHWAYS OF THE FUTURE SPEEDING ISN'T A CRIME... IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SURVIVE
DJR

CBM 64
£9.95
COMING SOON
ON THE
SPECTRUM
AMSTRAD

BEYOND

INFODROID IS AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD SOFTWARE DEALERS. IN CASE OF DIFFICULTY PLEASE WRITE TO BEYOND SOFTWARE FIRST FLOOR 64-76 NEW OXFORD ST. LONDON WC1A 1EU

DENTON DESIGNS



SANXION (Thalamus)

This seems quite a popular game judging by the response. But even so, the scores aren't too hot (according to Mr Scorelord), so here are some really useful tips which will help you conquer all the levels. Thanks to Anon **from Ludlow.**

Level one is quite straightforward — go as fast as you can and stay at the top of the screen as often as possible, moving only if you have to. To get used to the alien attack patterns — there are four different formations — take it slow. Then, when you feel proficient, 'burn it'.

The second level is much the same as the first. To dispose of the 'snaky' aliens, go to the bottom of the screen and get in real close. Now let 'em have it — BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Once you've disposed of the 'snaky' aliens, move up to the top of the screen and zip past the bomb-dropping fighters at full speed. Don't worry about the bombs — you can outrun them if you always travel at full speed. The barriers can prove overwhelming, but are easily mastered. Use the maps from last issue to get past the barriers, together with this useful tip . . . when you get to the top of the third barrier, let go of the joystick and you will sail through the hole in the fourth barrier. Now push up and when you reach the top of the fifth barrier, let go of the joystick again and you should sail through the sixth and seventh barriers and finish the level.

Level three is much the same as level one, only watch out for the occasional barrier (use the scanner for advance warning). Use the map for bonus level three.

The fourth level is also straightforward — once you've learned the various alien movement patterns. Start by moving to the top of the screen. Wait until the ships zoom by, then drop down and let them have it up the backside or when they turn tail. Move down to the bottom right hand corner of the screen and shoot like crazy to destroy the rockets as they appear. Then move back to the bottom left hand side of the screen and shoot the lowest of the three aliens (which look like travelling irons). If it shoots at you, you should have time to avoid the bomb. Now, move up and under the first two digits of the score. Move left as soon as you see the aliens appear from behind you — the bombs should bounce harmlessly in front of you. Stay underneath the exploding doobrie and its bombs will miss you. The rest of the level is up to you . . . Use the diagram below for bonus level four — it shows where you should position your ship if you want to crash into all the aliens.

Level five: the large 'jelly mould' shaped ships which appear at the beginning of the level are easily avoided. They will always exit the screen at roughly the same point as they entered it. The wobbly fighters aren't too bad either — keep moving up and down ever so slightly as you fire. The 'rocket rabbits' (they breed at speed, see) are easy enough to avoid, but killing them is a lot harder — the green rockets multiply rather rapidly as you shoot them, so they are best left alone. As for the mothership . . . well, if you've got the lives to spare, kill yourself by running into one of its bombs. When you reappear on screen the Mothership will have disappeared, allowing you to speed to the barriers. If you manage to negotiate the barriers, then a huge bonus is yours - attacking the Mothership only wastes time.

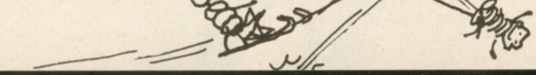
Level six isn't too difficult . . . if you use the scanner. Yes, contrary to popular belief, the top scanner is not superfluous. Keep a beady eye on the scanner and you will soon be able to distinguish between the two major alien attack patterns which come from behind. Stay at either the extreme top or bottom of the screen, depending on which attack pattern appears, and the aliens will gallop past.

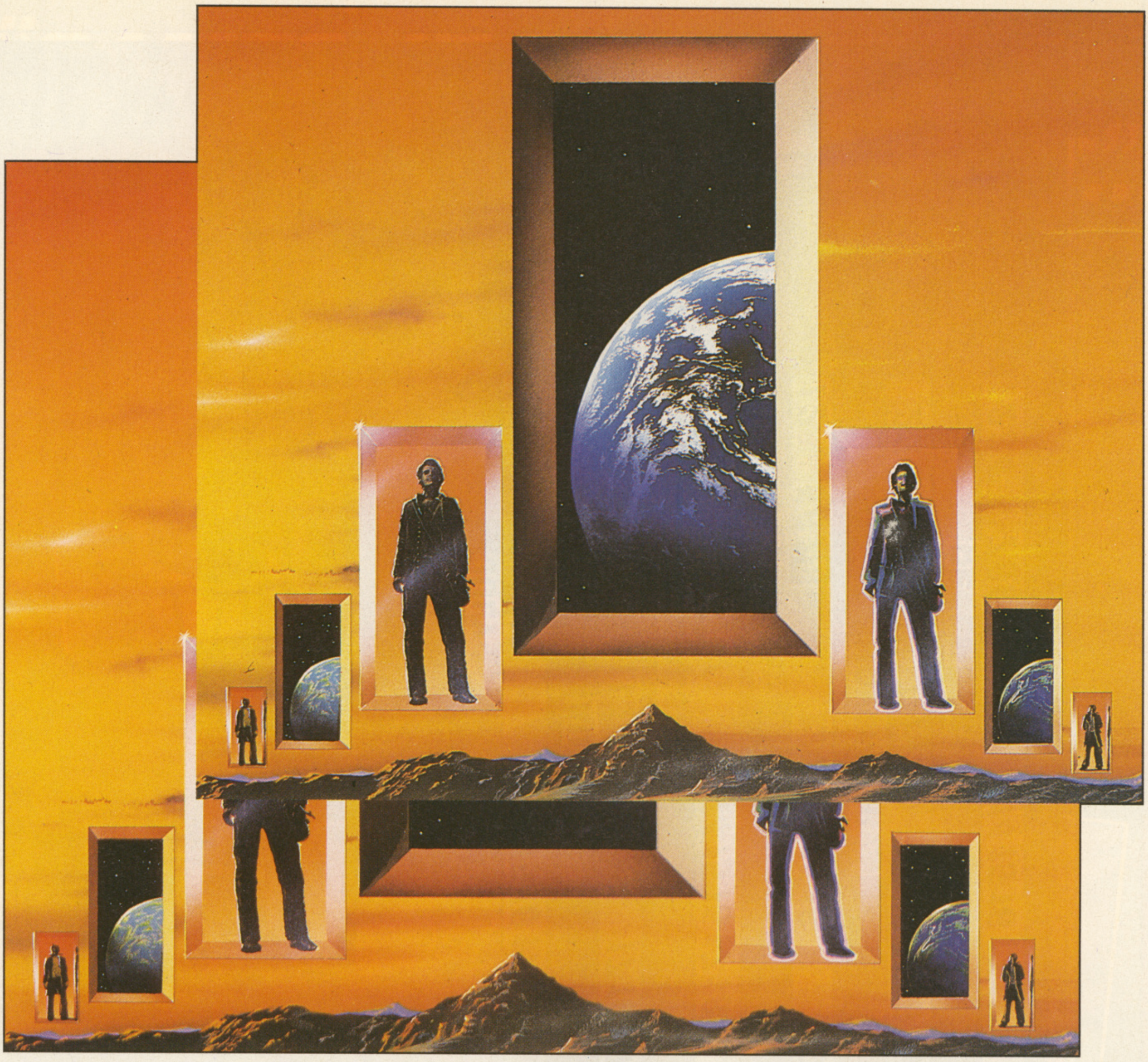
Level seven: stay at either the top or bottom of the screen and destroy the aliens at the ends of the chain. When you encounter the wobbly fighters, don't shoot them — they go berserk. Shoot the end of the undulating chain of aliens, then speed past them before they shoot too many bombs. To avoid the next wave of wobbly fighters, stay at the top of the screen, go at full speed and fire like crazy.

Level eight: beware the yellow ships — shoot them or they will return and shoot you! Use the map in the last issue to help you negotiate the barriers at the end of this level.

Level ten is a bitch. Stay at either the top or bottom of the screen and don't go too fast — the faster you go, the faster the rockets fired by the Motherships come at you.

Enter The Darkside . . . The other thirty levels feature faster aliens (which fire more bullets) and the occasional barrier or two thrown in for good measure. Good luck — you'll need it!


'BOUNCY SLEIGH...'



DOUBLE DOUBLE TAKE

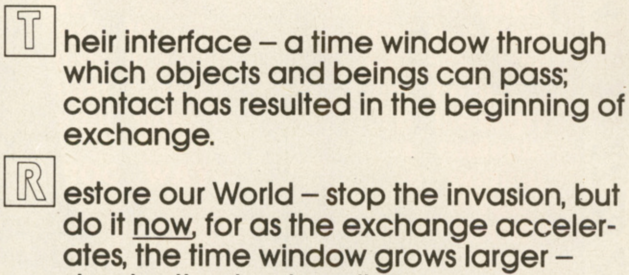
Two worlds – the mirror image of each other, touch in space through a Time-Warp.

One is positive, good, familiar – our World; the other is negative, evil yet unnervingly familiar.

Their interface – a time window through which objects and beings can pass; contact has resulted in the beginning of exchange.

Restore our World – stop the invasion, but do it now, for as the exchange accelerates, the time window grows larger – domination is a hand!

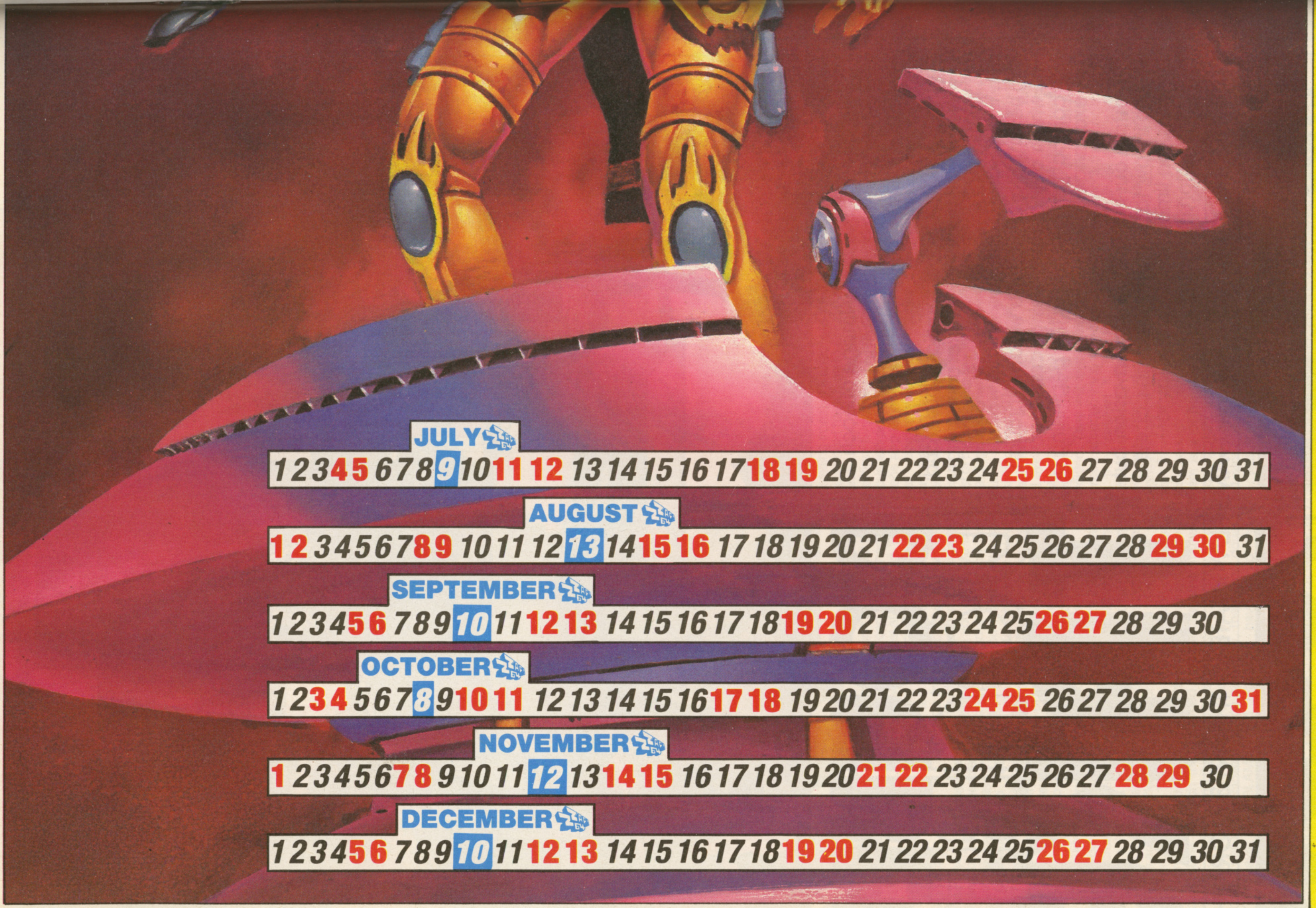
STARTLING ACTION · INNOVATIVE GAME PLAY · STATE OF THE ART 3-D GRAPHICS



SPECTRUM
£7.95
COMMODORE 64
£8.95

ocean

6 Central Street • Manchester M2 5NS • Tel: 061 834 3939 • Telex: 669977



JULY

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

AUGUST

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

SEPTEMBER

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

OCTOBER

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

NOVEMBER

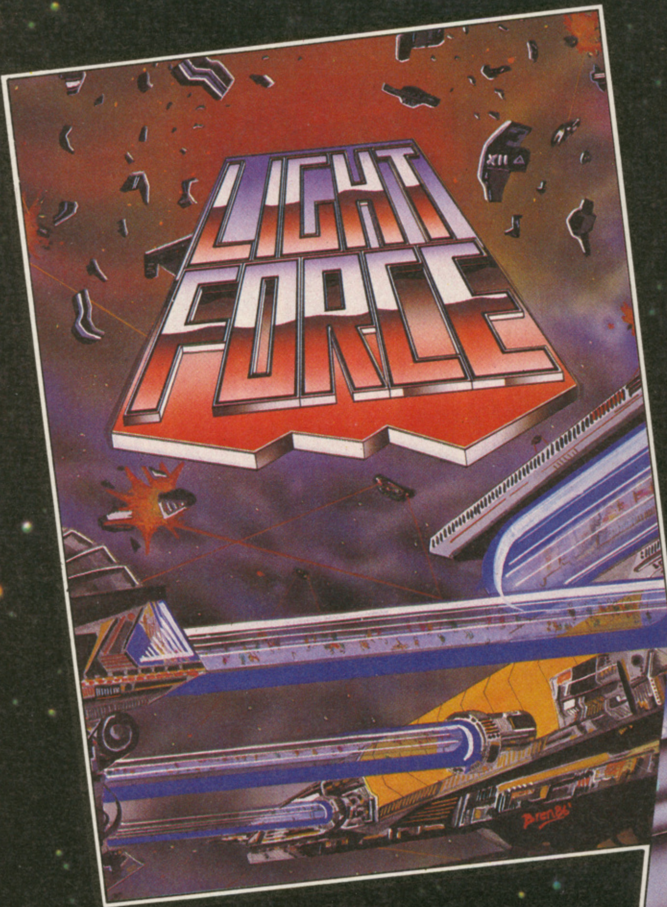
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

DECEMBER

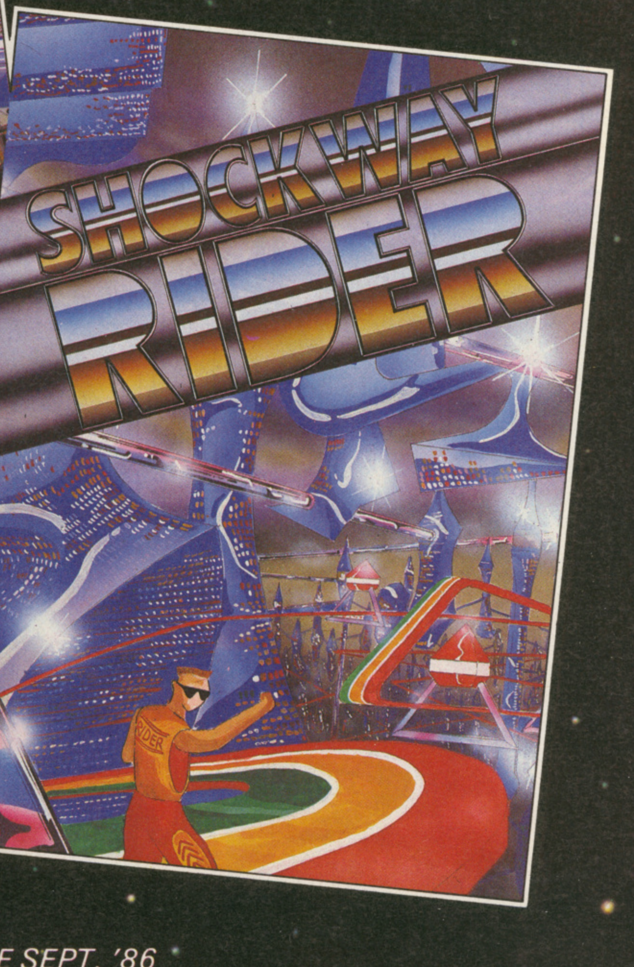
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

C. PEPPER

"GAMES AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT."...



LIGHTFORCE is for **VENGEANCE**..........
LIGHTFORCE is the Punishment Arm of Galactic Fighter Command.
When a Terran-settled system at the edge of the galaxy is seized by an alien force,revenge comes in the form of a lone **LIGHTFORCE** fighter.
LIGHTFORCE confronts alien in a dazzling battle above the strange landscapes of the Ice-Planet,the Jungle Planet,Alien factories and the impassable Asteroid Belt.
LIGHTFORCE — at the speed of Light - from **FTL**.



SHOCKWAY RIDERS are the pick of the street gangs - **ATHLETIC,AGGRESSIVE & ARROGANT** - as they cruise along the triple-speed moving walkways that circle the great **MEGACITYS** of the 21st Century.
THE ULTIMATE AIM OF EVERY RIDER is to go **"FULL CIRCLE"** - to do that,he must fight off the Block Boys,the Cops and the Vigilantes - as well as negotiating the Speed Traps and Rider Ramps erected by the angry local residents!
SHOCKWAY RIDER is the most original arcade game of the year - THE ULTIMATE **FUTURE SHOCK!!**

FTL
FASTER·THAN·LIGHT

LIGHTFORCE AVAILABLE SEPT. '86

SPECTRUM £7.95
AMSTRAD & COMMODORE £8.95

FTL FASTER THAN LIGHT, CARTER FOLLIS GROUP OF COMPANIES,
SEDGLEY ROAD EAST, TIPTON, WEST MIDLANDS DY4 7UJ. Tel: 021-557 2981 (4 lines)

ZZAP! 64 FOR '87

JANUARY

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

FEBRUARY

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28

MARCH

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

APRIL

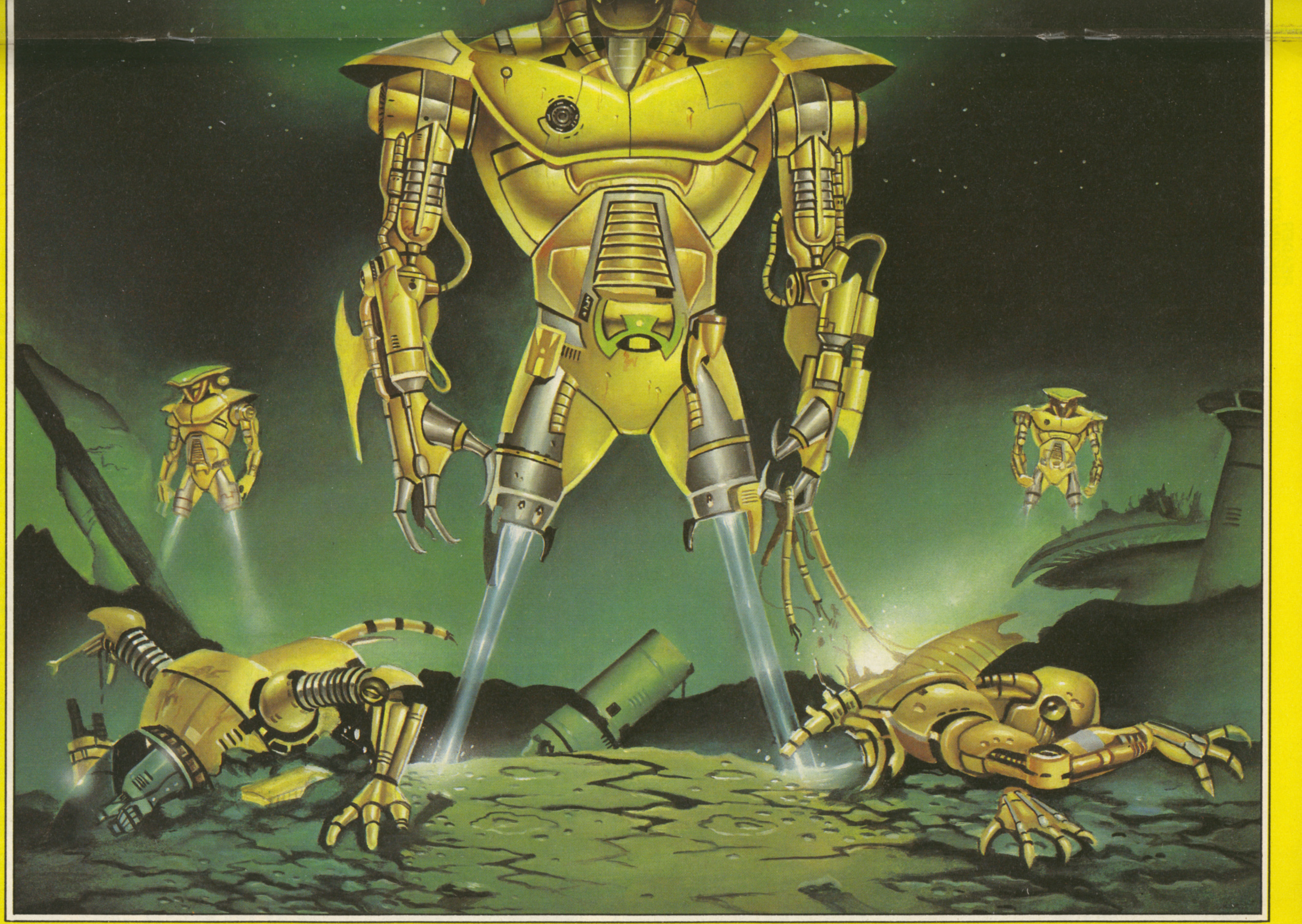
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

MAY

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

JUNE

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30



C. PEPPER

Key: Suppliers of:
Hardware
Software
for
Amstrad
Commodore
Sinclair

Retailers

London/South East

'Chips' Direct Data Ltd, 53 Rugby Road, Worthing, Sussex BN11 5NB. **HS SCA**

Ultima, Unit 28, White Lion Walk, Guildford, Surrey. **HS SCA**

Suburbia, 268 Streatfield Road, Kenton, Middlesex HA3 9BY. **HS SCA**

Speedysoft, The Blacksmiths, Radnage Common, High Wycombe, Bucks HP14 4DH. ☎ 024026 3703. **HS SA**

Software Plus, Liberty Shopping Mall, East Sq, Basildon, Essex; 336 Chartwell Square, Southend, Essex; 72 North Street, Romford, Essex; 22 St Matthews St, Ipswich, Suffolk; Boulevards, Harpur Centre, Bedford, Beds; 49 High Street, Gillingham, Kent. **S SCA**

Software City, 47 Cheap Street, Newbury, Berks, RG14 5BX. **S SCA**

Slough Computers, 245 High Street, Slough, Berks SL1 1BN. ☎ 21594. **HS SCA**

Shekhana Computer Services, 221 Tottenham Court Road, London W1R 9AF. ☎ 01-800 3156. **HS SCA**

Saga Systems Ltd, 2 Eve Road, Woking, Surrey GU21 4JT. **HS S**

Readers Dream, 100a Harlington Road West, Feltham, Middx. ☎ 01-844 0780. **HS SC**

Barry Paul, Leather Lane Music Shop, 67 Leather Lane, London EC1. ☎ 01-405 1270. **S SCA**

Octopus Software, Unit 31, In-Shops, High Road, Wealdstone, Middlesex. **HS SCA**

The Micro Workshop, 12 Station Approach, Epsom, Surrey KT19 8ES. ☎Tel. Epsom 21533. **HS SCA**

Harlow Computer Centre, 17 Staple Tye, Harlow, Essex, CM18 7LX. **HS SCA**

JKL Computers, 7 Winsor Street, Uxbridge, Middx UB8 1AB. **HS SCA**

Games World, 129 King Street, Hammersmith, London W6 9JG. ☎ 01-741 4467. **HS SCA**

Gallery Software, 1st floor, 140 The Arndale Centre, Wandsworth, London SW18. **HS SCA**

M. D. Cooper, Computer Software and Retail Sales, 63 High Street, Kempston, Beds. ☎ 0234 852017. **HS SCA**

Canvey Software, Harmer Arcade, Roman Road, London E1. **HS SCA**

Canvey Software, Canvey Market, High Street, Canvey Island, Essex. **HS SCA**

Alan Bedding Photography/Software, 37 Mile End Road, Colchester, Essex. ☎ 0206 851030. **HS SC**

Bracknell Computers, 44 The Broadway, Bracknell, Berks, RG12 1AG. **HS SCA**

Nimbus Computing, 6 Station Road, West Wickham, Kent. ☎ 01-777 3160. **HS SCA**

Discount Software, 120 Lord Street, Hoddesdon, Herts EN11 8NP. **HS SCA**

Logic Sales Ltd, 19 The Broadway, The Bourne, Southgate, London N14. ☎ 01-882 4942. **HS SC**

Virgin Games Centre, 100 Oxford Street, London W1N 9FB. ☎ 01-637 7911

Virgin Games Centre, 157-161 Western Road, Brighton BN1 2BB. ☎ 0273 725313

Virgin Games Centre, c/o Burtons, 140-144 High St, Bromley, Kent. ☎ 4606895

Virgin Games Centre, Top Man, Oxford Circus, 172 Oxford Street, London W1. ☎ 01-927 7826.

North West

Stewart Electronics, 83 Penny Meadow, Ashton-under- Lyne, Lancs. ☎ 061-339 0504. **HS SCA**

P.V. Microcomputers, 104 Abbey Street, Accrington, Lancs. **HS SCA**

McSoft, Unit 46, Moorgate Indoor Market, Moorgate, Ormskirk, Lancashire. **HS SCA**

Mach II, Langam's, St George's Precinct, Preston. **HS SCA**

Lancashire Micros, 89 Euston Road, Morecambe, Lancs. **HS SCA**

Computer World (UK) Ltd, 208 Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs BL1 3BG. **HS SCA**

Book Bargains, 31 St Andrew's Road South, St Annes, Lancs. **S SCA**

A.A. Discount Software, 112 Marlborough Street, Ashton-u-Lyne, Lancs OL7 0HA. ☎ 061-330 2376. **S S**

Bit Byte Computers, 144 Witton Street, Northwich, Cheshire CW9 5N9. **HS SCA**

City Software, 66 Lime Street, Liverpool L1 1JN. **S SCA**

Computer Games Shop, 3 Royal Oak Buildings, Waterloo Road, Blackpool FY4 2AQ. ☎ 0253 48738. **S SCA**

The Littlewoods Organisation plc, Church Street, Liverpool L70 1AQ (and selected stores). **HS SCA**

H & B Software, Unit 191, Upper Rochdale Market, Arndale Centre, Manchester M4 2EB. **S SCA**

H & D Services, 1338 Ashton Old Road, Higher Openshaw, Manchester M11 1JG. **S SCA**

H. W. Luxton, 236 Smithdown Road, Liverpool L15 5AH. ☎ 051-733 1135. **S SCA**

South/South West

Kash-Kuts, 77 East Street, Southampton. **S SCA**

Computerbase Co., 21 Market Ave, City Centre, Plymouth PL1 1PG. ☎0752 672128. **HS SCA**

Gateway Business Systems Ltd, 6 Station Road, New Milton, Hants BH25 6JU. **HS SCA**

Gerard's Software at Corsham D.I.Y. Centre, 8 The Precinct, Corsham, Wilts SN13 0AS. ☎0249 712650. **HS SCA**

Montage, 8 Holyrood Street, Chard, Somerset TA20 2AH. **S SC**

Manor Park Enterprises, 82 Mellstock Avenue, Dorchester, Dorset. **HS SCA**

K & K Computers, 32 Alfred Street, Weston-s-Mare, Avon. ☎0934 419324. **HS SCA**

Kintech Computers, St Tudy, Bodmin, Cornwall PL30 3NH. **HS SCA**

Judya Records & Computer Software, Unit 29, Exmouth Indoor Market, Exmouth, Devon. ☎ Exmouth 264593. **S SCA**

Fal-Soft Computers, 8 St Georges Arcade, Falmouth, Cornwall. **HS SCA**

Games Inc, 9 Frankfort Gate, Plymouth, Devon, PL1 1QA. **S SCA**

The Fuse Box, 67 Sidwell Street, Exeter, Devon. **HS SCA**

Computer Services, 9 The Green, Crediton, Devon EX17 3LH. **S SC**

Virgin Games Centre, 18 Merchant Street, Bristol BS1 3ET. ☎ 0272 294779.

Virgin Games Centre, 103-105 Armada Way, Plymouth. ☎ 075 2262817.

Midlands

Soft Spot Ltd, 5 George Street, Banbury, Oxon OX16 9YT. ☎ 0295 68921 **HS SCA**

Honeysett Computers Ltd, 17 Union St, Hereford. **HS SCA**

Fast Forward, 29 Smith Street, Warwick, Warwickshire. **HS SCA**

Fast Forward, 39 Parsons Street, Banbury, Oxon. **HS SCA**

ComputaCenta, 17 Campbell Street, Belper, Derby DE5 1AP. **HS SCA**

D.J.S. Micros (Mail Order), 28 High St, Harrington, Northants NN6 9NU. **HS S**

Gordon Harwood Computers, 69/71 High Street, Alfreton, Derby DE5 7DP. **HS SCA**

Northampton Home Computer Centre, 58a Wellingborough Rd, Northampton. **HS SCA**

The Software Centre, 1 Lock Up Yard, Derby. **HS SCA**

Allen James Computers, 831 Stratford Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham B11 4DA. ☎ 021-778 5737. **HS SCA**

Comtazia, 204 High St, Dudley, West Midlands DY1 1QQ. **HS SCA**

Bull Ring Computers Ltd, 1 Waterloo Terrace, Bridgnorth, Shropshire WV16 4EG. **HS SCA**

R & B Computer Software, 6 Waterloo Road, Hinckley, Leics. **HS SCA**

Computer Market, 27 Goosegate, Nottingham. ☎ 586454. **HS SCA**

Honeysett Computers Ltd, 17 Union St, Hereford HR1 2BT. **HS SCA**

Intoto, 1 Heathcoat Street, Hockley, Nottingham NG1 3AF. **HS SCA**

Long Eaton Software Centre, 91 College Street, Long Eaton, Nottingham NG10 4GE. **HS SCA**

Microware, 5 St Peter's Lane, Leicester. Also at Venture House, 7 Leicester Rd, Loughborough, and Fords, 191/195 Victoria Centre, Lower Parliament St, Nottingham. **HS SCA**

Virgin Games Centre, 98 Corporation Street, Birmingham B4 6SX. ☎ 021-236 1577

North East

U. K. Software Exchange Club. SAE to 15 Tunwell Greave, Sheffield S5 9GB **S SC**

Treasure Chest, 220 Beverley Road, Hull, N. Humberside HU5 1AH. **S SCA**

Tomorrow's World, 15 Paragon Street, Hull, N. Humberside HU1 3NA. **HS SCA**

Thirsk Home Computer Centre, Royal Oak Yard, Market Place, Thirsk, N. Yorkshire YO7 1HQ. ☎ 0845 25332. **HS SCA**

System 7 Electronics, 664 Anlaby High Rd, Hull, N. Humberside HU3 6UZ. ☎ 0482 508687 **H SC**

A & A C Stobbs (Computer Dept), 39/40 Upper Precinct, Blaydon-on-Tyne, Tyne & Wear NE21 5BT. ☎ 091 4143107 **HS SCA**

Stockton Software Ltd, 14 West Row, Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland TS18 1BT. ☎ 0642 606166. **HS SCA**

Starsoft, 2c Walnut Road, Thorne, Doncaster, S. Yorks DN8 4HW. ☎ 0405 816970. **S SCA**

P.E.A.K. Electronics, 222 York Road, Hartlepool, Cleveland. **HS SCA**

Microtron, 9 Gillygate, Pontefract, W. Yorkshire. **HS SCA**

Microbyte Software Shop, 36 County Arcade, Leeds LS1 6BH, and 19a Lower Warrengate, Wakefield, W. Yorks. **S SCA**

MarCliff Computers, 43 Stockton Road, Sunderland SR1 3NR. ☎ Sunderland 78975. **HS SCA**

David Llewellyn, 24 Winchester Close, Great Lumley, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham. **S S**

Ken Green (News & Computer Software), 26 Fowler St, South Shields, Tyne & Wear. **HS SCA**

Datamate Ltd, 2 Delaval Terr, Blyth, Northumberland NE24 1DL. ☎ 365846 **HS SCA**

The Computer Shop, 7 High Friars, Eldon Square, Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 7XG. ☎ 091 2616260. **HS SCA**

The Computer Shop, 224 High Street, Northallerton, N. Yorks DL7 8LU. **HS SCA**

C.H.I.P.S. Computer Shop, 151-153 Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS1 4AG. **HS SCA**

Virgin Games Centre, 94-96 The Briggate, Leeds LS1 6BR. ☎ 0532 432606.

Topsoft, Computer Software, 3 Hambletonian Yard, Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland. **HS SCA**

East Anglia

Sudbury Micro Systems, 64 North Street, Sudbury, Suffolk. **HS SA**

Logic Sales Ltd, 6 Midgate, Peterborough PE1 1TN. ☎ 0733 49696. **HS SCA**

Micro Phone, 14 Plowright Place, Swaffham, Norfolk, and Aldiss Furnishing Centre, Norwich Rd, Fakenham, Norfolk. **HS SCA**

Viking Computers, Ardney Rise, Norwich, Norfolk. **HS SCA**

Wales

Camelot Software, Cae Ymryson, Caernarvon, Gwynedd LL55 2LR. **S S**

Cwmbran Computer Centre, 3/4 Ventnor Road, Old Cwmbran, Gwent. **HS SCA**

R. M. Ehrenzeller, Sounds Good, 1 Middleton Street, Llandrindod Wells, Powys. **S SCA**

J.C.G. Software, 23 The Courtyard, Riverside Market, Haverfordwest, Dyfed. ☎ 0437 2543. **HS SCA**

Merthyr Computer Centre, 110 High Street, Merthyr Tydfil, Mid Glamorgan. ☎ 0685 82230. **HS SCA**

Scotland

James Clark, 6 Bridge Street, Dunfermline, Fife. **S SCA**

The Computer Depot, 205 Buchanan Street, Glasgow G1 2JZ. ☎ 041-332 3944. **HS SCA**

Inverness Computer Centre, 5 Mealmarket Close, Inverness IV1 1HT. ☎ 226205. **HS SCA**

The Micro Shop, 257 Dumbarton Road, Partick, Glasgow G11 6AB. ☎ 041-334 6163. **HS SC**

Mobile Micros (Marketing) Ltd, 1 East Back Street, Bishopmill, Elgin, Moray. **HS SCA**

Soft Centre, 2 Bruntsfield Place, Edinburgh EH10 4HN. **S SCA**

Software Connection, Argyle Centre Market, Argyle Centre, Glasgow G2 8AU. **S SCA**

Vics, Independent Computer Supplies, 31/33 South Street, Perth PH2 8PD. ☎0738 36704. **HS SCA**

Virgin Games Centre, 172 Union Street, Aberdeen AB1 1QT. ☎ 0224 645851

Virgin Games Centre, 28-32 Union Street, Glasgow G1 3QX. ☎ 041-204 0866.

Ireland

Charly's Computer Corner, Clareabbey, Clarecastle, Co. Clare. ☎ 065/20806. **S SCA**

Darryn Reid, Leisure World, Romanos Building, 6 Queen Street, Belfast, N. Ireland. **HS SCA**

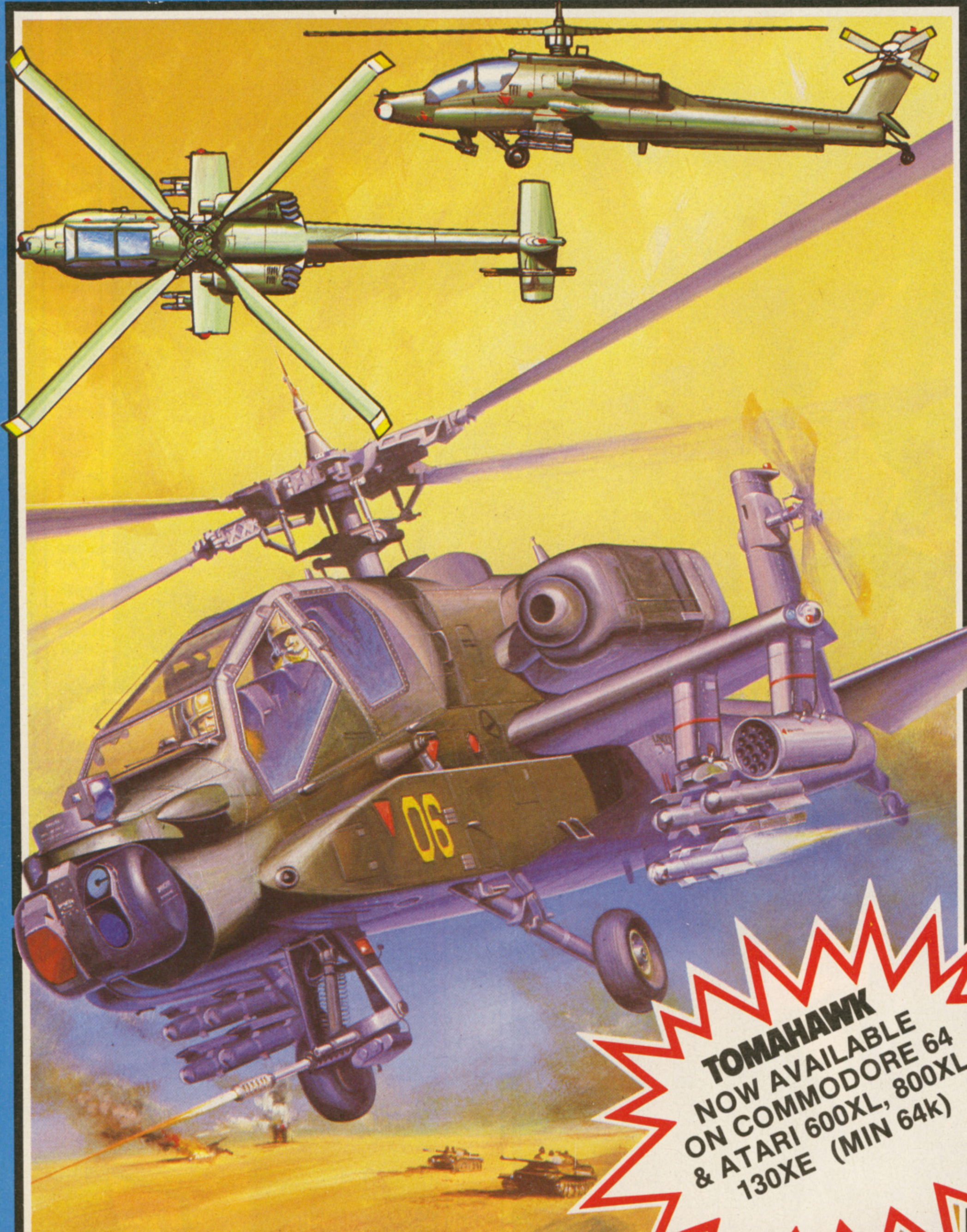
Abroad

Computer Studio, Kosančićev Venac 1a, 11000 Beograd, Yugoslavia. **S SCA**

'87
FOR ZZAP! 64

ONLY THE BRAVEST FLY....

TOMAHAWK®



TOMAHAWK
NOW AVAILABLE
ON COMMODORE 64
& ATARI 600XL, 800XL,
130XE (MIN 64K)

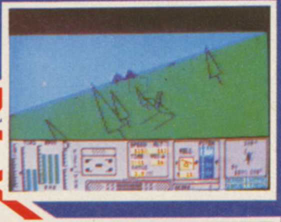
THE DEFINITIVE HELICOPTER SIMULATION

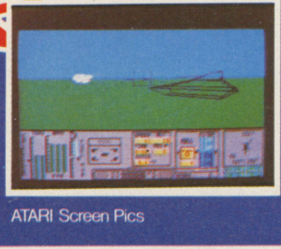
BY D.K.MARSHALL

TOMAHAWK – a stunningly realistic flight simulation that puts you in command of an Apache Advanced Attack helicopter. Flying low over a spectacular 3D real world display with over 7000 ground features – TOMAHAWK puts you in the hot seat.

Ground attack and air-to-air interception is the challenge – day or night in the thick of the battlefield. Your combat mission is to locate and destroy enemy ground forces. It could be science fiction – it isn't – the Apache is for real.... the meanest, deadliest combat helicopter ever.
You have the weapons, the machine.... climb in and prepare for take off!

- **Spectacular 3D cockpit view with over 7,000 ground features.**
- **Authentic aerobatic performance.**
- **Ground attack and air-to-air interception, with laser guided missiles, rockets and 30 mm gun.**
- **Doppler navigation and target tracking.**
- **Day/Night vision systems.**
- **Cloudy, Crosswinds, Turbulence.**
- **Pilot ratings – Trainee to Ace.**
- **Impressive sound effects.**
- **Pilots Notes.**





ATARI Screen Pics

FOR ALL POPULAR HOME COMPUTERS

AMSTRAD PCW 8256/8512		
Tomahawk Disk	☐	£19.95
AMSTRAD CPC 464, 664, 6128		
Night Gunner	☐	£7.95
Night Gunner Disk	☐	£13.95
Tomahawk	☐	£9.95
Tomahawk Disk	☐	£14.95
Fighter Pilot	☐	£8.95
Fighter Pilot Disk	☐	£13.95
ATARI		
Fighter Pilot	☐	£9.95
Fighter Pilot Disk	☐	£12.95
Tomahawk	☐	£9.95
Tomahawk Disk	☐	£14.95

SPECTRUM		
TT Racer 48/128K	☐	£9.95
Tomahawk 48/128K	☐	£9.95
Fighter Pilot 48K	☐	£7.95
Night Gunner 48K	☐	£6.95
COMMODORE 64		
Fighter Pilot	☐	£9.95
Fighter Pilot Disk	☐	£14.95
Tomahawk	☐	£9.95
Tomahawk Disk	☐	£14.95

VAT and p. & p. inclusive within UK
(Overseas inc. 55p per cassette)

Tele Sales
(0276) 684959

Access VISA

Please debit my Access/Visa card no.

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiry date ____________________

Cheques payable to Digital Integration Ltd

I enclose a cheque/P.O. for ____________ Total

Please send to DIGITAL INTEGRATION

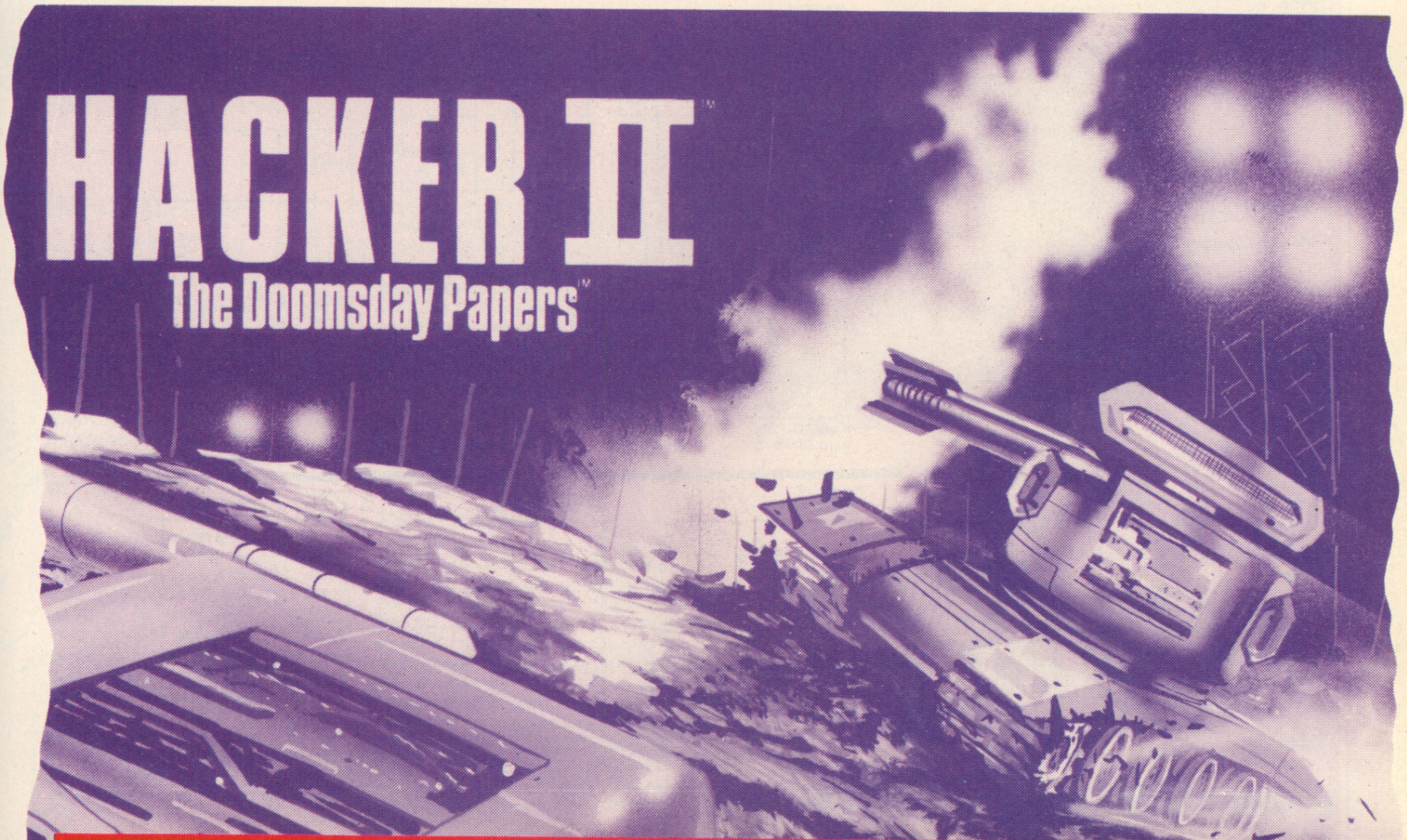
Watchmoor Trade Centre,
Watchmoor Road,
Camberley, Surrey
GU15 3AJ

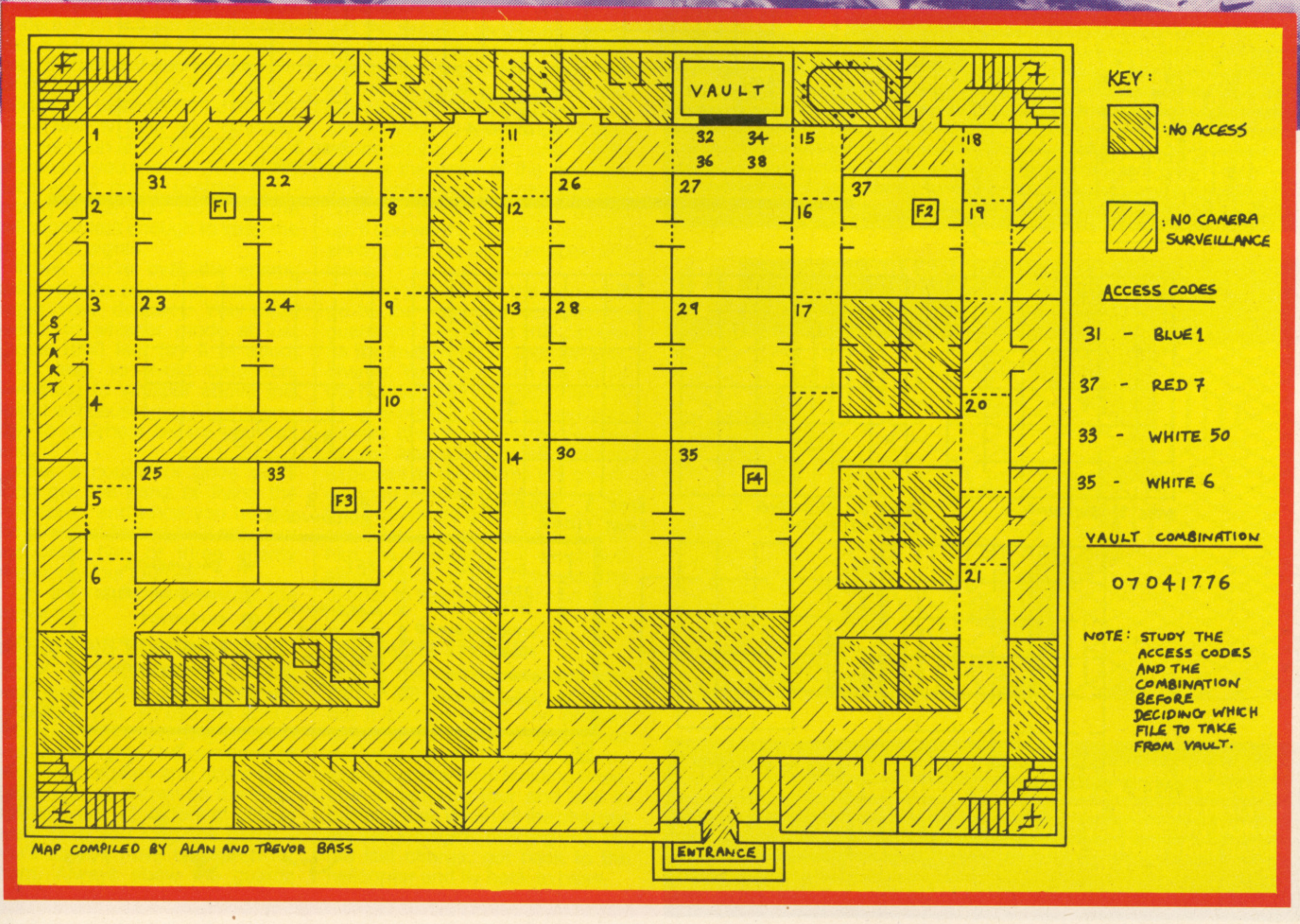
Trade and Export enquiries welcome. Lifetime Guarantee.

Name ____________________ Address ____________________

HACKER II

The Doomsday Papers


HACKER II™
The Doomsday Papers™


VAULT
ENTRANCE
START
F1
F2
F3
F4
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38

KEY:

▨ : NO ACCESS

▨ : NO CAMERA SURVEILLANCE

ACCESS CODES

31 - BLUE 1

37 - RED 7

33 - WHITE 50

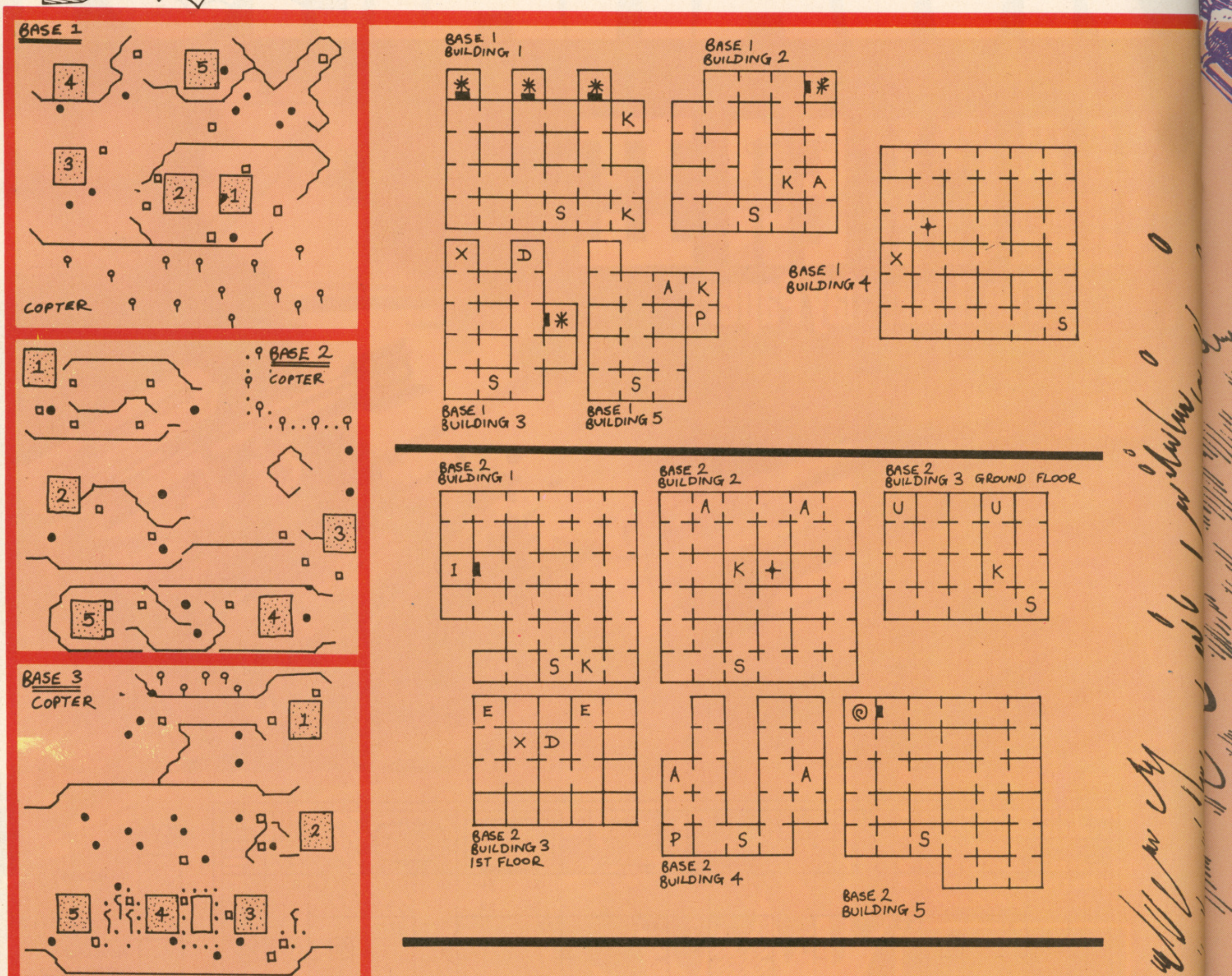
35 - WHITE 6

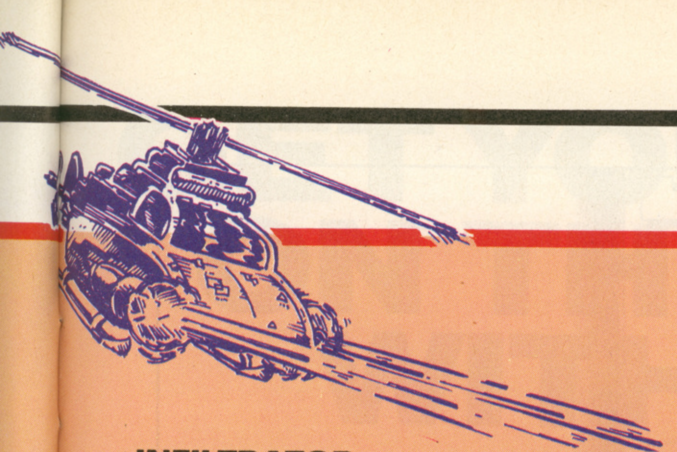
VAULT COMBINATION

07041776

NOTE: STUDY THE ACCESS CODES AND THE COMBINATION BEFORE DECIDING WHICH FILE TO TAKE FROM VAULT.

MAP COMPILED BY ALAN AND TREVOR BASS


BASE 1
COPTER
BASE 2
COPTER
BASE 3
COPTER
BASE 1 BUILDING 1
BASE 1 BUILDING 2
BASE 1 BUILDING 3
BASE 1 BUILDING 4
BASE 1 BUILDING 5
BASE 2 BUILDING 1
BASE 2 BUILDING 2
BASE 2 BUILDING 3 GROUND FLOOR
BASE 2 BUILDING 3 1ST FLOOR
BASE 2 BUILDING 4
BASE 2 BUILDING 5
BASE 3 BUILDING 1
BASE 3 BUILDING 2 GROUND FLOOR
BASE 3 BUILDING 2 FIRST FLOOR
BASE 3 BUILDING 3
BASE 3 BUILDING 4
BASE 3 BUILDING 5
KEY
□ BUILDING
♀ TREES
● PATROL GUARD
□ STANDING GUARD
. MINES
S START
A AMMO ROOM
K KEY
D DISGUISE
X ALARM SWITCH
▮ PASS DOOR
P PASS CARD
✦ DOOR SWITCH
✱ DOCUMENTS
I INVISIBILITY PILL
@ SCIENTIST
U ELEVATOR UP
E ELEVATOR DOWN
✳ AREA TO DESTROY



INFILTRATOR (US Gold)

Here are some extensive tips to be used in conjunction with the maps. Thanks to Phil Everitt **from Fareham, Hants and** Michael Coutlas **and** Craig Donoghue, **both from Horsforth in Leeds. If in doubt at any time check the game's instructions, especially if you're having difficulty with actually flying the helicopter.**

FLYING

Start the engine as per instructions and lift off. As soon as your horizon changes go to the map screen, find and enter your ADF, turning your helicopter around until it's pointing in the right direction. Once you've done that, set your speed to three quarters on the dial and make sure that your height is between 1500 and 2000 feet.

As soon as an enemy aircraft appears and requests your ID wait a while. If he's aggressive he'll fire at you, so wait for him to do so. If he is hostile and unleashes a missile your instrument will flash an R (if the incoming missile is radar guided) or an H (heat seeking missile). If it flashes the former drop a load of chaff and deal with the latter by launching a flare. Once the missile is destroyed the enemy plane will fly past and overtake you. As soon as he flies past fire a rocket and you should kill him. The guns are a pretty useless commodity since you can't fly the helicopter fast enough to keep the jet in your sights.

When you're over the enemy base reduce speed to zero and begin your descent. You must switch to whisper mode at just above 1000 feet (try it at about 1100 feet) to avoid detection. Switching to whisper above this height will cause your oil temperature to overheat before you can land.

After a couple of goes you'll soon get the hang of flying the helicopter, and once you master the direction finder you'll only ever encounter two or three enemy planes on your journey.

On the return journey use the above tips.

MISSIONS (General tips)

Don't use grenades outside because the other guards will hear and catch you, so use the spray. Even using this you may be seen and get caught. The positions of the electronic key and spare grenades are not shown on the map, as they are in different places every time you load the game - you'll always have to search for them. Always show the guards your papers, but if they aren't in order use a grenade and then search the room. You can search a room while a guards back is turned towards you, but it's a bit risky since he could turn around at any time. In the open doors room you don't need to gas the guard to insert the security card, but you must have your papers checked first. If you use the janitor's uniform be careful, if you get too near a guard and he sees your unfamilar face he may get suspicious and ask you for your papers.

MISSION ONE

This, quite naturally, is the easiest of the three missions. Get the security card and open all the locked doors. Once you've done that go back to all the previously locked rooms and photograph the plans on the walls, although remember you must gas the guard before taking a snapshot. You must take five photographs to complete the mission, and there are plans in each of the five locked rooms. There aren't any mines in this mission so you don't need to worry about them.

MISSION TWO

Get the security card and open all the locked rooms. Collect the ammo from the ammo stores. This is done by gassing the guard, and searching the three cabinets in the ammo store to get the three grenades sitting in each one. Swiftness is the order of the day here since you have to complete this operation before the guard wakes up. If you want to play safe you can always pick up two grenades and leave.

When you've got the grenades go to the weapons lab, gas the guard and search the little cabinet for the invisibility pill, then set your charge. You must then get out of the building before it explodes. On the way out don't stop to have your papers checked, gas the guards as you leave. When the building explodes all the alarms will go off, so go to building three and switch them off before getting the professor. When you've got the prof, give him the invisibility pill which will allow you to sneak him past the guards to the helicopter and freedom.

MISSION THREE

This is the hardest as extra grenades are few and far between, but it can be done. The primary target is the security pass. Once you've got it you'll have to set one explosive charge in building three, four in building four and one in building five. When all the charges are set go back to building one, set the last charge, get back to the helicopter and fly back to base.

1942 (Elite)

If you want to become an indestructible or immortal pilot you can enter these Hacker Jon **and** JWL3 **POKEs. Put the cassette in the drive and type** LOAD (RETURN), **press play on tape and when** READY **appears type:**

POKE 1010,76:POKE 1011,248:POKE 1012,252 (RETURN)

Now type RUN (RETURN). **When the computer resets type:**

POKE 816,167: POKE 817,2 (RETURN)
POKE 2095,76:POKE 2096,248:POKE 2097,252 (RETURN)

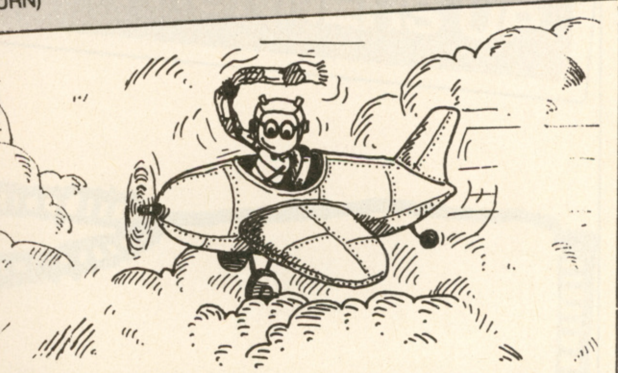
SYS 2061 **to load the rest of the program. When the computer resets again enter the following POKEs:**

POKE 3237,169:POKE 3239,0 (RETURN)
POKE 5765,234:POKE 5766,169:POKE 5767,0 (RETURN)

To disable the collision detection. You can also . . .

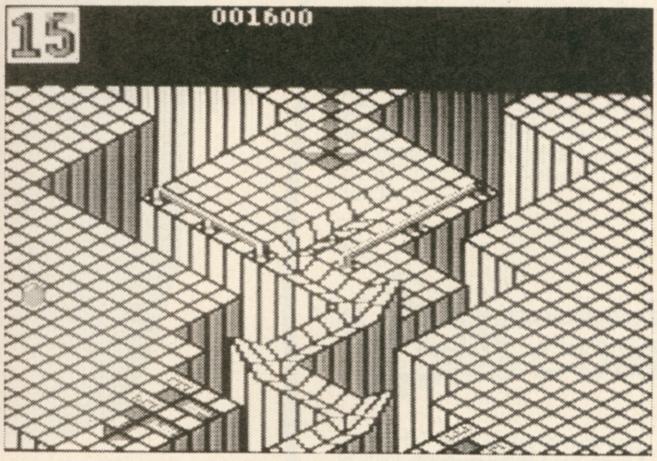
POKE 5806,234: POKE 5807,234 (RETURN)

. . . for unlimited lives. Once you've finished SYS 2640 **to start the game**



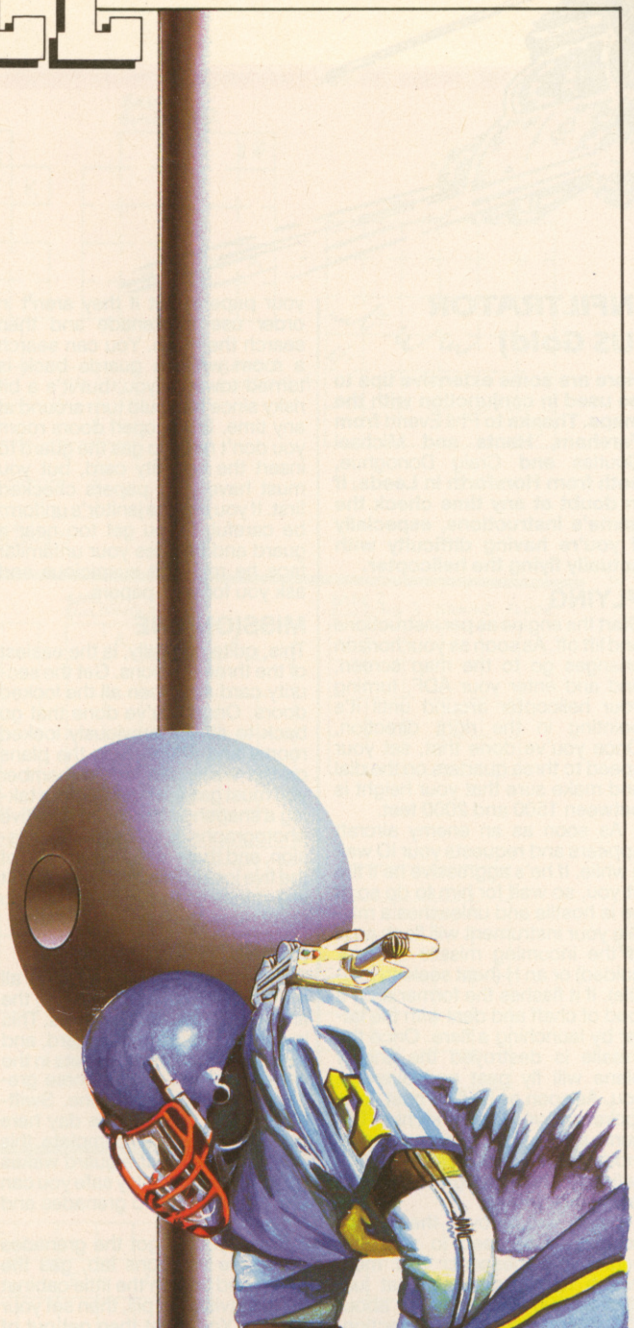
MARBLE MADNESS (Ariolasoft)

Last month we printed a brilliant Marble Madness **tip which showed you how to get onto the secret 'water' level. Unfortunately the picture which showed you what to do got left off (it was printed with the review!). Sorry about that, so here it is again, complete with picture. Look at the picture. Right, jump the gap at the end of the first left hand zig-zag (using the fire button to get extra speed), then plonk your marble on exactly the same spot as shown in the picture. Wait until the time counts down to thirteen and you'll be magically transported to the water level.**



Well, that's all I'm afraid. I'm off to sleep in a minute, but before I doze off may I say a very Happy Christmas to you all and thanks to all of you who have sent in tips over the last year. Hopefully next year the tips pages will be just as successful. If you have any POKEs, maps, solutions or anything which you think will help other games players then send them to: ZZAP! TIPS, PO BOX 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB. **See you next year.**

HYPABALL



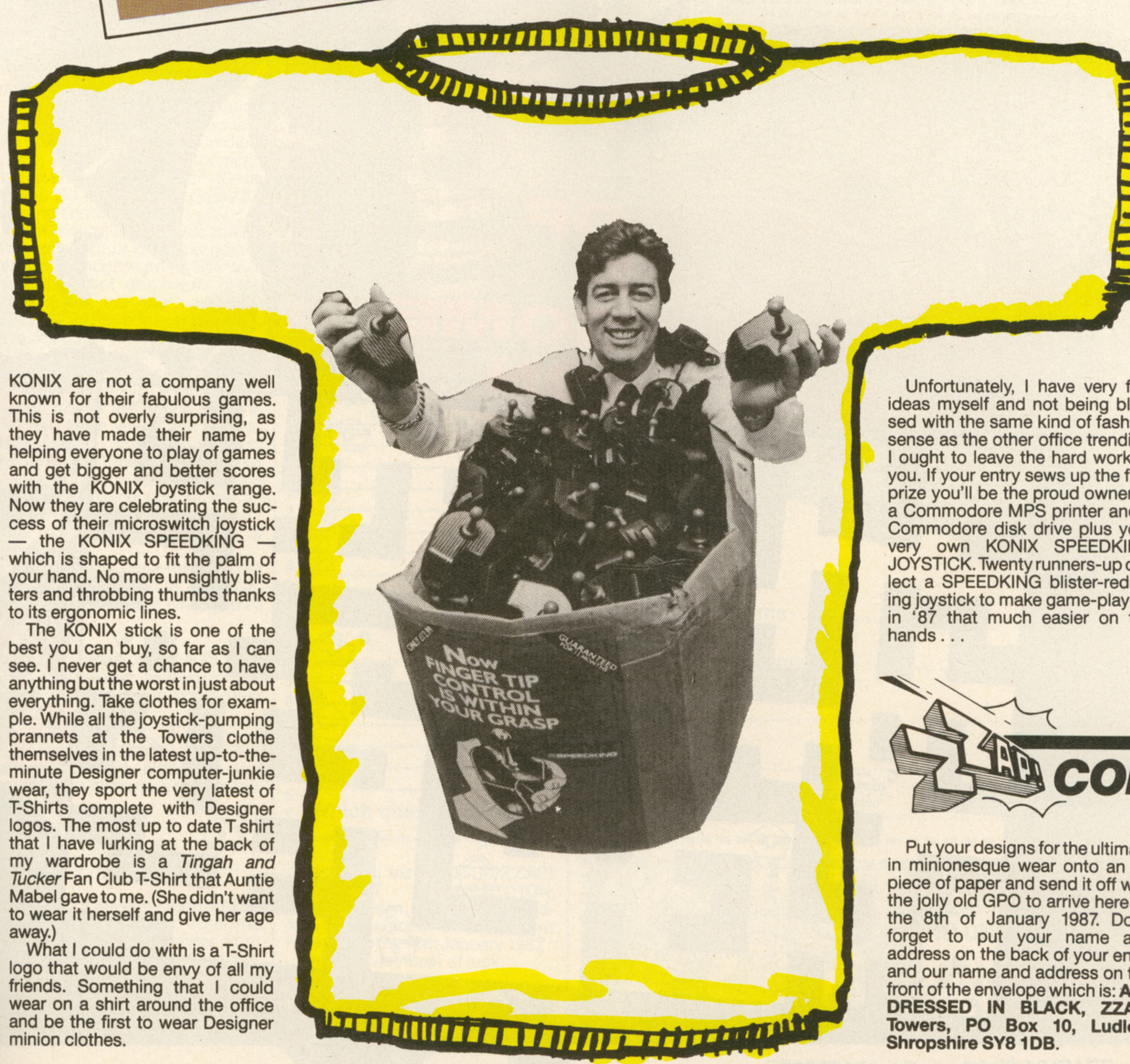
Odin
COMPUTER GRAPHICS LTD

SALES 01-631 5206
01-379 6755
INTERNATIONAL 44-1-379 6755
COMMODORE 64/128 : SPECTRUM 48/128K

GET YOUR FINGER ON THE BUTTON WITH KONIX!

WIN A COMMODORE DISK DRIVE AND MPS PRINTER

20 SPEEDKING JOYSTICKS FOR RUNNERS UP


NOW FINGER TIP CONTROL IS WITHIN YOUR GRASP
GUARANTEED
SPEEDKING

KONIX are not a company well known for their fabulous games. This is not overly surprising, as they have made their name by helping everyone to play of games and get bigger and better scores with the KONIX joystick range. Now they are celebrating the success of their microswitch joystick — the KONIX SPEEDKING — which is shaped to fit the palm of your hand. No more unsightly blisters and throbbing thumbs thanks to its ergonomic lines.

The KONIX stick is one of the best you can buy, so far as I can see. I never get a chance to have anything but the worst in just about everything. Take clothes for example. While all the joystick-pumping prannets at the Towers clothe themselves in the latest up-to-the-minute Designer computer-junkie wear, they sport the very latest of T-Shirts complete with Designer logos. The most up to date T shirt that I have lurking at the back of my wardrobe is a *Tingah and Tucker* Fan Club T-Shirt that Auntie Mabel gave to me. (She didn't want to wear it herself and give her age away.)

What I could do with is a T-Shirt logo that would be envy of all my friends. Something that I could wear on a shirt around the office and be the first to wear Designer minion clothes.

Unfortunately, I have very few ideas myself and not being blessed with the same kind of fashion sense as the other office trendies, I ought to leave the hard work to you. If your entry sews up the first prize you'll be the proud owner of a Commodore MPS printer and a Commodore disk drive plus your very own KONIX SPEEDKING JOYSTICK. Twenty runners-up collect a SPEEDKING blister-reducing joystick to make game-playing in '87 that much easier on the hands . . .

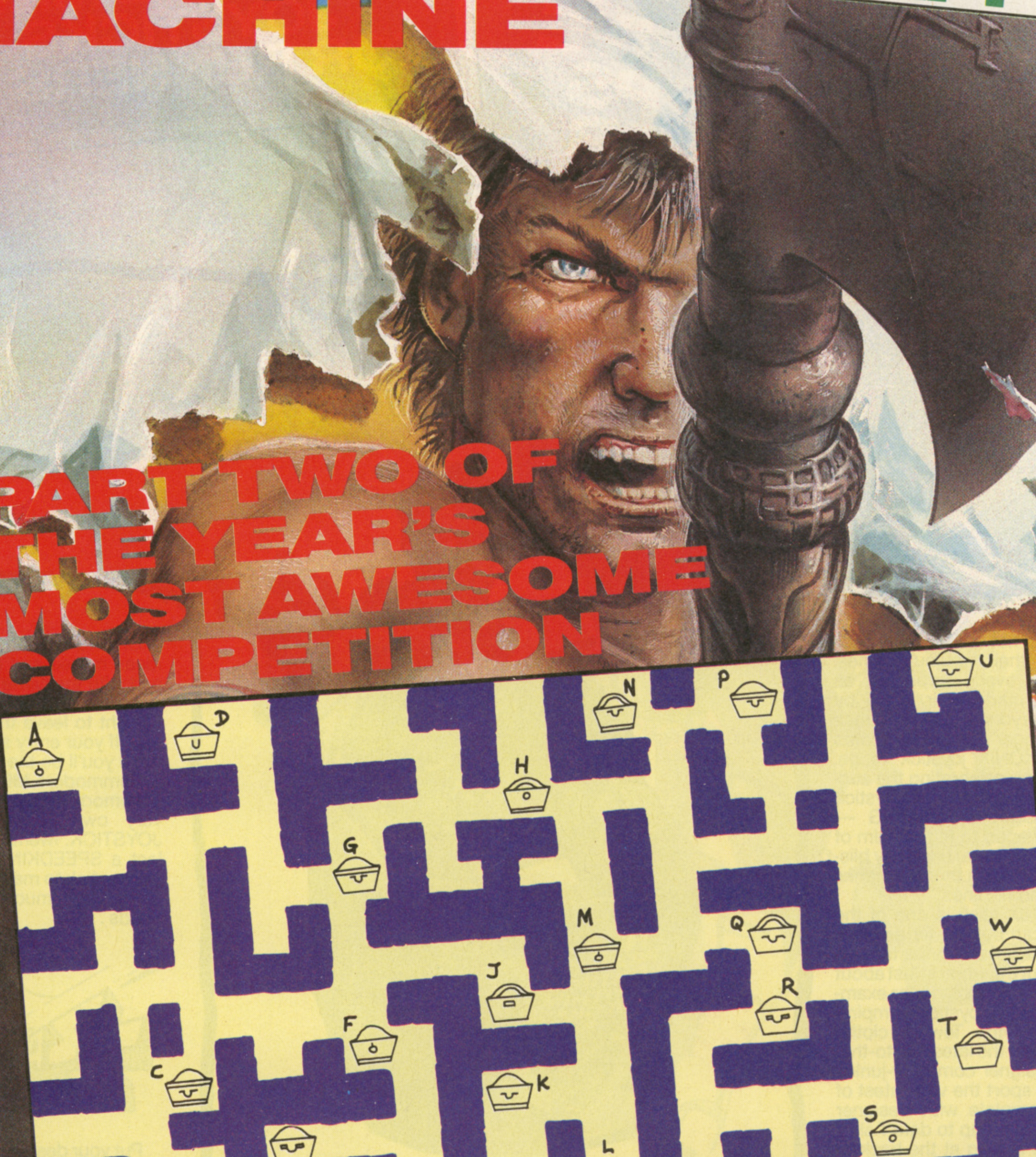
ZZAP! COMP

Put your designs for the ultimate in minionesque wear onto an A4 piece of paper and send it off with the jolly old GPO to arrive here by the 8th of January 1987. Don't forget to put your name and address on the back of your entry and our name and address on the front of the envelope which is: **ALL DRESSED IN BLACK, ZZAP! Towers, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.**

WIN! A REAL FOUR PLAYER GAUNTLET ARCADE MACHINE

WITH US GOLD AND ZZAP!

PART TWO OF THE YEAR'S MOST AWESOME COMPETITION


A
D
N
P
U
H
G
M
Q
W
J
R
F
T
C
K
S
E
L
O
B

50 COPIES OF THE COMMODORE 64 VERSION OF GAUNTLET ALSO UP FOR GRABS!!!

GAUNTLET
Merlin
Questor

ZZAP! COMP

Hello again, and welcome to part two of this amazing competition in which YOU could win your very own four player GAUNTLET arcade machine. Yes, it's true. It weally is the weal thing. Just imagine it, taking pride of place in your bedroom. Cor! Invite your mates round for a game (on free play, of course) and swank away to your heart's content. Double Cor!!

US Gold are also donating FIFTY copies of the Commodore 64 conversion of this incredible game, which is nearing completion even as I write. Cor! (Once again). So how do you go about winning something, eh? . . .

Last month, I asked you to find the names 22 of US Gold games hidden in a huge wordsquare. Well, believe it or not, also hidden in the wordsquare are the names of SEVEN ZZAP! people such as . . . well, it's up to you to find out!

But that's not all you've got to do. Oh no. See the diagram printed on these pages? It's a representation of one of the bonus levels in GAUNTLET in which you have to run around collecting chests within a given time limit. Now, what you've got to do is spot the odd chest out. Which one of the 21 chests is different from the rest? (BIG HINT: there are ten pairs of chests).

When you've done that, cut out the . . . what's that? Oh, I see. OK, here's a summary of what you've got to do:

FIND the names of TWENTY-TWO US Gold games hidden in the enormous wordsquare printed last month.

FIND the names of SEVEN ZZAP! personages also hidden in the enormous wordsquare printed last month.

DEDUCE which of the TWENTY-ONE chests is the odd one out.

THEN fill out the entry form, attach the two tokens (one from the December issue, the other from this issue — no photocopies, please) and send it all to **ZZAP! GAUNTLET COMPETITION, ZZAP! Towers, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB** to arrive here before the 19th January 1987.

And the very best of luck.

Thanks to DAVE CROFT of WORTHING BN14 7AX for the wordsquare

These are the 22 US Gold games I found in the wordsquare last month . . .

1 ____________________
2 ____________________
3 ____________________
4 ____________________
5 ____________________
6 ____________________
7 ____________________
8 ____________________
9 ____________________
10 ____________________
11 ____________________
12 ____________________
13 ____________________
14 ____________________
15 ____________________
16 ____________________
17 ____________________
18 ____________________
19 ____________________
20 ____________________
21 ____________________
22 ____________________

And these are the 7 seven ZZAP! personages . . .

1 ____________________
2 ____________________
3 ____________________
4 ____________________
5 ____________________
6 ____________________
7 ____________________

Which chest is different from the rest? __

Name ....
Address ....
....
....
Postcode ....

GAUNTLET
U.S. GOLD
American Software

ZZAP! GAUNTLET

ANOTHER TOKEN

THE AMAZING . . .

BANG. . . BANG. . .

SPLOT..YOU'RE DEAD COMP!

part II
THE SAGA CONTINUES. . . .

ZZAP! COMP

You could ZZAP! a Spiky Haired One with a paint gun!

BE YOUR OWN 'ROGUE TROOPER' WITH A DAY AT COMBAT ZONE
Courtesy of PIRANHA

THE READERS' ARMY NEEDS YOU

A little while ago, **PIRANHA** sponsored a competition for *Strike Force Cobra* in which readers had the chance to spend a day having fun playing Combat Zone.

Now they've gone and released *Rogue Trooper*, based on the famous character from *2000AD*. You have to fight your way across Nort territory on a quest to collect tapes that will help put your biochip-based comrades, Bagman, Gunnar and Helm, back into bodies. To celebrate the launch of the game that **DESIGN DESIGN** have been working on for **PIRANHA**, the delectable Mandy Keyhoe has decided to hire a whole Combat Zone zone for a day in the half-term holidays next Spring.

Now we're recruiting for a Readers' Army to face up to the might (or should that be 'maybe'?) of the NEWSFIELD reviewing platoon. In Combat Zone, you are equipped with special guns and get to wear special protective clothing (including goggles) and the aim is to capture the flag belonging to the opposing team. We're going to be ranging the talents of Penn and Rignall, supported by a few other folks from the computer magazines, against a crack squad of readers.

This is your chance to deal a painty 'death' to the egos of the ZZAP! reviewers — the guns used in Combat Zone fire paint pellets, and when someone is hit with a splodge of paint they have to lie down doggo and play dead.

Fancy a go? What we want is a recruiting poster for the army that will challenge the Spiky Haired Ones on the appointed day. Go to town on a full-race propaganda campaign if you like, pointing out all the shortcomings of these horrid fellows who will become 'the enemy' on the day. Mention their track record of Minion-abusing if you like, or the unrealistic size of their egos. Just make them out to be mean 'n' nasty bunch so that any passing pedestrian would be immediately inspired to do his or her duty and sign up for the conflict.

Put your Kitchener type poster on a sheet of paper, no bigger that A4 (which is the size of the page you're reading), and send the finished article to **ZZAP! A SPIKY, ZZAP! Training Camp, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB**. Entries must arrive before January the 20th 1987.

The best two recruiting posters will win their propaganda artists the chance to participate in the Ego Wars. Thirty runners-up get to collect a complimentary copy of the game, *Rogue Trooper*.

30 Copies of ROGUE TROOPER on offer!

THE ULTIMATE UTILITY FOR YOUR COMPUTER

SPEECH!

NO EXTRA HARDWARE REQUIRED

AS REVIEWED ON BBC TV

FOR THE COMMODORE AMSTRAD AND BBC COMPUTERS

COMMODORE 64/128	
Cassette	**£9.95**
Disc	**£11.95**
AMSTRAD CPC464/664/6128	
Cassette	**£9.95**
Disc	**£14.95**
BBC MICROS: B, B+, Master	
Cassette	**£9.95**
Disc	**£11.95**

THE RECENTLY RELEASED BBC MICRO VERSION HAS BEEN GREETED WITH ACCLAIM AND INCREDULITY:—

At last, speech synthesis at a price you can afford. SPEECH! works entirely in software taking up less than 9K of RAM: no extra hardware whatsoever is required. Unlike other systems, SPEECH! has an unlimited vocabulary: it will say anything you want it to, and is simplicity itself to use. Simply type in: ***SAY I AM A TALKING COMPUTER, AS EASY TO USE AS 1 2 3 . . .** and the computer speaks.

SPEECH! has a built-in parser which translates English words into "phonemes", or speech particles. There are 49 phonemes and 8 different pitch settings which can be used directly by the *SPEAK command (e.g. *SPEAK/HEH4LOW4) so stress or intonation can easily be added wherever desired. You can change the overall pitch with the *PITCH command.

Every copy of SPEECH! comes complete with extra software:

DEMO — shows off all the features,
SPELL — an innovative educational program,
SAYFILE — speaks the lines of your programs.

Applications in:

- games
- education
- business
- utilities

REVIEWS ON BBC-1 AND BBC-2 TV

Saturday Superstore (BBC-1)
"This is knockout! This is great! . . . Wonderful! Very, very clever." . . . Fred Harris

Micro Live (BBC-2)
"Really good value!" . . . John Coll

REVIEWS IN THE COMPUTER PRESS

"The reproduction is suprisingly good, and certainly on a par with some of the more expensive speech interfaces I have heard. An excellent low cost speech synthesiser that really is very good value for money." . . . ACORN USER

". . . incredibly easy to use. The end result is as good as anything I've heard this side of the Amiga." . . . POPULAR COMPUTING WEEKLY

"Overall an excellent package" . . . MICRONET 800.

"This is one utility which cannot be beaten on quality or price" . . . The MICRO USER.

"SPEECH! from Superior Software is a truly remarkable offering. A rare gem indeed. Superior Software has produced a price breakthrough by achieving an apparent technical impossibility." . :. A & B COMPUTING.

OUR GUARANTEE

- All mail orders are despatched within 24 hours by first-class post.
- Postage and packing is free.
- Faulty cassettes and discs will be replaced immediately.

Access VISA

24 HOUR TELEPHONE
ANSWERING SERVICE FOR ORDERS

SUPERIOR SOFTWARE
Limited

Dept. SP9, Regent House, Skinner Lane, Leeds LS7 1AX. Telephone: 0532 459453

WE PAY TOP ROYALTIES FOR HIGH QUALITY SOFTWARE

The best selling Computer Game is now available for the New Generation. Don't Get Mad – Get Even!

Trivial Pursuit
THE COMPUTER GAME
COMMODORE
YOUNG PLAYERS' EDITION
Trivial Pursuit
CBM 64/128 CASSETTE

Full game or questions only available on Spectrum 48/128, CBM 64/128, BBC B,B+, Master, Amstrad CPC Cassette and Disk

Boots
A W.H.SMITH TOPSOFT 20 TITLE
John Menzies

and all local stockists

YOUNG PLAYERS™ EDITION – OUT NOW

HORN ABBOT™
INTERNATIONAL

© 1986 HORN ABBOT INTERNATIONAL

TRIVIAL PURSUIT is a Trade Mark owned and licensed by Horn Abbot International Ltd.
Published by Domark Limited, 204 Worple Road, London SW20 8PN. Tel: 01-947 5624.
Trivial Pursuit was programmed by Oxford Digital Enterprises.

DOMARK

VOTE FOR THE BEST GAMES OF THE YEAR!

ZZAP! 64
Readers' Awards

Christmas comes but once a year — and with it, the ZZAP! Readers Awards. This is your chance to tell members of the software industry what you think of their games, their programmers and their advertisements. Vote for the games, the people and the adverts which you feel are worthy of praise. Fill in the form over the page and send it to us as fast as you can so our Database Minion can get to work analysing the results. The first 10 forms drawn out of the bag on 20th January 1987 — the closing date — will earn their senders £20 worth of software and a ZZAP! T-Shirt!

The results should be published in the March issue of ZZAP! and shortly thereafter the certificates of accolade will be awarded to the winning companies. Well then, what are you waiting for? Get to it!

In each appropriate category enter the name of the program and the software house for which you wish to vote. Please note: products must have a 1986 copyright to be eligible. There's no need to fill in every category — if you can't think of a suitable candidate, leave the relevant category blank. Obviously the more you fill in the better the end result will be.

Once you've completed as much of the form as possible, remove this page from the magazine (or photocopy it) and send it to us. Don't forget to write your name, address and T-Shirt size (small, medium or large) on the form in CAPITAL LETTERS!

BEST GAME OVERALL

Title & Software House

BEST PLATFORM GAME

Title & Software House

BEST SHOOT EM UP

Title & Software House

BEST ARCADE ADVENTURE

Title & Software House

BEST ADVENTURE

Title & Software House

BEST STRATEGY GAME

Title & Software House

BEST SIMULATION

Title & Software House

BEST GRAPHICS

Title & Software House

BEST MUSIC

Title & Software House

BEST SOUND FX

Title & Software House

BEST PROGRAMMER

BEST SOFTWARE HOUSE

BEST ADVERTISMENT

Title & Software House

LEAST PLEASING GAME

Title & Software House

And, for the most outstanding programming achievement of 1986

STATE OF THE ART AWARD

Title & Software House

Readers' Awards

Please send this form to ZZAP! READERS AWARDS, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB to arrive no later than January 20th

Name ....

Address ....

....

.... Postcode ....

T-Shirt Size ....

EREBUS

£8.95
COMMODORE 64/128

This smooth scrolling blast-'em game features the very best in fast arcade action by Steve Lee *(author of the Falcon Patrol series and Shogun)* with stunning graphics by Martin Wheeler *(famous for Spectrum Dan Dare and the original designer of Sorcery)*. It is a multi-sectioned game with many varieties of tough aliens to eliminate. You must fight through each wave in your highly manoeuvrable spherical space fighter and save Earth from the horrible fate of the noxious nerve gas being produced on planet Erebus.

Invest in some **real action** for your **Commodore 64/128.**

Please send me a copy of **EREBUS** for the Commodore 64/128 (cassette only)

Name____

Address______________________________________

Please make cheques and postal orders payable to **Virgin Games Ltd**, and post to
Virgin Games, 2/4 Vernon Yard, Portobello Road, London W11 2DX.
PLEASE DO NOT POST CASH.

ROBTEK CHRISTMAS OFFER

THREE DIFFERENT BUMPER PACKAGES AT BUMPER PRICES

1 KINGSIZE GAMES FOR COMMODORE 64

Here is your chance to buy volume 1 & just released volume 2. 50 incredible value games on each cassette or disk version.
Cassette Package: Normal Price **£19.95** Christmas Price £12.95
Disk Version: Normal Price **£25.90** Christmas Price £14.95
(If you already have Volume 1, you can buy Volume 2 separately at **£9.95**)

2 KINGSIZE GAMES FOR COMMODORE C16/PLUS 4

Buy Volume 1 & just released Volume 2
50 incredible games on each cassette
Cassette package: Normal Price **£19.95** Christmas Price £12.95

(If you already have Volume 1, you can buy Volume 2 separately at **£9.95**).

3 THE FAMOUS ROBTEK MAGIC DISK KIT & ROBCOM TURBO 50 (voted No.1 utility of the year)

Normal Price **£44.90** Christmas Price £29.95

MAGIC DISK KIT:

For Commodore 1541 and 1571 disk drives. Everyone with a disk drive needs this product. No more repair bills no technical knowledge needed. EASY TO USE, You can solve or prevent most of your problems now with this product.

CONTAINS: SPECIAL CLEANING DISK
ROBTEK'S UNIQUE ALIGNMENT DISK: tests and adjusts speed and alignment step by step.

TURBO 50

Voted No. 1 utility. For COM 64/128. Transforms your Commodore with this incredible powerful cartridge. Fantastic features include Turbo loading for your disk drive and Cassette Player, Copying Program, Toolkit, Centronics Interface, Reset Switch and much much more.

Robtek

All these products are available at all good computer stores or you can order *direct from Robtek.*
Visa/Cheque/Postal Order.

Robtek Ltd., Unit 4, Isleworth Business Complex, St. Johns Road, Isleworth,
Middx. TW7 6NL. Tel: 01-847 4457

POWER EXTREME!

Albums! Books! Games! T-Shirts! Courtesy of ARIOLASOFT ALL Up For Grabs!

THE ZAPPER
THE HACKER
A FIRST DICTIONARY
GREATEST HITS

ZZAP! COMP

Ever watch CENTURIONS? It's a great new super duper cartoon featuring some really mighty heroes who are always around to save the day. Three clean living guys and one super fido dedicated to the defence of you and I against the evil alien hordes that attack earth the same time every Saturday morning. Sounds like it'd make a good computer game, doesn't it? Well that's exactly what Ariolasoft think — at this very moment they are converting the antics and adventures of the CENTURIONS into a thrilling new game.

In the meantime Ariolasoft have decided to donate some goodies to give to you, the best of which is an Ariolasoft Goody Bag. This lovely package consists of several desirable objects, including five faberooni new albums, three great books, four Ariolasoft games, a Centurion model and four swell Tee Shirts! Mere words alone cannot describe this prize so take a look at the piccy on this page and gasp away. Generous Ariola have also given us twenty five tee shirts for you oh-so-lucky readers. Interested? Well we're going to make you work for this one. Here's the competition . . .

Despite the prestigious title of ZZAP! Editor and the maturity his job requires, Mr Penn is well into CENTURIONS. You should see him run up and down the office shouting 'Power Extreme!', pretending the office dustbin is an alien robot. Biff! Bap! Bop! he goes, laying into the bin with a manic gleam in his eyes. A few kicks and a punch later the evil bin is defeated, no longer will he and his rubbish hordes tyranize the office. Gaz then pops into the toilet with a smug look on his face . . . to return thirty seconds later in his mild mannered ZZAP! Editor secret identity. This is all getting a bit tedious as Mr Penn's antics do tend to spread rubbish about the place, and though Gaz's Centurion imitations are entertaining to say the least, we do value his abilities as an Editor a bit more.

This is where you can help. The plan is to booby trap the office dustbin in some way so as to give Gaz a real shock the next time he tries to do battle with it. It has to be a big shock though, hopefully a big enough shock to curtail his bin bashing career indefinitely. Just design a Gaz Penn frightener that will sit nice and innocently in the bin until attacked, then it should burst into scary animation. Send the design to us and the creator of the best anti-Penn device will have his or her efforts rewarded with an Ariola Goody Bag. The best of the rest will receive one of the twenty five T-Shirts.

So get cracking and send your entries to **STOP GAZ PRATTING ABOUT, ZZAP! Towers, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB** to arrive before the 20th of January 1987.

HOW TO . . . AND HOW NOT TO . . .

This Month . . .

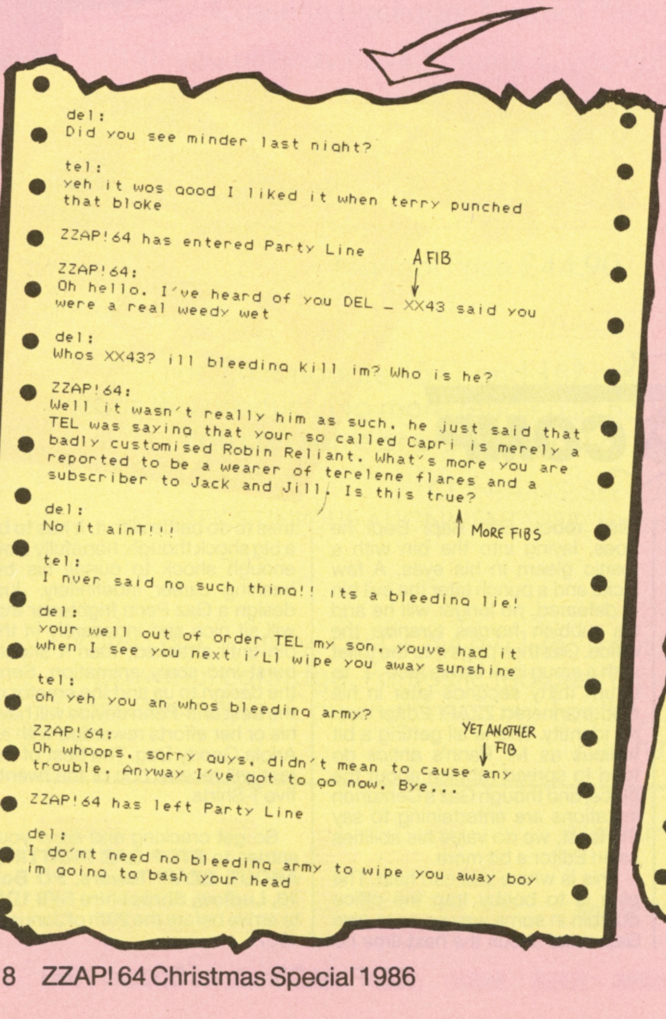
PARTYLINE: A Guide For Trendy Telecomers

By Gary Liddon

For the uninitiated the COMPUNET PARTYLINE can be a bit overwhelming to say the least. First time users can usually find themselves totally lost and ignored not knowing any of the many unwritten rules that govern social interaction on the 'net. To get the most from PARTYLINE and create the **right** impression it's best to be totally cognizant of the DOs and DON'Ts of day to day netting. You have to mix with the right people and say the right things — and for the new user this can be really rather tricky. To help you, here are brief descriptions of four of the different types of person that populate PARTYLINE, accompanied by a helpful guide detailing the best way to interact with them.

THE MENTALLY DEFICIENT

Very easy to spot, this one. Their conversation is almost totally monosyllabic and is concerned mostly with themselves. You'll always find them in imaginatively named rooms such as FRONT ROOM or MIKES ROOM. A favourite pastime of the mentally deficient is to enter rooms called PRIVATE and then say 'Is this private?'. To keep in with the in-crowd the only real thing you can do is antagonise them. Winding up a vegetable can often be quite rewarding, though the subtler the better. Below is an example.

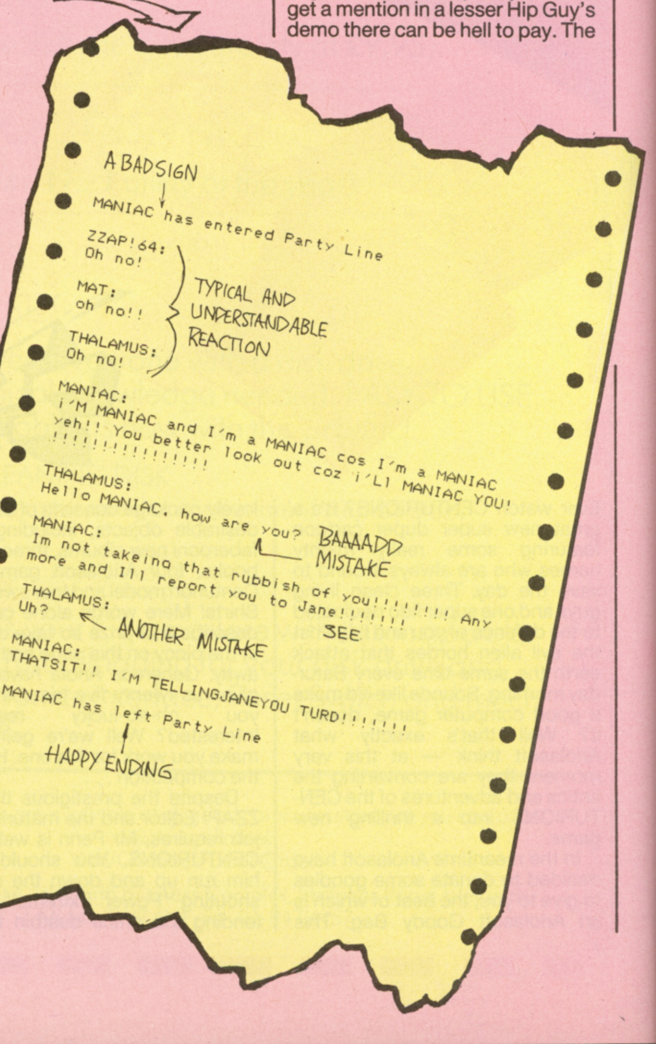


```
del:
Did you see minder last night?

tel:
yeh it wos good I liked it when terry punched
that bloke

ZZAP!64 has entered Party Line

ZZAP!64:
Oh hello. I've heard of you DEL _ XX43 said you
were a real weedy wet

del:
Whos XX43? ill bleeding kill im? Who is he?

ZZAP!64:
Well it wasn't really him as such. he just said that
TEL was saying that your so called Capri is merely a
badly customised Robin Reliant. What's more you are
reported to be a wearer of terelene flares and a
subscriber to Jack and Jill. Is this true?

del:
No it ainT!!!

tel:
I nver said no such thing!! its a bleeding lie!

del:
your well out of order TEL my son. youve had it
when I see you next i'Ll wipe you away sunshine

tel:
oh yeh you an whos bleeding army?

ZZAP!64:
Oh whoops. sorry guys. didn't mean to cause any
trouble. Anyway I've got to go now. Bye...

ZZAP!64 has left Party Line

del:
I do'nt need no bleeding army to wipe you away boy
im going to bash your head
```

And so on . . . Even this can get tedious after a while, and you'll soon find it's best to avoid contact with the mentally deficient.

ALEX

Alex is a group all on his own, but recently there have been many imitators adopting that smart 'bon homie' that always exudes from Mr Charm himself. The common factor between Alex and his clones is age — they all seem to be around the 14 year old mark. An easy way to spot Alex, or an Alex clone, is to look out for the phrase: 'Right, I reporting you to Jane'. This is a typical Alex type thing to say. Here is a typical Alex type conversation.



```
MANIAC has entered Party Line

ZZAP!64:
Oh no!

MAT:
oh no!!

THALAMUS:
Oh nO!

MANIAC:
i'M MANIAC and I'm a MANIAC cos I'm a MANIAC
yeh!! You better look out coz i'Ll MANIAC YOU!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THALAMUS:
Hello MANIAC. how are you?

MANIAC:
Im not takeing that rubbish of you!!!!!!!! Any
more and Ill report you to Jane!!!!!!!

THALAMUS:
Uh?

MANIAC:
THATSIT!! I'M TELLINGJANEYOU TURD!!!!!!!

MANIAC has left Party Line
```

A BADSIGN
TYPICAL AND UNDERSTANDABLE REACTION
BAAAADD MISTAKE
SEE
ANOTHER MISTAKE
HAPPY ENDING

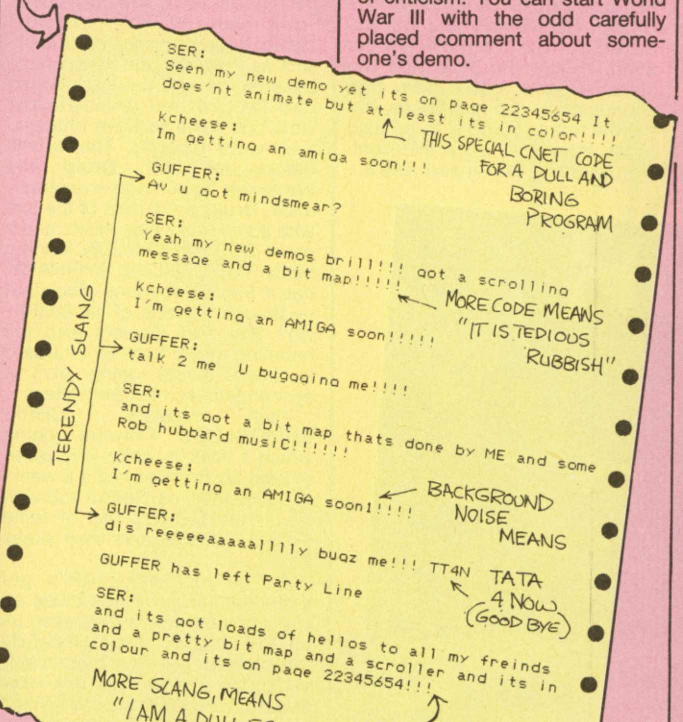
When you log off you will receive a mailbox from Jane asking why you have been so rotten on PLINE. Never mind, this earns you 6 CNET kudos points.

HIP GUYS

These are the purveyors and inventors of CNET SLANG. When someone comes up to you and says 'HOW RU?' (How are you) you know you've got hold of a Hip Guy. There are many of these on the net and you'll probably find that their prime occupation is turning out yawny demos. You know the sort: Bit Map screen and a scrolling message. Lots of hassle can arise amongst Hip Guys in the form of mentions in scrolling messages. If a chief Hip Guy doesn't get a mention in a lesser Hip Guy's demo there can be hell to pay. The

politics of 'hellos' in scrolling messages are very odd and steeped in CNET tradition. Hip guys are nearly always (mumble) pirates as well and insist on lots of tedious bragging about who's got the most illegitimate software (yawn).

That's all you ever need to read of the Hip Guys chat because you'll find it's always the same. Day in, day out, just self congratulatory twaddle. Because of their remarkably fragile egos, Hip Guys are unusually susceptible to any form of criticism. You can start World War III with the odd carefully placed comment about someone's demo.

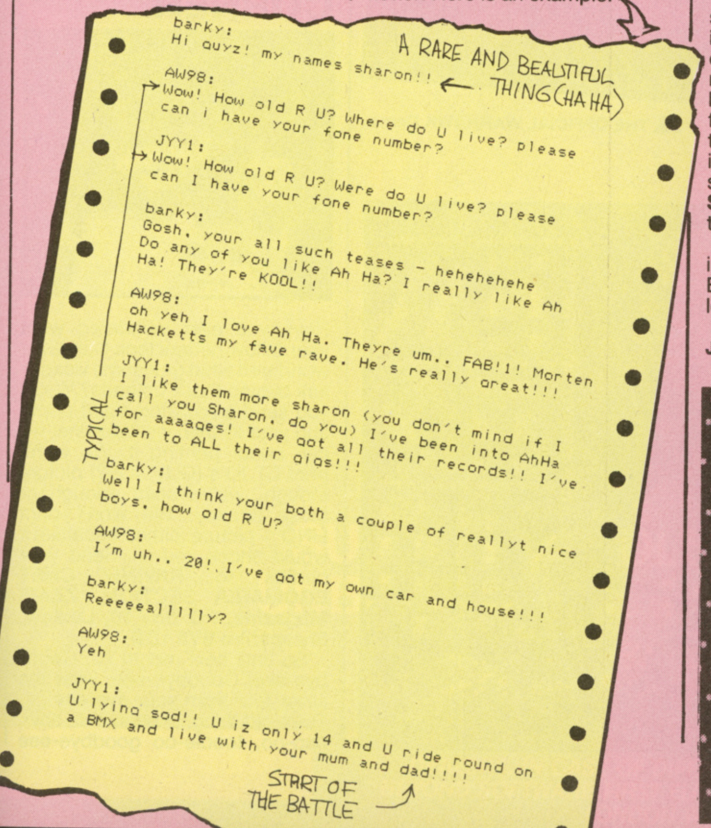


```
SER:
Seen my new demo yet its on page 22345654 It
does'nt animate but at least its in color!!!!

Kcheese:
Im getting an amiga soon!!!

GUFFER:
Av u got mindsmear?

SER:
Yeah my new demos brill!!! got a scrolling
message and a bit map!!!!!

Kcheese:
I'm getting an AMIGA soon!!!!!

GUFFER:
talk 2 me  U bugging me!!!!

SER:
and its got a bit map thats done by ME and some
Rob hubbard musiC!!!!!!

Kcheese:
I'm getting an AMIGA soon1!!!!

GUFFER:
dis reeeeeaaaaallllly bugz me!!! TT4N

GUFFER has left Party Line

SER:
and its got loads of hellos to all my freinds
and a pretty bit map and a scroller and its in
colour and its on page 22345654!!!
```

THIS SPECIAL CNET CODE FOR A DULL AND BORING PROGRAM
MORE CODE MEANS "IT IS TEDIOUS RUBBISH"
TERENDY SLANG
BACKGROUND NOISE MEANS
TATA 4 NOW (GOOD BYE)
MORE SLANG, MEANS "I AM A DULL EGOMANIAC IGNORE ME"

FIDO THE FEMALE NETTER

This is probably the smallest group on the net, though their effect can be quite large. If just one of these happens to wander into view all the male netters go berserk. It's a good thing PARTYLINE doesn't include a hormone meter for each netter. Here is an example:

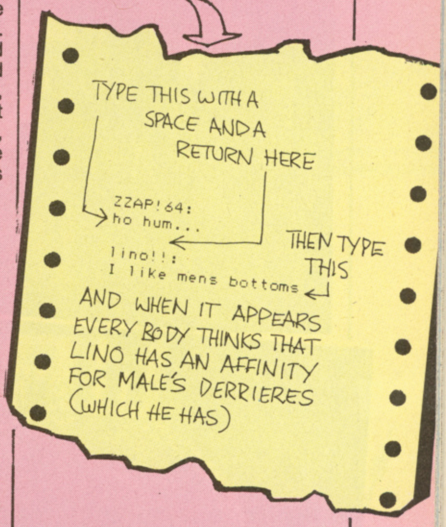


```
barky:
Hi guyz! my names sharon!!

AW98:
Wow! How old R U? Where do U live? please
can i have your fone number?

JYY1:
Wow! How old R U? Were do U live? please
can I have your fone number?

barky:
Gosh, your all such teases - hehehehehe
Do any of you like Ah Ha? I really like Ah
Ha! They're KOOL!!

AW98:
oh yeh I love Ah Ha. Theyre um.. FAB!1! Morten
Hacketts my fave rave. He's really great!!!

JYY1:
I like them more sharon (you don't mind if I
call you Sharon, do you) I've been into AhHa
for aaaages! I've got all their records!! I've
been to ALL their gigs!!!

barky:
Well I think your both a couple of reallyt nice
boys, how old R U?

AW98:
I'm uh.. 20!.I've got my own car and house!!!

barky:
Reeeeealllllly?

AW98:
Yeh

JYY1:
U lying sod!! U iz only 14 and U ride round on
a BMX and live with your mum and dad!!!!
```

This will carry on for hours with accusations and counter accusations of untruthfulness being made between AW98 and JYY1. Barky will soon leave though, because her attention span is very short. This is due to her age. You will find that most female netters are aged somewhere between 11 and 13, and their mental ages are almost usually a third of that. Even so, most male netters will get more than a mite protective if any insults are hurled a females way.

HOW TO ANNOY EVERYBODY

A good way of annoying people on PARTYLINE is to pretend you are someone else. If, for example, LR40 is on PLINE as 'lino!!' and you'd like to make him look rather silly (pretty pointless really, since Lino does that more than adequately), then assume his alias. A '*ALIAS LINO!!' will result in an 'ALIAS ALREADY ASSUMED' error, so try a '*ALIAS @LINO!!'. Now, everything you say will come under the 'lino!!' alias because the PLINE software can't display @ signs. Ha ha. This can easily be detected with a '* WHO' and anyone sensible enough to make their alias eight characters long is immune from this jape. However another neat trick is this:



```
ZZAP!64:
ho hum...

lino!!:
I like mens bottoms
```

TYPE THIS WITH A SPACE AND A RETURN HERE
THEN TYPE THIS
AND WHEN IT APPEARS EVERYBODY THINKS THAT LINO HAS AN AFFINITY FOR MALE'S DERRIERES (WHICH HE HAS)

Good eh? Jane will probably hate us for this and within a month of this article appearing it's likely these bugs will have been ironed out. Ah well, never mind, enjoy them while you can.

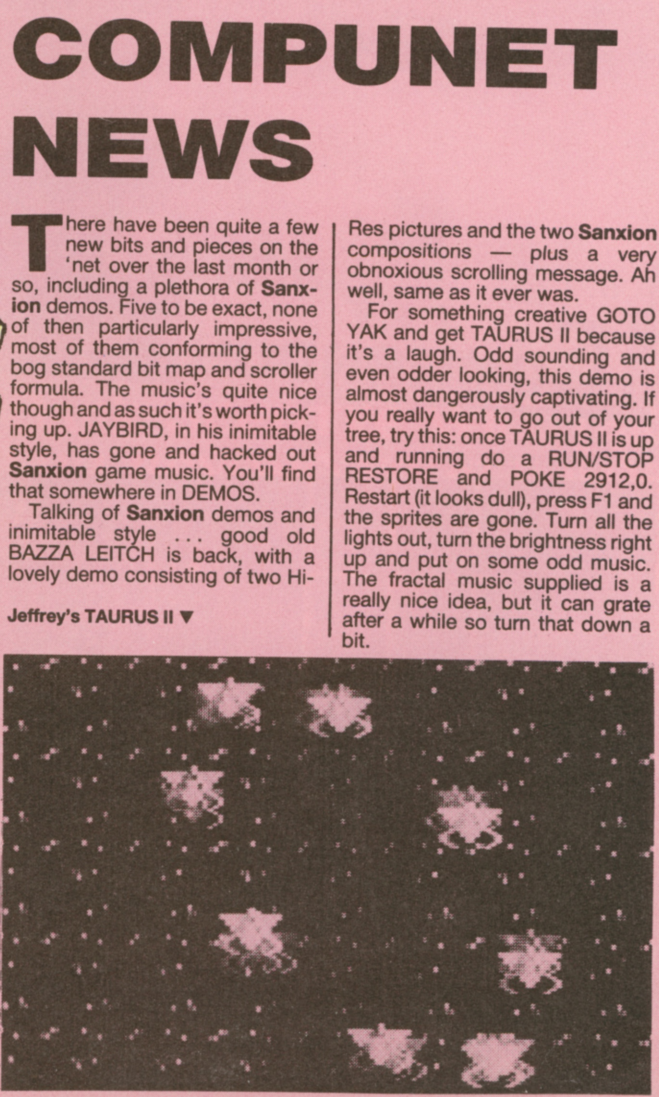
COMPUNET NEWS

There have been quite a few new bits and pieces on the 'net over the last month or so, including a plethora of **Sanxion** demos. Five to be exact, none of then particularly impressive, most of them conforming to the bog standard bit map and scroller formula. The music's quite nice though and as such it's worth picking up. JAYBIRD, in his inimitable style, has gone and hacked out **Sanxion** game music. You'll find that somewhere in DEMOS.

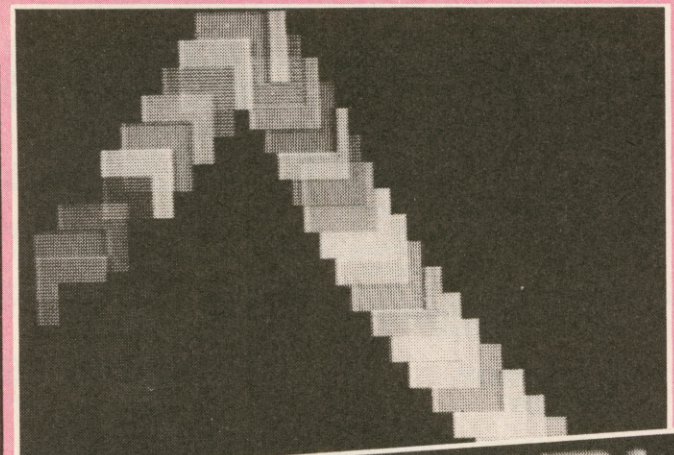
Talking of **Sanxion** demos and inimitable style ... good old BAZZA LEITCH is back, with a lovely demo consisting of two Hi-Res pictures and the two **Sanxion** compositions — plus a very obnoxious scrolling message. Ah well, same as it ever was.

For something creative GOTO YAK and get TAURUS II because it's a laugh. Odd sounding and even odder looking, this demo is almost dangerously captivating. If you really want to go out of your tree, try this: once TAURUS II is up and running do a RUN/STOP RESTORE and POKE 2912,0. Restart (it looks dull), press F1 and the sprites are gone. Turn all the lights out, turn the brightness right up and put on some odd music. The fractal music supplied is a really nice idea, but it can grate after a while so turn that down a bit.

Jeffrey's TAURUS II ▼

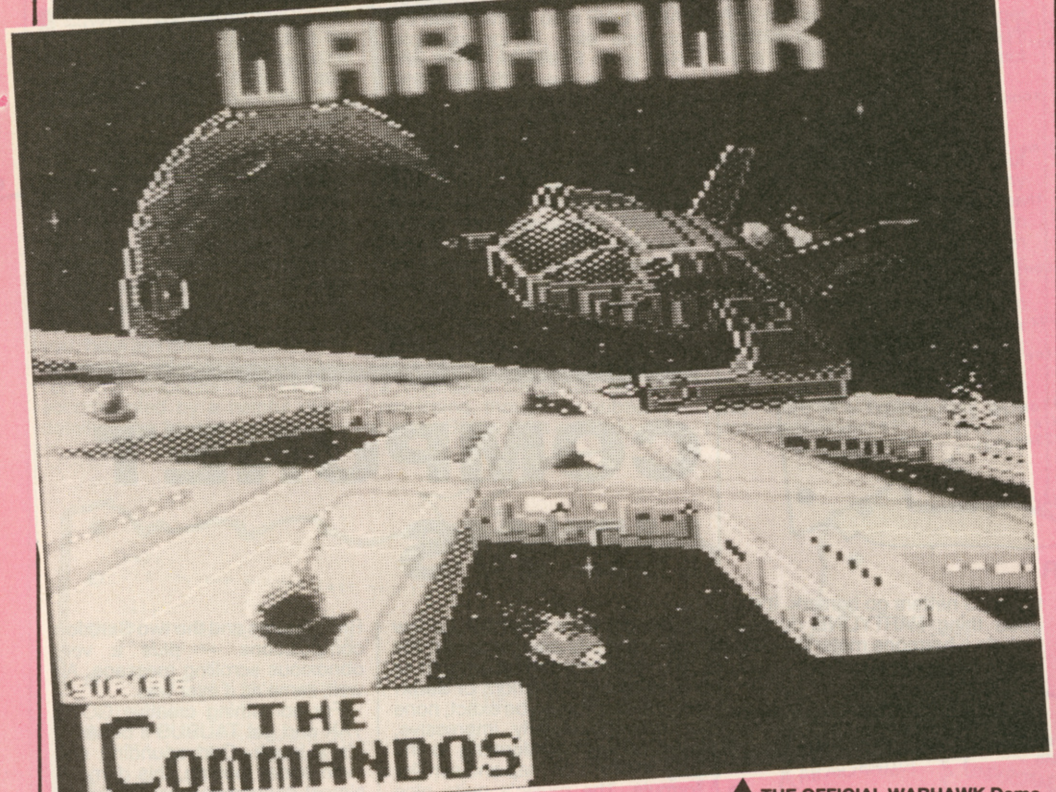


THE COMPUNET PAGE



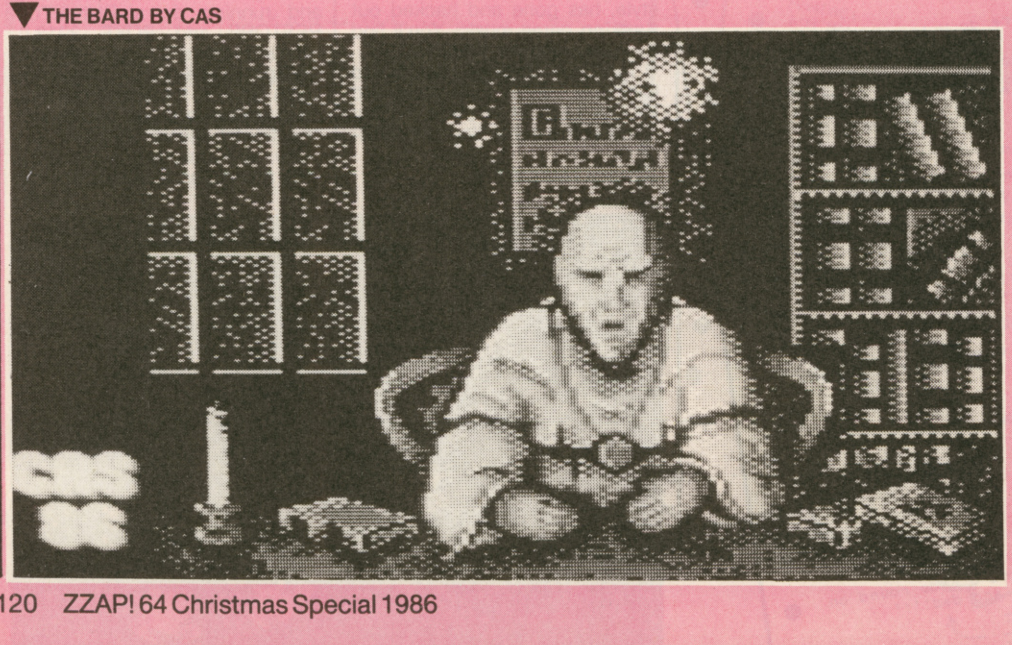
◀ **Wiggle Wiggle Wiggle . . .**
TIM ROGER's SNAKEY DEMO

Another beautifully original demo that has just made its way onto CNET is TIM's (Tim as in the famous Tim & Stoat) SNAKEY DEMO. Surprisingly enough you control a snake of sprites with your stick. Wiggle the stick and the snake wiggles too. I know that sounds really glib and fatous, but there's not a lot more to be said apart from it's really excellent. Goto 209209, BUY it and vote 9.



▲ **THE OFFICIAL WARHAWK Demo**

▼ **THE BARD BY CAS**



MARTIN GALWAY has produced some great musical extravaganzas recently and it's a shame Ocean have slapped a ban on Compunet featuring music hacked out of their games. This sort of mentality is confusing since having the music from a game of yours readily available is, in most cases, good publicity. Such classics as **Parallax** and **Miami Vice** deserve decent demos of their own. Firebird used to hold a similar view but seem to have changed their ways recently. This month demos for both **Druid** and **Warhawk** have made an appearance. **Druid** is the best of the two with some really nice music and a great BOB STEVENSON loading piccy. THE OFFICIAL WARHAWK has a Steve Robertson piccy that — though not one of his best — isn't that bad. There's also the haunting music from Mr Hubbard to keep things going plus a sycophantic scroller from Steve.

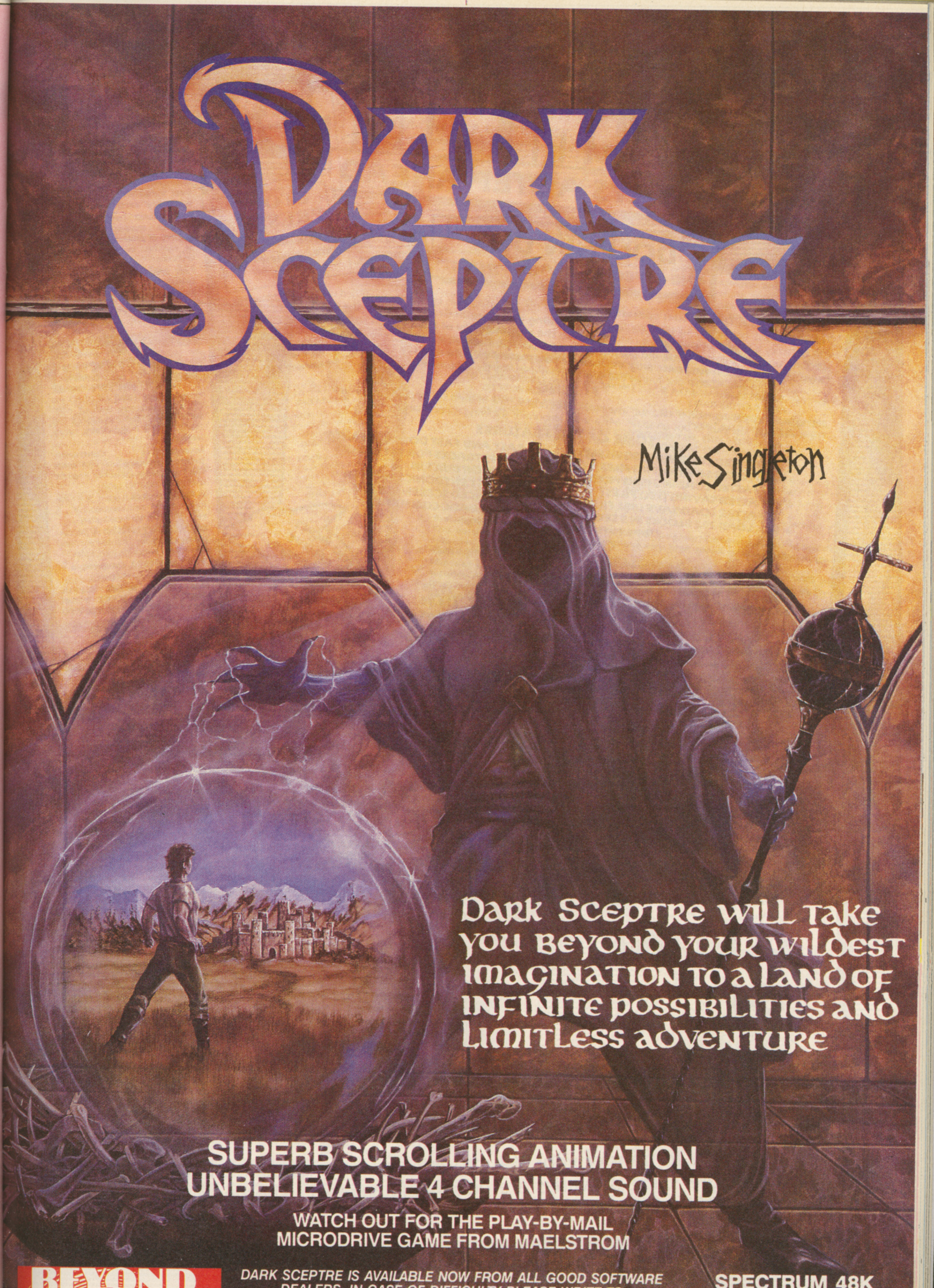
Then there's CHRIS SHRIGGLEY's Firework demo which I think is quite jolly, even though Mr Penn says it's a waste of download time. See for yourself, it's in the DEMOS hall of fame (GOTO DEMOS and then press F1).

At the moment ZZAP!'s got those insufficient funds blues so you probably won't have seen us on PARTYLINE lately. Hopefully this problem will have been resolved by the time you read this. How about a PARTYLINE party? We'd love to do a CNET page with a PARTYLINE conversation dumped out. If you'd like to take part, then MBX ZZAP!64 and we'll fix a date.

CNET EGO CORNER

Have you ever wondered what your fellow netters look like? Ever wondered what gruesome visages lurk behind those uploads? Well if you send a passport sized photo and your ID then we'll do what we can about printing it. We won't print GI JO's (GUY JOE?) picture though, we've seen enough of those already. We won't print LINO's picture either because it would shock you all. Send your photos to **RAVING CNET EGOMANIA SECTION, ZZAP! Magazine, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.**

So until next month . . . Goodbye-eee, Goodbye-eee, wipe the silver tear from your eye-eee . . . Ta-ra old thing, cheerio chin chin, nap-oo, toodle-oo goodbye-eee


DARK SCEPTRE
Mike Singleton
Dark Sceptre will take you beyond your wildest imagination to a land of infinite possibilities and limitless adventure

SUPERB SCROLLING ANIMATION
UNBELIEVABLE 4 CHANNEL SOUND

WATCH OUT FOR THE PLAY-BY-MAIL
MICRODRIVE GAME FROM MAELSTROM

BEYOND

DARK SCEPTRE IS AVAILABLE NOW FROM ALL GOOD SOFTWARE DEALERS. IN CASE OF DIFFICULTY PLEASE WRITE TO BEYOND SOFTWARE FIRST FLOOR 64-76 NEW OXFORD ST. LONDON WC1A 1EU

SPECTRUM 48K
£9·95

Evesham Micros

ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

STOP PRESS!!
Dolphin DOS gets first ever 100% hardware review on Compunet.

DOLPHIN DOS

THE EFFECT IS *STAGGERING.*

Now established as **THE parallel operating system** for the 1541 disc drive. Hundreds of satisfied users include business, hobby and full-time programmers **including the Gremlin Graphics team.** The speed and efficiency is truly unbelievable, it is compatible with **the vast majority of commercial software,** speeding up both the loading of the program **and of SEQ/REL files.** (It is brilliant with Superbase, Easyscript, etc.) For non-compatible programs it can be **completely switched out.** It DOES NOT use a special disc format and your existing discs will be compatible.

FITTING

Fitting involves the insertion of two sub assembly circuit boards, one in the 1541 and one in the '64/'128. These normally just plug in but on some '64s a small amount of soldering is necessary.

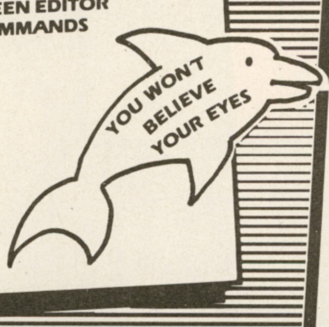
SOME OF THE FEATURES

- ★ **25x FASTER LOADING (PRG FILES)**
- ★ **12x FASTER SAVING (PRG FILES)**
- ★ **10x FASTER LOADING (SEQ FILES)**
- ★ **8x FASTER SAVING (SEQ FILES)**
- ★ **3x FASTER LOAD/SAVE (REL FILES)**
- ★ **E.G. LOAD 202 BLOCKS IN 5 SECS**
- ★ **EASY AND FAST DOS COMMANDS**
- ★ **USE 40 TRACKS FOR 749 BLOCKS**
- ★ **MONITOR BUILT IN**
- ★ **DRIVES CENTRONICS PRINTER**
- ★ **ENHANCED SCREEN EDITOR**
- ★ **EXTRA BASIC COMMANDS**

(These figures do not allow for searching)

ONLY £69.95

Available for CBM 64 or '128 in '64 mode, please specify.


YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES

EXTRAS AVAILABLE . . .	£9.95
Kernal for '128 in '128 mode	£14.95
User port expansion card (3 slot)	£7.95
Dolphin Copy (Whole disc in 18 secs and lightning fast file copier)	£44.95
Dolphin main board for second drive c/w lead	

If you require further information please send SAE for fact sheet

Quickdisc+

FAST LOAD PLUS UTILITY CARTRIDGE

After enjoying considerable success since its release we have now made some improvements to "QUICKDISC+" to maintain its position as the best value in the disc "speed up/utility" cartridges.

Fast LOAD (now 5-7 times normal speed). Works with majority of protected software. Can be switched in and out from the keyboard.

Fast SAVE at 7 times normal speed.

Fast Format takes just 20 seconds.

Fast Backup copies an entire disc in four minutes (not protected software).

Very Fast File Copier for selective file copying at HIGH speed. Now handles files up to **248 blocks** long.

Improved DOS commands (DOS 5.1) makes for easy use of the disc drive. eg. $(RETURN) will LOAD and display a directory without overwriting BASIC. SHIFT RUN/STOP will LOAD "0:*",8,1 etc... **Very, very useful.**

Incorporates Centronics printer software (user port) **with CBM graphics** capability (requires user port centronics cable).

A RESET switch is fitted. (We have found this to be "unstoppable", it even preserves the tape buffer).

NO MEMORY IS USED by this cartridge, it is totally "transparent" and uses special switching techniques.

"128" and 1570 compatible in '64 mode.

PLUS MANY MORE USEFUL FEATURES TO MAKE YOUR 1541 FAR MORE FRIENDLY TO OPERATE.

ONLY £19.95

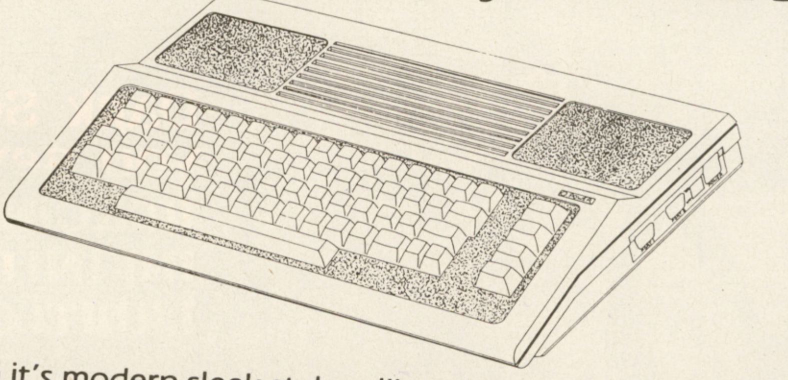
When reviewing "Quickdisc+" Commodore Horizons said: **"A MUST FOR EVERY 1541 OWNER".**

NOW EVEN FASTER

LOOK!

your new look '64 will only cost you **£19.95**

THE LO-LINE '64



This new stylish case with it's modern sleek style will transform your '64. The high quality injection moulding is beautifully finished and very sleek. The lower key height also makes operating the computer much more comfortable.

It is very easy to transfer your '64 into this new case creating the feel of a new computer. First deliveries are due mid-November, so order quickly to avoid the Christmas rush.

In Australia contact: **MICRO ACCESSORIES of S.A.,** Unit 8 Hewittson Rd, Elizabeth West, S. Australia 5113. Tel: (08) 287-0191

FREEZE FRAME UTILITIES DISC V1.0

Now the first support disc to enhance even more the powers of "Freeze Frame". Included on this disc are many routines to enable the complete transfer to disc of more programs that load extra parts. It is used in conjunction with "Freeze Frame" Mk III and means that virtually all programs of this type can now be handled.

The program will be regularly updated when new programs of this type appear. Other useful utilities will be addded as necessary. Owners will be able to update their disc for £2.00.

ONLY £7.95

NUMBER ONE FOR POWER . . .
NUMBER ONE FOR EASE OF USE

NEW MK.III VERSION

NOW HANDLES PROGRAMS THAT LOAD SUBSEQUENT PARTS

The world's most powerful backup product? We are sure that "Freeze Frame" is the most powerful and the easiest to use product of it's kind. The originator and still the best. Now the **"MK III" version** has moved "Freeze Frame" well ahead of the "opposition". As well as it's unfailing skill in handling **every memory resident program** available for testing up to 1st October 1986 it will now transfer from tape to disc the majority of **programs that load subsequent parts** (e.g. Winter Games, Silent Service, etc.).

FEATURES

- **TAPE TO DISC**
- **DISC TO DISC**
- **COMPLETE SELF-CONTAINED, NO EXTRA SOFTWARE NEEDED**
- **FILES COMPRESSED FOR ECONOMY OF STORAGE SPACE**
- **128/128D COMPATIBLE IN 64 MODE**
- **TAPE TO TAPE**
- **DISC TO TAPE**
- **RELOAD INDEPENDENT OF THE CARTRIDGE**
- **NOW HANDLES PROGRAMS THAT LOAD EXTRA PARTS**
- **PROGRAMS RESTART FROM THE POINT BUTTON IS PRESSED**

SUPERB SELECTIVE FILE COPIER BUILT IN, WILL LOAD AND SAVE FILES UP TO 248 BLOCKS LONG AT HIGH SPEED

OPERATING "FREEZE FRAME"

"Freeze Frame" is **simplicity itself** to use. Just plug it in the cartridge port, switch on and select required option from the menu. You can then load and run software totally as normal. The latest version of "Freeze Frame" will, to the best of our knowledge, allow **ANY software** to load and run normally (unlike some competitive products).

"Freeze Frame" can be brought into operation at any convenient point by **pressing the button** on it. You can then do one of three things:–

1. **Pressing "D" will save a working version of the program in memory to a formatted disc. This version will include an auto booting very high speed reload (many programs reload in less than 30 secs).**
2. **Pressing "S" will save a completely standard version to disc, ideal for use with your fast load cartridge or system. Use with "Dolphin DOS" to load any program in 10–15 seconds. Also compatible with non CBM drives and U.S. spec. computers.**
3. **Pressing "T" will save a working version of the program in memory to tape. This incorporates a high speed reload at approx. 2400 baud.**

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT

ALL PROGRAMS SAVED WITH "FREEZE FRAME" CAN BE RELOADED INDEPENDENTLY OF THE CARTRIDGE

ONLY £39.95

Owners of earlier versions can return them and upgrade for £14.95

SERIOUS WARNING: THIS IS AN EXTREMELY POWERFUL PRODUCT AND IS STRICTLY FOR PERSONAL USE. DON'T COMPARE IT WITH ANY OTHER PRODUCT, NOTHING ELSE OFFERS THE POWER OF "FREEZE FRAME".

SELECTED PRODUCTS

STAR NL10C. The best Commodore ready printer, full range of print styles, friction/tractor feed and interchangeable interface cartridges. If you change your computer just get a new interface.
ONLY £259.00

1541C DRIVE. The latest version of the 1541, better drive mechanism and new colour.
ONLY £189.95

DISC NOTCHER. Double the capacity of your discs with this handy gadget. Cut second write protect notch accurately and easily.
ONLY £6.95

AZIMATE 3000. Handy package allows you to easily check and realign the tape head of your CBM data recorder. Includes screwdriver.
ONLY £6.95

MOTHERBOARD. 4 slot with either all upright sockets or 3 upright and 1 through socket to suit modem, please specify.
ONLY £28.00

POWER PACK. High quality replacement power pack for CBM 64.
ONLY £24.95

XETEC SUPERGRAPHIX. The best Centronics printer interface for your 64/128. Large buffer, downloadable fonts, etc.
ONLY £69.00

NEW '64 CIRCUIT BOARD. Complete brand new circuit board ready to use. Useful for instant repairs or keep in reserve, even upgrade a VIC-20. Limited quantity.
ONLY £45.00

DATA RECORDER. CBM compatible, same performance as the C2N/1531 but cheaper and includes a pause button.
ONLY £29.95

3M DISKETTES

Top quality at low prices, per box of ten.

	Cardboard pack		Plastic pack
SS/DD	**£11.95**	**SS/DD**	**£12.95**
DS/DD	**£13.95**	**DS/DD**	**£14.95**

DISC DISECTOR V5.0

Now the **FIFTH generation** of the countries **leading** disc back-up/utility package is available. This latest version includes **many more "PARAMETERS"** to handle the latest highly protected discs. This includes the latest **American and English software.** Be warned if you want to back up software by Ocean, Gremlin, Hewson, Domark and even U.S. Gold, whose protection schemes are NOT always the same as the American versions, then you **MUST have "D.D.".** At press date, **we are sure NO other advertised product will handle all these, be it American or German.**

INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING

"EVESHAM 3 MINUTE NIBBLER" is the **latest version** of the infamous "Evesham Nibbler" now boasting **even more power and speed. Copies highly protected discs in 3–4 minutes.** Handles **the latest types of disc protection completely automatically.** This often involves the use of the **"PARAMETERS",** these add the vital secret code that the highly protected programs check for. (This is the important difference that makes this the best.) At the time of going to press this program copied **virtually all the English and American programs available for testing,** including the latest in games and business software.

"DUAL DRIVE NIBBLER" allows the use of two drives to make **even faster back ups.** Incorporates device number change software so no hardware mods necessary.

"EVESHAM 8 MINUTE NIBBLER" still very powerful and has been improved. Copies a few that the three minute version won't.

Many, many other useful utilities are included on the disc, including: **SELECTIVE MENU MAKER, FAST FORMAT, FAST FILE COPY, NOVATRANS, DISK ORDERLY, DISCMON+, UNSCRATCH, ETC., ETC.**

The whole package is menu driven and has its own fast boot system built in for your convenience. Pays for itself the first day you receive it.

ONLY £29.95

Customers with earlier versions may return them along with a payment of £9.95 to receive V5.0.
Most routines are CBM 128 and 1570/71 compatible in '64 mode.

STOP PRESS!!

Many software houses are now using "Anti-Freeze" in their software. This renders ordinary back-up cartridges useless. We are now shipping "Freeze Frame Mk. 3B" which will deal with these programs. As far as we know other competitive devices will NOT. Most new software will be using this so don't forget if you want results you must buy "Freeze Frame".

Owners of Mk. 3 wanting Mk. 3B can upgrade for £5.00.

DOUBLER

The tape back up "device"

Doubler has been an **enormous success** and continues to sell very well. Why? Because it is the **best product of its type** on the market. Doubler uses a unique method that copies **all types of software** regardless of speed. It consists of **hardware and software**. The software is the key part as unlike other products of its type Doubler creates a **brand new machine copy**. It is very easy to use and very successful. In fact our tests **have proved** that this "device" can achieve **100% success**.
Requires access to two data recorders.

ONLY £12.95

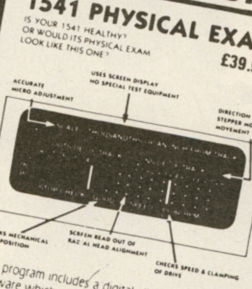
Why settle for less—this is the best.

ALIGNMENT PROBLEMS?

1541 PHYSICAL EXAM

IS YOUR 1541 HEALTHY?
OR WOULD ITS PHYSICAL EXAM
LOOK LIKE THIS ONE?

£39.95



ACCURATE MICRO ADJUSTMENT
USES SCREEN DISPLAY NO SPECIAL TEST EQUIPMENT
DIRECTION OF STEPPER MOTOR MOVEMENT
CHECKS MECHANICAL STOP POSITION
SCREEN READ OUT OF RAC AL HEAD ALIGNMENT
CHECKS SPEED & CLAMPING OF DRIVE

The program includes a digital alignment disc and software which allows you to **accurately check and correct** disc drive alignment. The instruction booklet is **very detailed**. Also includes quiet drive stops to **stop** that "hammering" thus preventing further problems.

ONLY £39.95

QUIET DRIVE STOPS

This package incorporates new drive stops for **two 1541s** that will **end for good** the dreaded "woodpecker". The fitting process is very easy and a test program is provided to check the fitment. Helps prevent future alignment problems and makes your drive purr with satisfaction.

ONLY £4.95

ORDERING INFORMATION

ALL GOODS SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY E&OE

ALL PRICES ARE INCLUSIVE OF VAT AND DELIVERY WITHIN U.K. OR EUROPE. ORDERS OUTSIDE EUROPE ADD £2.00 FOR AIRMAIL. PAYMENT IN STERLING ONLY PLEASE. PLEASE SEND CHEQUE, POSTAL ORDER, OR CREDIT CARD DETAILS. ACCESS/VISA ORDERS ACCEPTED BY TELEPHONE. WHENEVER POSSIBLE GOODS SENT WORKING DAY AFTER RECEIPT. CALLERS WELCOME.

EVESHAM MICROS, BRIDGE STREET,
EVESHAM, WORCS. WR11 4SF
TELEPHONE (0386) 41989

or call at:
MICRO CENTRE, 1756 PERSHORE ROAD,
COTTERIDGE, BIRMINGHAM
B30 3BH.
TEL: 021 458 4564

ZZAP! READERS' CH

GAMES TOP 30

1 *(1)* **LEADER BOARD** *(13%)*
US Gold/Access, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 97%

2 *(3)* **SUPER CYCLE** *(9%)*
US Gold/Epyx, £9.99 cass, £14.99 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 95%

3 *(2)* **GREEN BERET** *(9%)*
Imagine, £8.95 cass
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 93%

4 *(4)* **GHOSTS 'N' GOBLINS** *(4%)*
Elite, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 97%

5 *(5)* **INTERNATIONAL KARATE** *(3%)*
System 3, £6.50 cass, £10.99 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 91%

6 *(11)* **PARALLAX** *(3%)*
Ocean, £8.95 cass
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 93%

7 *(9)* **KNIGHT GAMES** *(3%)*
English Software, £8.95 cass, £12.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 90%

8 *(8)* **URIDIUM** *(2%)*
Hewson, £8.95 cass, £12.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 94%

9 *(12)* **CAULDRON II** *(2%)*
Palace Software, £8.95 cass
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 94%

10 *(6)* **SLAMBALL** *(2%)*
Americana, £2.99 cass, £4.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 96%

11*(7)* **MERCENARY**
Novagen, £9.95 cass, £12.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 98%

12 *(22)* **SPELLBOUND**
MAD (Mastertronic), £2.99 cass
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 94%

13 *(13)* **DRAGON'S LAIR**
Software Projects, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 69%

14 *(-)* **FIST II**
Melbourne House, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 39%

15 *(17)* **PARADROID**
Hewson, £7.95 cass, £12.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 97%

16 *(14)* **SUMMER GAMES II**
US Gold/Epyx, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 97%

17 *(-)* **SANXION**
Thalamus, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 93%

19 *(15)* **WINTER GAMES**
US Gold/Epyx, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 94%

20 *(16)* **THRUST**
Firebird, £1.99 cass
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 94%

21 *(21)* **DAN DARE**
Virgin, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 94%

22 *(10)* **SPINDIZZY** *(4%)*
Electric Dreams, £9.99 cass, £14.99 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 98%

23 *(18)* **TAU CETI**
CRL, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 93%

24 *(-)* **IRIDIS ALPHA**
Hewson, £8.95 cass, £12.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 95%

25 *(29)* **ALLEYKAT**
Hewson, £8.95 cass, £12.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 89%

25 *(-)* **HARDBALL**
US Gold, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 93%

26 *(25)* **STARQUAKE**
Bubble Bus, £8.95 cass
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 93%

27 *(26)* **COMMANDO**
Elite, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 77%

28 *(28)* **DRUID**
Firebird, £7.95 cass
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 88%

29 *(27)* **KUNG-FU MASTER**
US Gold, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 79%

30 *(19)* **ELITE**
Firebird, £14.95 cass, £17.95 disk
ZZAP! Overall Rating: 95%

M.JACKSON
-2003

HARTS

JANUARY 1987

MUSIC TOP 10

1 KNUCKLEBUSTERS
Melbourne House
Main Theme (Rob Hubbard)

2 MIAMI VICE
Ocean
'Title Screen' Music (Martin Galway)

3 PARALLAX
Ocean
Title Screen Music (Martin Galway)

4 WAR
Martech
Title Screen Music (Rob Hubbard)

5 PHANTOMS OF THE ASTEROID
Mastertronic
Title Screen Music (Rob Hubbard)

6 GLIDER RIDER
Quicksilva
Main Theme (David Whittaker)

7 SANXION
Thalamus
Loading Music (Rob Hubbard)

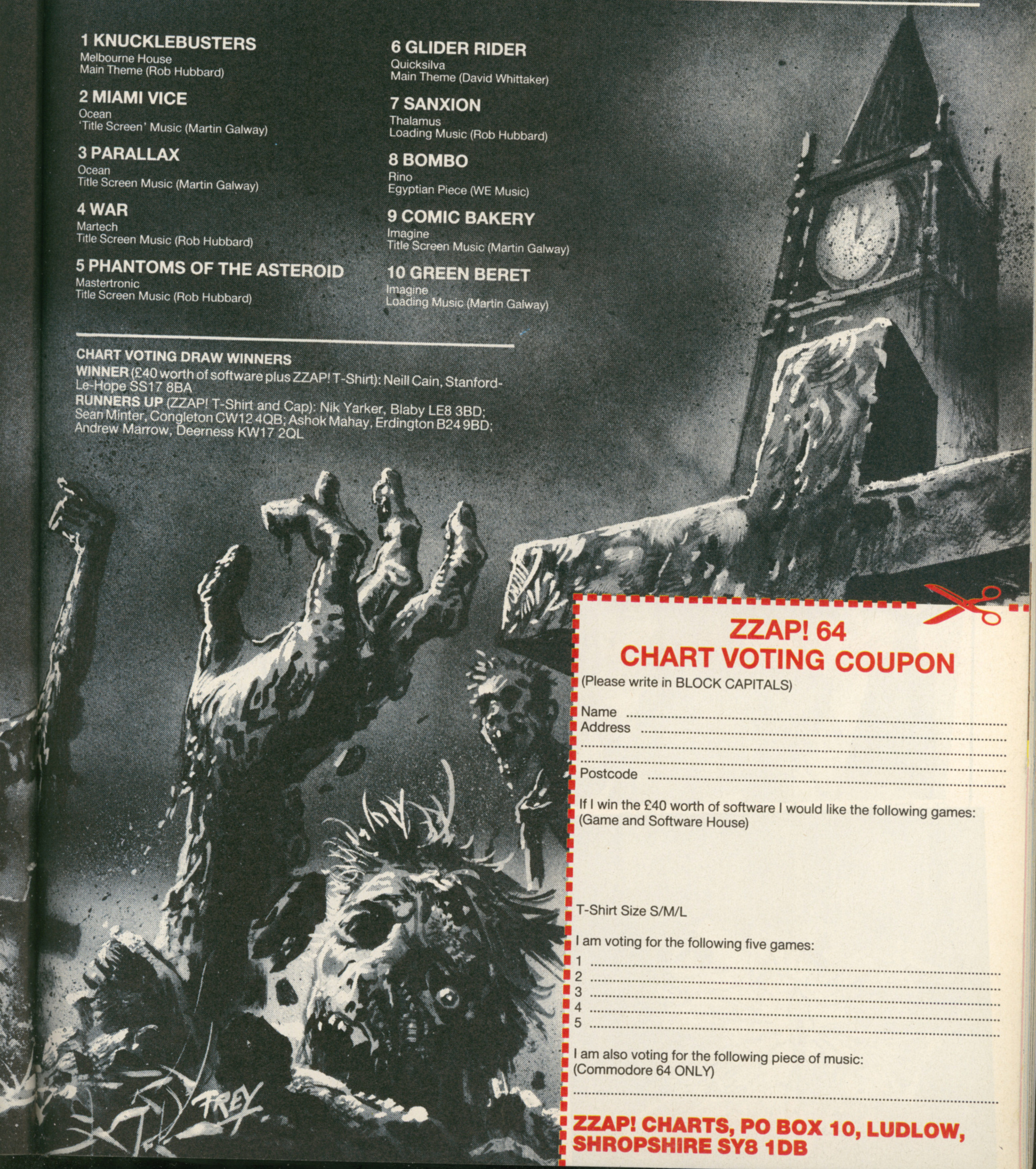
8 BOMBO
Rino
Egyptian Piece (WE Music)

9 COMIC BAKERY
Imagine
Title Screen Music (Martin Galway)

10 GREEN BERET
Imagine
Loading Music (Martin Galway)

CHART VOTING DRAW WINNERS

WINNER (£40 worth of software plus ZZAP! T-Shirt): Neill Cain, Stanford-Le-Hope SS17 8BA
RUNNERS UP (ZZAP! T-Shirt and Cap): Nik Yarker, Blaby LE8 3BD; Sean Minter, Congleton CW12 4QB; Ashok Mahay, Erdington B24 9BD; Andrew Marrow, Deerness KW17 2QL



ZZAP! 64
CHART VOTING COUPON

(Please write in BLOCK CAPITALS)

Name ....
Address ....
....
....
Postcode ....

If I win the £40 worth of software I would like the following games:
(Game and Software House)

T-Shirt Size S/M/L

I am voting for the following five games:

1 ....
2 ....
3 ....
4 ....
5 ....

I am also voting for the following piece of music:
(Commodore 64 ONLY)

....

ZZAP! CHARTS, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB

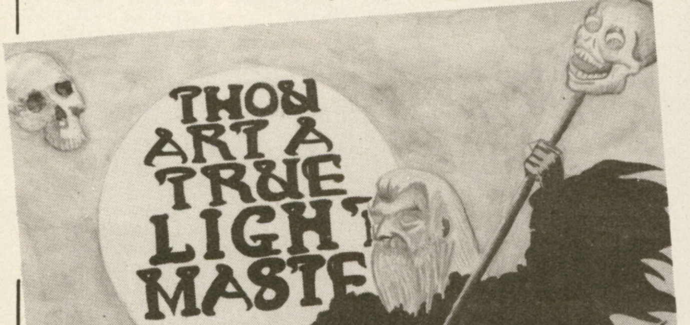
WINNERS : WINNERS : WINNERS : WINNERS :

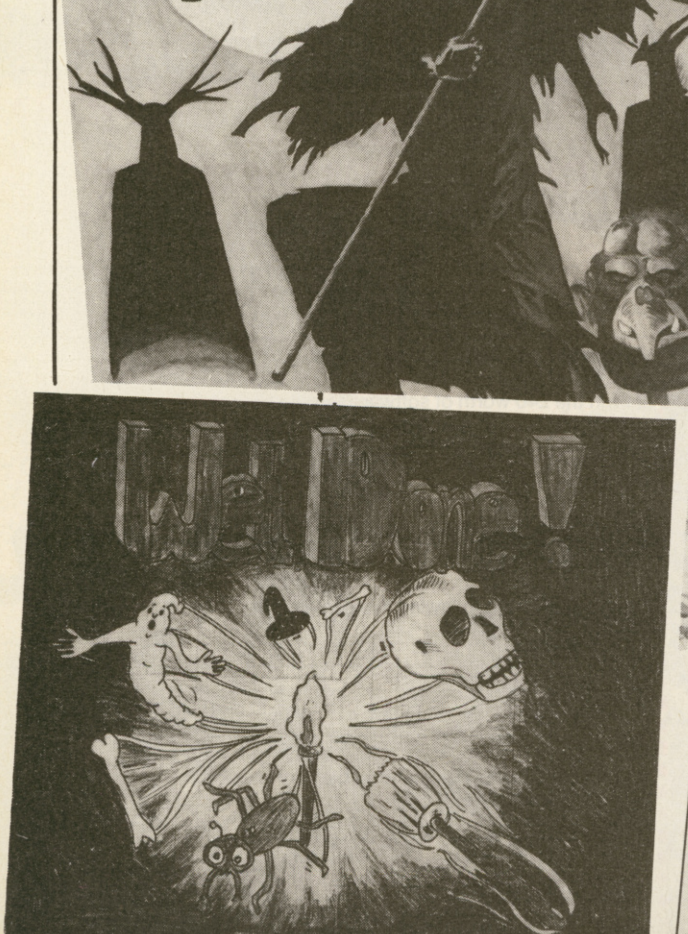
DROOLING DRUIDS

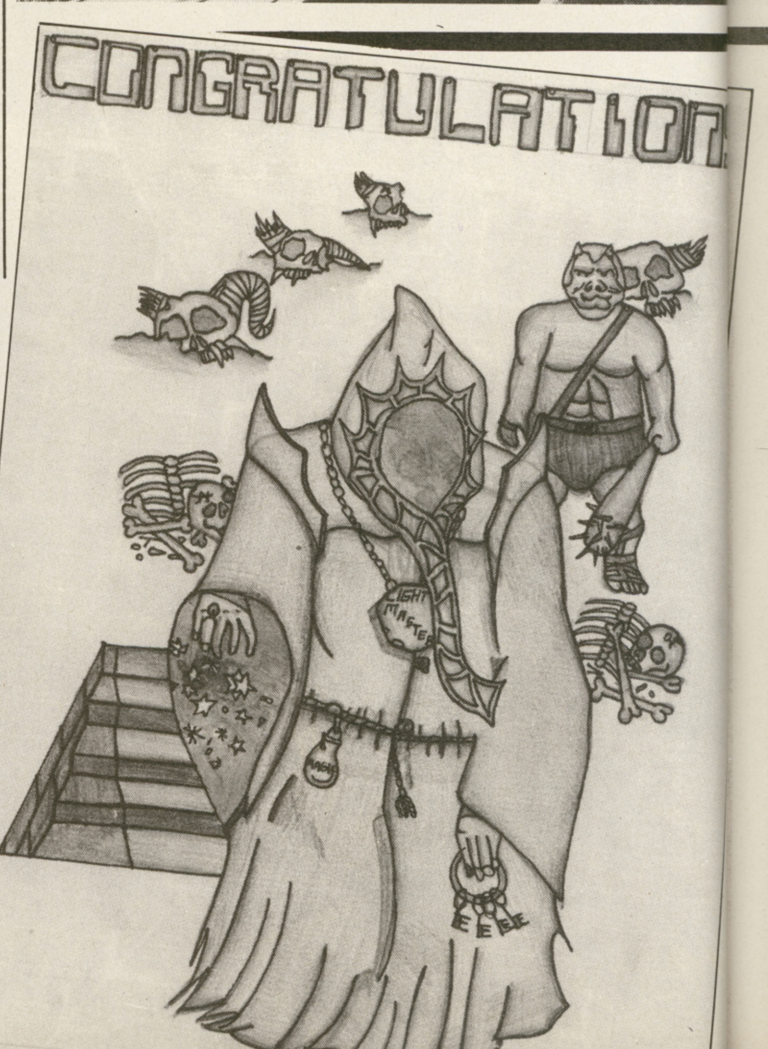
FIREBIRD's game DRUID gave birth to this competition back in issue 18, but thanks to an interface that refused to live up to its title we didn't print this list in the last copy of the mag. I am but a humble minion and not versed in the ways of computers and I . . . (GET ON WITH IT!) Ah well, FIREBIRD were supposed to be giving away a unique once only copy of DRUID that will be coded with the winner's design for a congratulatory screen. However, lines were crossed between us and them and it was only recently discovered that FIREBIRD actually wanted you to redesign the final level, not design a congratulatory screen. Oh dear. Obviously it's a bit too late to rerun the competition, so as **Matt Lyon** of Honeysuckle Close RG22 5RH provided the most imaginative entry, he wins the first prize for his efforts — yet to be decided by FIREBIRD (hopefully a special copy of the game). Ah well, whatever it is, it should be good. Anyway, twenty runners up will all get a FIREBIRD T-Shirt poping in through their letterbox in the near future . . .

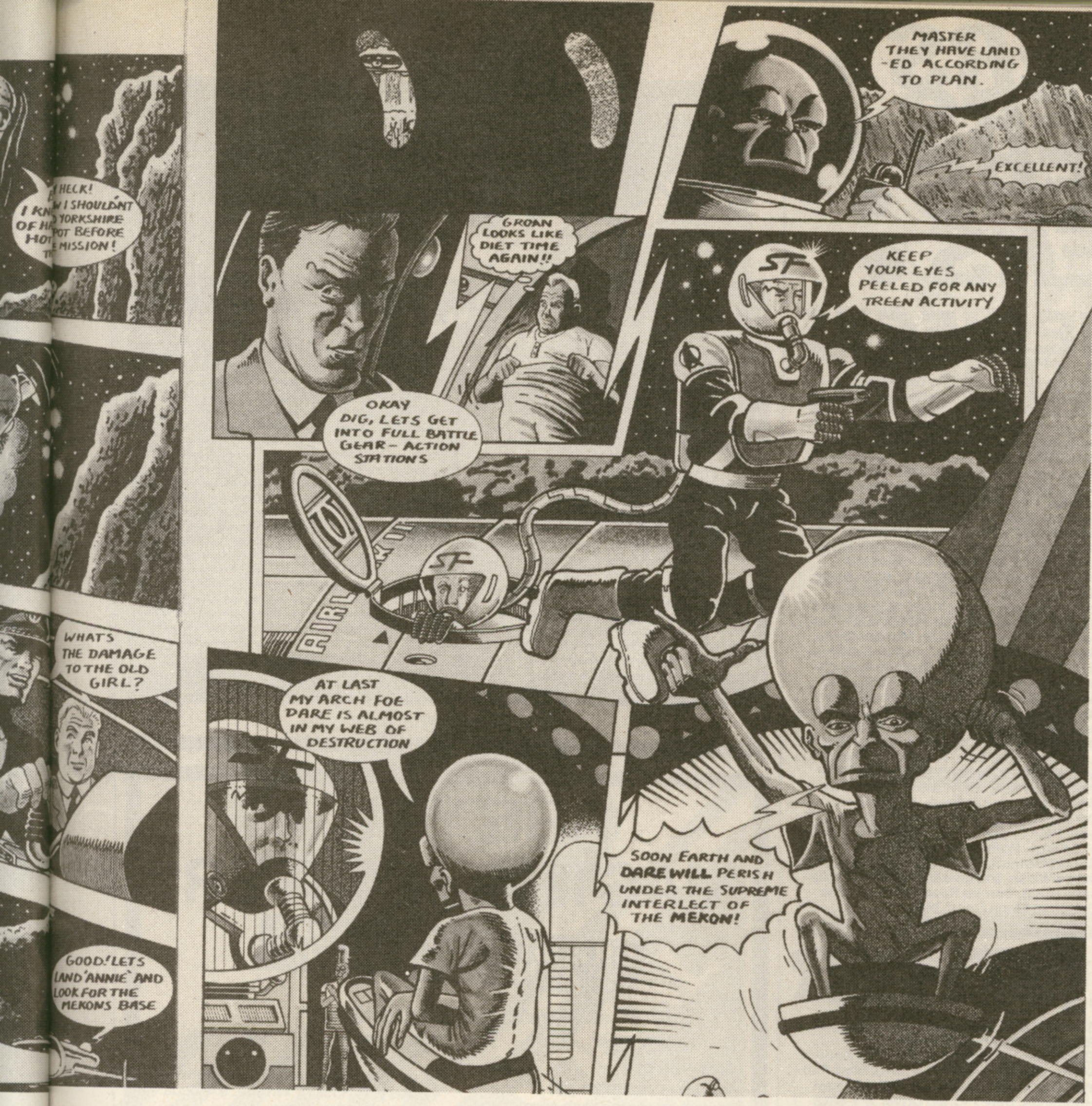
L Gollings, Southern Walk, DN33 2PG; Robert Lawford, Faraday Road, DA16 2ET; Sabir Valli, St Marys Place, WF12 9NL; Robert Glendinning, Holford Way, SE16 3RD; Andrew Boston, Shepton Crescent, NG8 5QP; Gary Chandler, Burns Way, Middlesex; Gordon Dunn, Marjory Road, PA4 8BG; Simon Eden, Howard Road, HP9 2XS; Stuart Fynes, North Park Avenue, KA26 9DH; Stuart Price, Kennoway Road, KY8 5BX; Neil Overy, High Street, BN18 9AJ; Shane Ball, Garlands Road, GL15 6BB; Christopher James poole, Uppercampsfield Road, OX7 1QF; Zzap Reader, Chestnut Close, PL19 9JJ; Richard Middleton, 7 Ash Grove, Burnham-On-Crouch, Essex, CMO 8DP; Stephen Thomas, Renvyle Avenue, Cleveland; Mark Selby, Ashley Close, AL8 7LH; Jonathan Twist, Winsford Crescent, FY5 1PS; Barry Pringle, Langdale Gardens, UB6 8DG; Terry Gilligan, Holt Dale Way, LS16 7SJ

HOLD TIGHT DIG OLD CHUM WERE GOING TO ROLL –
NOW DIG! SWITCH ON BACKUP SYSTEMS – FIRE GYRO MOTORS AND PRAY!
BY GUM! COLONEL THAT WAS CLOSE
SCANNERS SHOW GREEN ON OUTSIDE STRUCTURE – RADAR ISN'T SHOWING ANY TREEN SHIPS


THOU
ART A
TRUE
LIGHT
MASTE




CONGRATULATION
LIGHT MASTER


MASTER THEY HAVE LAND -ED ACCORDING TO PLAN.
EXCELLENT!
HECK!
I SHOULDNT
YORKSHIRE
POT BEFORE
MISSION!
GROAN LOOKS LIKE DIET TIME AGAIN!!
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR ANY TREEN ACTIVITY
OKAY DIG, LETS GET INTO FULL BATTLE GEAR - ACTION STATIONS
SF
WHAT'S THE DAMAGE TO THE OLD GIRL?
AT LAST MY ARCH FOE DARE IS ALMOST IN MY WEB OF DESTRUCTION
SOON EARTH AND DARE WILL PERISH UNDER THE SUPREME INTERLECT OF THE MEKON!
GOOD! LETS LAND 'ANNIE' AND LOOK FOR THE MEKONS BASE

DANIEL THE DARING

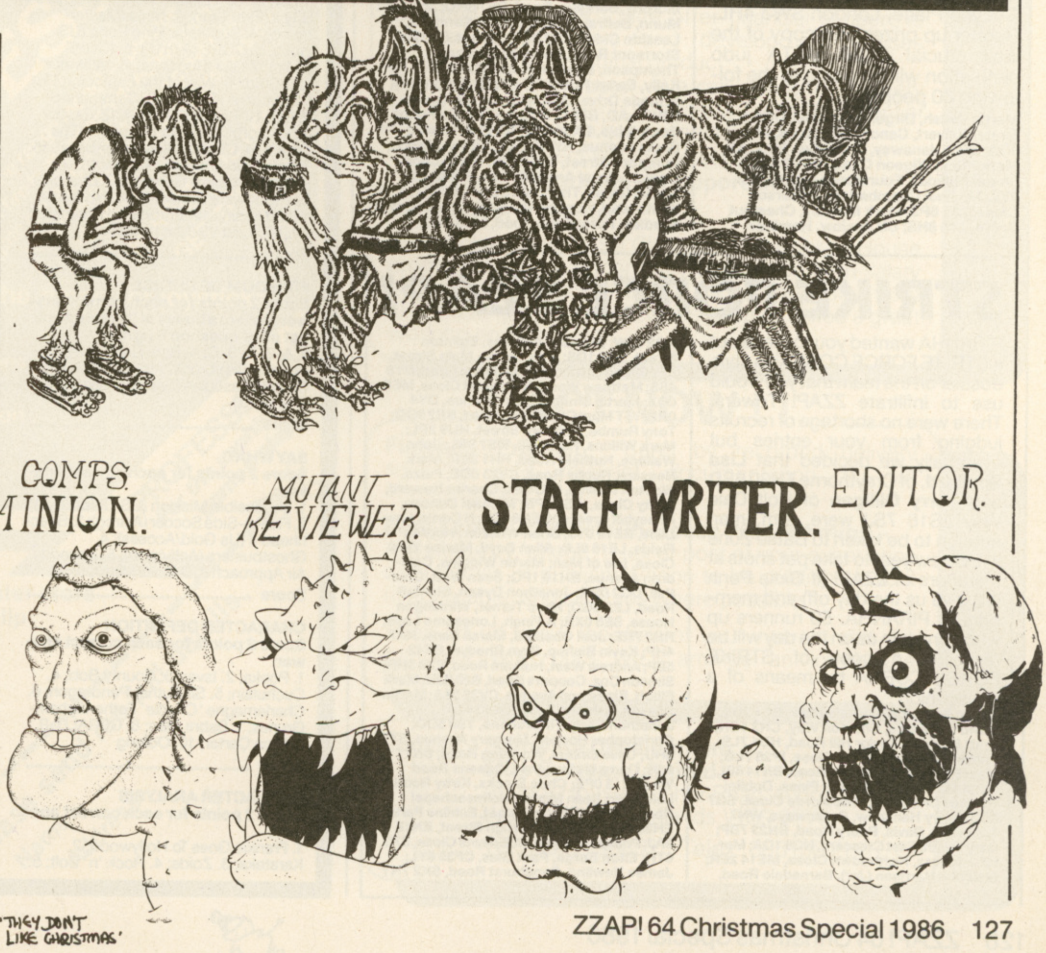
VIRGIN wanted to test your talent for art and your inner intellect when they asked you to finish the Dan Dare comic strip and answer a few teasing questions. Well, two winners where chosen after much deliberation and so **Jonathon Haward** of Princes Road NR32 2NJ and **Neil Groat** of Echline Park EH30 9XQ will each be receiving a poster, a limited edition T shirt, a copy of game, a copy of the book 'The Man Who Drew Tomorrow' and a choice of either three videos or five albums from VIRGIN's vast collection. The next three winners will get a copy of the game and a T shirt and poster — **Mr M J Haddon**, Flag Walk, PO8 8LE; **Christopher Thomas**, Gae Morfa Road, SA12 7LA; **Christopher Waite**, Sussex Close, CM3 3ED. Finally, a copy of the game DAN DARE and a poster will be going to the 25 runners up . . .

Jonny Philbry, Five Oaks Road, TH13 7RQ; Richard Owen, Sunnyland Crescent, SA10 6TY; Brian Neilson, Mull, ML6 8DW; Bernard Honohouse, Toorack Road, HA3 5JA; Jose Lucas, Eldon House, SW9 7ED; Stephen Conlon, West End Road, SO2 5NQ; Terry Hill, Forest Road, WA9 4AY; Phillippe Morgan, St. Edeyns Close, CF2 6TH; Toby Flight, Shepherds Way, WD3 2N8; Llamo'Gorman, Estcourt Road, SW6 7HB; Mark Betty, Three Corner Drive, NR6 7HB; R C Allen, Southcote, GU21 4QX; Paul Spittlehouse, Barley Garth, HU12 9AF; Conor Hughes, Enniscorthy, Ireland; Paul Humphries, Peregrine Drive, ME10 4UW; Lee Walker, Carlton Avenue, LE9 5DE; Steven Miller, St.Davids Close, OL6 8BX; Jonathon Forbes, Harrow Road, TS5 5LH; Johnson Tang, Crwys Road, CF2 4NL; Seb Geddes, Dunbeath, KW6 6ET; Alan Milne, Banffshire, AB5 3RP; Simon Graham, Croft Road, CA3 9AG; Gerard Moretta, Altway, L10 6LQ; Jonathon Kinsey, Southdown Road, SA12 7HS; David Waite, Wheatcroft Avenue, DY12 1DE

MUTATE A MINION

ARCANA's Sizzling game POWERPLAY was the canvas onto which this masterpeice of a competiton was painted. Ahem. All you had to do was to use a modicum of materials and a handful of talent as you drew me in my four differing guises as I mutated my way to become ZZAP! editor. Some of the entries were very flattering and others were downright rude. Humph! As the Big P himself judged this comp with me, some of them actually got into the winning thirty and will be receiving a copy of ARACANA's POWERPLAY . . .

S Pennings, Woodland Rise, N10 3UG; John Overall, Glenridding, SS7 5XQ; Gavin Shute, Kennet Close, HP21 8RL; Paul Tudor, Race Corse Lane, DY8 2PJ; Paul Hayman, Lettons Way, CF6 4BY; Daniel Polwarth, Heathway, IG8 7RG; Duncan Caddick, Stanhurst Way, B71 3QT; Paul Humphries, Peregrine Drive, ME10 4UW; Jonathon Parry, Riverdene, TS9 5DD; Mark Davis, Priory Road, BN23 7BP; Martin J Juhasz, Northdown Close, ME14 2ER; Stephen Hobdel, Raven Close, IP28 7LF; J Elvin, Capel Road, EN4 8JD; Stuart Wardale, Field Lane, L10 0AG; Anurag Sharma, Gateacre Rise, L25 5LA; Robert Oliver, Southward Way, NE25 0NJ; Robert Addy, Pentridge Close, LE8 2RN; Warren Marshall, The Green, E11 2NT; Tim Welton, Stansfield Green, UX6 3SE; Matthew Edom, Sycamore Close, SO51 8SB; Steven Kur, Norton Hall Lane, WS11 3PG; Angus Lee, Rosemount Square, AB2 4UB; Jonathon Twist, Winsford Crescent, FY5 1PS; Rik Pattison, Grove Lane, DN22 6ND, Lionel Dorval, Oaks Lane, IG2 7PL; Richard Miller, St Davids Close, OL6 8BX; Michael Whaite, Langton Brow, PR7 5BP; Iestyn Jones, Tan-Y-Llan Terrace, NP2 5HE; Shaun Mcwan, Woodland Grove, KA3 1TZ; Terry Gilligan, Holt Dale Way, LS16 7SJ


COMPS MINION.
MUTANT REVIEWER.
STAFF WRITER.
EDITOR.

'THEY DON'T LIKE CHRISTMAS'

WINNERS: WINNERS: WINNERS: WINNERS:

YIPEEE!
YIPEEE!

PICK UP THE PIECES

Asterix and the rest of the Gauls were in a spot of trouble in this competition from MELBOURNE HOUSE. So we asked you to study the piccy of Asterix and Obelix and find the seven pieces of the magic cauldron, which you did. Well, the lucky winner will be receiving a complete set of Asterix Books — **Paul McKenna** of Woodside North CA2 4NP. Well done, Paul. 50 runners up will all find a copy of *Asterix and the Magic Cauldron* winging its way through the mazes of the Post Office to land on their doorstep . . .

Carl Evans, Kingham Hill School, Oxon; Jonathon Walters, Crosswood Close, HU7 5BU; Michael Chamberlain, Anderson Close, L35 5PS; Mark Huck, Wigeon Close, NE38 0EQ; Nicola Bennett, Barnsfield Cottages, PO41 0SL; Ian Johnson, Longcroft Road, RG15 8TL; Murray Donaldson, Woodside, NE20 9JB; Russel Bird, Clarke Square, S2 4NZ; Darren White, Newton Street, NE11 9HH; Philip Leiper, South Street, AB4 8EL; Mark Bauer, Cherry Lane, EH22 5LF; Darren Lawrence, Dayshes Close, PO13 0SL; Brian King, Reeds Avenue, RG6 2SR; Philip Hogg, Natley Avenue, NE36 0L2; Colin Griffiths, Clydebank Road, PO2 7QG; Kyle Wallace, Raemoir Road, AB3 4ET; Jonathon Forbes, Harrow Road, TS5 5LH; Mark Hunter, Kenley Avenue, Oxon; Mark Crawte, Ash Lodge Drive, GA12 6NW; James Lobley, Kilnwick Road, YO4 2JX; G Robertson, Melrose Road, CR3 3JH; Paul Watson, Colburn Avenue, HA5 4PF; Elaine M Milbourn, Torpenhow, CA5 1JF; Matthew Cramp, Feering Road, CM11 2DR; Stephen Donald, Storylee Road, G67 2LU; Marc Graddock, Sadler Road, WS8 6BG; Mr Spofforth, Mount House Road, L37 3LB; K Greening, Howard Close, Gl20 8QT; Paul Worthington, Horace Street, WA10 4LZ; Master D Boylan, M.C.A.G. RE, BFPO 20; Mark Finn, Jedworth Road, G15 7QP; Richard Davis, Balmoral Road, B74 4UF; Julian Gostelow, High Street, DY13 8BS; Gavin Bracewell, Deanfield, BT19 2NX; Hayley Tuttle, Jex Avenue, NR5 8XE; Trefor Smith, Bromley Road, BR1 4PJ; John Unsworth, Osbourne Avenue, SS5 4UU; Paul White, Hadfield Road, SK14 7NR; Andrew Compton, Widhill Lane, SN2 4BX; Sean Armstrong, Meadway, B33 8HS; Darren Harrison, Ivy Cottage, BH21 5LA; John Hands, School Road, B49 5DF; Steven Hughes, Alders View Drive, RH19 2DN; Martyn Jones, Barry, CF6 6HL; Paul Coppen, High Street, SG12 8AS; M E Fergy, Pothouse Lane, BB3 3AZ; Robert Bennett, Combridge Road, L42 8PR; Julian Walsh, Steeplands, HD2 1QQ; Laurence Rugg, Doman Road, E2 0HU; Allen Osborne, Mons Court, ME10 2TL

ITCHY MOTHER

MARTECH wanted to clothe a ZZAP! reader in a complete Brian Jacks judo outfit as part of the top prize in this competition. First correct wordsquare out of the oriental hat was from **Mark Pilkington** of Cheyne Place, London SW3 4HL. Runner up prizes of a copy of the well crucial UCHI MATA judo simulation will be going to the following 30 people . . .

Martin Walsh, Dirgon Hill Close, UB3 3; Simon Calvert, Canonsfield Road, AL6 0QA; Mark Janaway, The Drive, EN6 2AP; Mark Huck, Wigeon Close, NE38 0EQ; Shaun Halliday, Fourstones Close, NE3 3YZ; Michael Chamberlain, Anderson Close, L35 6PS; Mark Mackay, Chestnut Grove, L15 8HS; Cir Anslow, Hamilton Street, SK15 1LN; Steven Cox, Ashcroft Road, BS9 2NE; Mark Hewitt, Gainsborough Crescent, B43 7LB; Andrew Morton, Cumwell Lane, S66 8PU; Mark Phillips, Westfield Road, BS19 3NE; Michael Hotchings, Dan-Y-Craig Drive, 1FY 8AQ; Truls U Haaland, Kiedpest 0, Norway; H Hunter, Munro Place, DD2 2TH; Brendan Murphy, Berkeley Road, BS7 8HQ; John Mc Munn, Beltra, Ireland; Jason Kennedy, Leeside Close, L32 9QT; James Barber, Stormont Road, London; Howard Thompson, Egerton Road, OX10 0HL; Ian Kelly, Ewart Road, ME4 6LB; Simon Bell, Armada Drive, SO4 5BS; Ian McAleese, QRIH LAD, BFPO 17; Jon-Paul Davidson, Barnstable, EX3 HRW; Shimon Nissim, All Souls Avenue, NW10 3AT; Simon Mason, Longford Street, TS1 4RW; Philip Lund-Conlon, Royal Anglian Regt, BFPO 29; Daniel Green, Theobald Street, WD7 7LT; P Whitehead, Hopton Road, SW16 2EL; David Bradley, Parsonage Road, M20 9WZ

STRIKE FORCE ZZAP!

PIRANHA wanted you to make out a STRIKE FORCE COBRAish style dossier on the team that you would use to infiltrate ZZAP! Towers. There were no shortage of recruits judging from your entries but eventually we decided that **Lisa Scullard**, of Craythorne TN30 6SD and **Terry Gilligan** of Holt Dale Way LS16 7SJ were, erm, man enough to be taken to Battle Zone in the new year to take pot shots at members of ZZAP! (if Girlie Penn will give us the day off) and members of PIRANHA. 50 runners up who can't join us on the day will be receiving a copy of STRIKE FORCE COBRA by means of a consolation . . .

Shaun Russell, Weardale Walk, DL4 2DE; David Lawrence, Chaldon Way, CR3 1DN; Brett Buckley, Taylor Hill Road, HD4 7LS; Andrew Osborne, Brent Close, IP28 7LG; Mark Plowman, Sackville Road, BN14 8BL; Conn Macevilly, Kilteragh Pines, Dublin; Thomas Chapman, Woodforde Close, SG7 5QE; Barry Henshaw, Greenways, WN7 1JG; Mark Davis, Priory Road, BN23 7BP; Gary Smith, East Crescent, NG9 1QA; Martin J Juhasz, Northdown Close, ME14 2ER; Malcolm Harrison (Jnr), Barnsdale Road, RG2 7JW; Brandon Appleby, Eglinton Street, SR5 1DS; John Smith, Main Street, LE7 9PN; Scott Downton, Devon Road, DY8 4SS; Matthew Wood, Ringwood Close, ME8 0DX; Martin Smith, Powis Avenue, DY4 0RH; W T Man, Chatterton Road, BR2 9QQ; Tony Rumbe, Belmont Street, HU9 2PL; Mark Wilkins, Rake Hill, WS7 9BL; John Wallace, Nutfield Road, RH1 3ER; Mark Neesam, Rugby Road, CV23 0DE; Paize, Wooton Wawen, B95 6AX; Charles Howard, Gillity Close, W55 3PN; Michael Duncan, Abbeyhill Crescent, EH8 8DZ; N Curtis, Low Lane, NE10 0YJ; Brian Wheeler, Hopton Fields, LE16 9LB; Allan Boyd, Marine View Close, Isle of Man; Martin Wiggins, Cauldron Avenue, BH19 1PQ; Sean Watt, Courthill, DG2 0RR; Jonathon Dyson, Stanfell Road, LE2 3GD; Marc Turner, Winningon House, SE5 0XR; A Finch, Lonesome Lane, RH2 7RE; Joel Obstfeld, Marsh Lane, HA7 4HP; Kevin Bishop, Bryn Rhedyn, CF42 5EP; Andrew West, Hulham Road, EX8 3HR; Simeon Cox, Coopers Road, B20 2JU; Mark Elliott, Binswood Avenue, CV32 5SA; Martin Nilsson, Ashford Road, TN30 6BT; Jonathon Parry, Riversdene, TS9 5DD; Christopher Hooper, Margory Avenue, ST7 3HU; Clive Lindus, Worthing Road, BN17 6JN; Garry McSweeney, Queens Road West, E13 0PE; Chris Stocks, Kirby Road, Leicester; Sean Minter, Holmeschapel Road, CW12 4QB; Neil Groat, Echline Park, EH30 9XQ; Neil Overy, High Street, BN18 9AJ; Phillipe Morgan, St.Edeyns Close, CF2 6TH; Elton Borge, Pant Glas, CF35 6YL; James Newling, Sandhurst Road, SK2 7NY

HEAVY ON THE HEWSONS

HEWSONS asked a few software teasers to check just how wrinkly your grey matter was. We received many a wrinkly answer, but only the first 30 correct answers drawn from the black hole earn their senders a copy of ALLEYKAT and IRIDIS ALPHA . . .

Danny Pratt, Dunkirk Road, SO1 6LZ; Michael Flint, St Mary's Road, CB2 4SP; Philip Hogg, Natley Avenue, NE36 0LZ; Robert Howard, Cross Close, DE3 7FD; Mrs June Saunders, Whitefriars Avenue, HA3 5RQ; Jonathon Griggs, Manor Road, PE31 6LH; Andrew West, Hulham Road, EX8 3HR; Tom McKee, Grant Crescent, IV7 8EW; Stephen Brown, Solway Drive, FK6 5NS; Stuart Adamson, St James Close, HU12 8BH; Paul Coulson, The Lane, PE9 3LP; Sean Watt, Courthill, DG2 0RR; Martin O'Gorman, Rugby Drive, SK10 2JD; David Alan Ashcroft, Sunningdale, L46 9RG; Steven Medcraft, Upper Lambricks, SS6 8BP; Jonathon Gorman, Crathie, DH3 1QJ; Liam Doran, Wood Street, LE6 5EG; Nick B Rogerson, Goldfinch Lane, WA3 6NS; Richard Foster, Fownhope Avenue, M33 4RD; Andrew Plested, Frobisher Gardens, GU1 2NT; Martin J Juhasz, Northdown Close, ME14 2ER; Andrw Tinning, Kirkby-Overblow, HG3 1HY; Howard Thompson, Egerton Road, OX10 0HL; Simon Michael, Church Lane, Eire; Seb Geddes, KW6 6ET; Andrew Quinney, Harwich Road, CO4 3DD; James B B McPaul, Mackie Avenue, PA14 5BA; Kevin Blake, Wymington Road, NN10 9LA; Jonathon Astle, Stone Crescent, SGG 0HT; David Bradley, Parsonage Road, M20 9WZ

ARE YOU A MASTERBLASTER?

OR JUST ANOTHER GAMES PLAYING PLONKER, EH?

Here's where you find out!

ANSWERS

SEEING IS PERCEIVING?
Score 2 points for each correct answer:
1. Scalextric (Leisure Genius); 2. Spy Vs Spy II (First Star); 3. Ninja (Mastertronic); 4. Superstar Ping Pong (US Gold); 5. CORE (A 'n' F); 6. ICUPS (Odin); 7. Ollo (Bug Byte); 8. Infiltrator (US Gold); 9. Way of the Exploding Fist (Melbourne House); 10. Commando (Elite); 11. Rambo (Ocean); 12. Skyfox (Ariolasoft); 13. Brian Bloodaxe (The Edge); 14. Ollie's Follies (Americana); 15. Touchdown Football (Ariolasoft); 16. ARAC (Addictive Games); 17. Dragon's Lair (Software Projects); 18. Nodes of Yesod (Odin); 19. Entombed (Ultimate); 20. The Last V8 (Mastertronic)

Score ....

FREEDOM OF CHOICE
Score 2 points for each correct answer (collect a bonus of 2 points if you get all of question 5 right):
1. A; 2. D; 3. C; 4. B; 5. Chris Butler, Andrew Braybrook, Archer Maclean, Stavros Fasoulas (Sanxion from Thalamus)

Score ....

SAY WHAT!
Score 2 points for each correct answer:
1. Impossible Mission (US Gold/Epyx); 2. Five-A-Side Soccer (Anirog); 3. Beachhead II (Us Gold/Access); 4. Ghostbusters (Activision); 5. Kennedy Air Approach (US Gold/Microprose)

Score ....

CHARACTER DEFINITION
Score 2 points for each correct answer:
1. Pooka; 2. Isvar; 3. Bounty Bob; 4. Cuchulain; 5. Sir Authur Pendragon; 6. Charlemagne 'Charlie' Fotheringham-Grunes; 7. Sabre Man; 8. GERALD; 9. Edison Carter; 10. Oolong

Score ....

CHARACTER ANALYSIS
Score 2 points for each correct answer:
1. Frankie Goes To Hollywood; 2. Karateka; 3. Zoids; 4. Rock 'n' Bolt; 5. Commando; 6. Starquake; 7. Comic Bakery; 8. Rock 'n' Wrestle; 9. Hocus Focus; 10. Mercenary

Score ....

GOLDEN OLDIES
Score 5 points for each correct answer:
1. Ocean; 2. Big G; 3. Tymac; 4. Orpheus; 5. Anirog; 6. PSS; 7. Virgin; 8. Terminal Software; 9. Mr Chip; 10. Dynavision; 11. Bubble Bus; 12. Rabbit Software; 13. Livewire; 14. Bubble Bus; 15. Audiogenic; 16. Quicksilva; 17. Ocean; 18. Commodore; 19. Quicksilva; 20. Big G

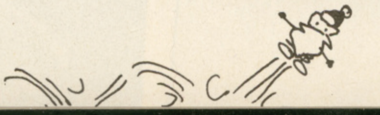
Score ....

THE INLAY HAS IT
Score 5 points for each correct answer:
1. Alice in Videland (Audiogenic); 2. Falcon Patrol II (Virgin); 3. Booga-Boo (The Flea) (Quicksilva); 4. Chinese Juggler (Ocean); 5. Dinky Doo (Software Projects); 6. Hunchback (Ocean); 7. Wheelin' Wallie (Interceptor); 8. China Miner (Interceptor); 9. Flight Path 737 (Anirog); 10. Death Star Interceptor (System 3)

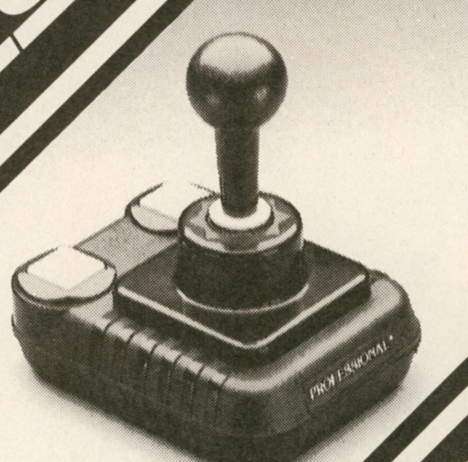
Score ....

YOUR OVERALL RATING
OK, now add up your scores from all five tests. The total score reflects your very own MASTERBLASTER rating.

Under 50
A veritable games playing plonker.
51 — 100
You need help — read through your back issues of ZZAP!
101 — 150
Hmm. Sounds like you've got a limp joystick.
151 — 200
Pretty average really.
201 — 259
Better luck next time, Minion Blaster.
260
Congratulations — you're a MASTER BLASTER!
Over 260
Oh dear. You've been cheating, haven't you. Tut tut. I hope your conscience pricks you 'til you bleed.



EUROMAX



PROFESSIONAL

The top of the range model — precise micro switches for both fire buttons and direction with short travel gate giving the ultimate in player satisfaction. Tough and reliable. Auto fire version also available.

FORGET THE REST - GET THE BEST

EUROMAX The name for joysticks

WARNING:— cheap imitations of our range are available. Please be careful and insist on our product to ensure full guarantee of satisfaction.

PROFESSIONAL For the sophisticated games player

Contact your nearest computer store for details on full range or clip the coupon.
Prices from £8.95 — £69.95

Euromax Electronics Ltd.,
FREEPOST Pinfold Lane,
Bridlington.
YO16 5XR
☎ 0262 602541
Access Accepted

Please send me full details
Name ....
Address ....

Elite

PROGRAMMERS!

YOUR No. 1 OPTION

GUARANTEED ON

Finished Product Publishing

Free Lance Contracts - Original Concept or Conversion

"In-House" Programming

With exceptional distribution in the U. K., Europe, and expanding markets around the world "Elite" and "2.99 Classics" can guarantee to offer the very best terms on all forms of finished product and programming/publishing agreement.

Here's Why?

It's quite simple. To get the very best products and programmers we offer the very best terms around.

Take up the Challenge

Finished Product Publishing - Our reputation for quality on both the "Elite" and "2.99 Classics" labels ensures the highest profile for the product. With a choice of either outright payment or monthly royalty with a guarantee, its got to be your No. 1 option.

Free-Lance Contracts –

Original Concepts - Elite offer financial support to proven programmers and development houses wishing to create original product.
Conversion Contracts - We can also offer the very finest titles for conversion, again on a fixed payment or monthly royalty with guarantee basis. Around £10,000 per project is quite achievable.
"In-House" Programming Opportunities –

Looking for a change?

Both "Elite" and "2.99 Classics" can offer In-House programmers the opportunity to work on both salary and salary with royalties. Solid support from 'In-House' graphics and sonics people makes a great working environment.

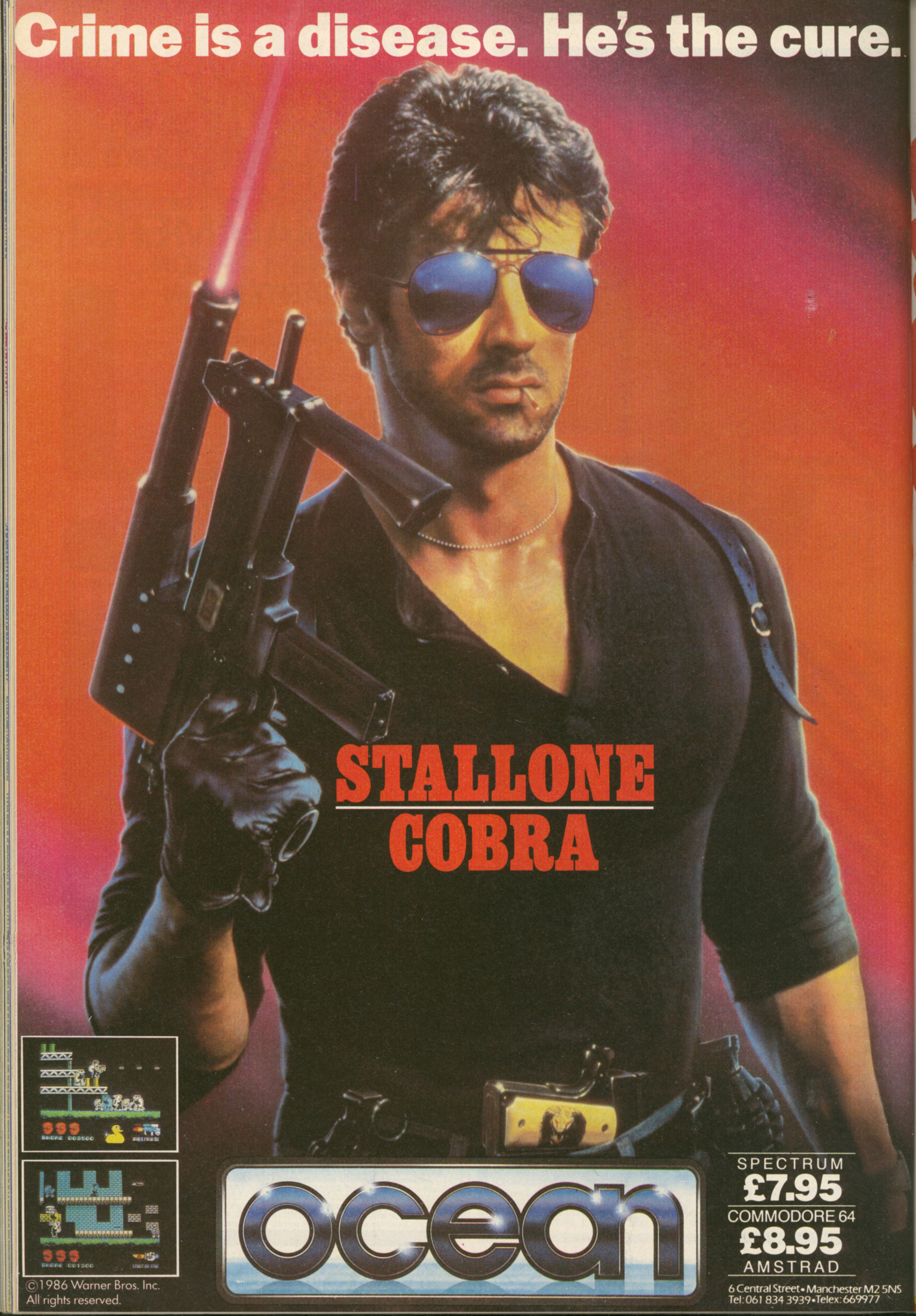
ACT NOW ! !

Finished Product - Send by recorded delivery samples and relevant documentation for an immediate decision.

Free-Lance Contracts/In-House Programming –
Advise us by 'phone, telex or post of your experience with details of published/soon to be published work (if applicable) and samples where possible.

Then let us know the area of your interest and if it matches with ours we'll arrange an immediate meeting.

Contact – **Software Development.**
Elite Systems Limited.,
Anchor House, Anchor Road, Aldridge,
Walsall, West Midlands WS9 8PW
Tel: (0922) 55852 Telex: 336130 ELITE G



Crime is a disease. He's the cure.
STALLONE
COBRA
SCORE 003500
SCORE 001500
ocean

SPECTRUM
£7.95
COMMODORE 64
£8.95
AMSTRAD

6 Central Street • Manchester M2 5NS
Tel: 061 834 3939 • Telex: 669977

©1986 Warner Bros. Inc.
All rights reserved.

Hat, Hat it's where it's at, it's trendier than a cat, Hat . . .

The Complete ZZAP-ER!

"I'M NO OLIBUG!"
ZZAP! 64
MONTHLY REVIEW FOR COMMODORE SOFTWARE

T-SHIRTS: emblazoned with the famous ZZAP! logo and Olibugs, they come in three sizes made in grey from 100% cotton with double stitching on neck and shoulder seams for lasting wear.

£4.50

CAPS: designed to set off your T-shirt or Sweatshirt, the blue ZZAP! 'baseball' style cap with white embossed ZZAP! logo, is ideal for anywhere, any time. Adjustable strap ensures one size fits all.

£3.95

SWEATSHIRTS: same imprint as the T-shirts, long sleeved, heavy quality and fleecy lined with double stitching on neck and shoulder seams. Three sizes available in grey.

£8.95

ZZAP! BINDERS

Each binder holds twelve issues of ZZAP! held in place by small plastic straps for ease of access. The year is also marked on the spine. The binders come in a rich maroon with gold logos on the face and spine

£4.50

Chest sizes
Small 34-36in
Medium 36in
Large 40in

ZZAP! T-SHIRTS/SWEATSHIRTS/CAPS/BINDERS OFFER

All quoted prices include VAT, post and packing (UK only). Continental Europe and Overseas, please add £2 extra per item ordered.

Please tick the appropriate box(es). *State Size* *S☐ M☐ L☐*
Form in capitals please.

☐ Please send me ..... ZZAP! T-shirt(s) at £4.50 each.
☐ Please send me ..... ZZAP! Sweatshirt(s) at £8.95 each.
☐ Please send me ..... ZZAP! Cap(s) at £3.95 each.
☐ Please send me ..... ZZAP! Binder(s) at £4.50 each.

Name ....

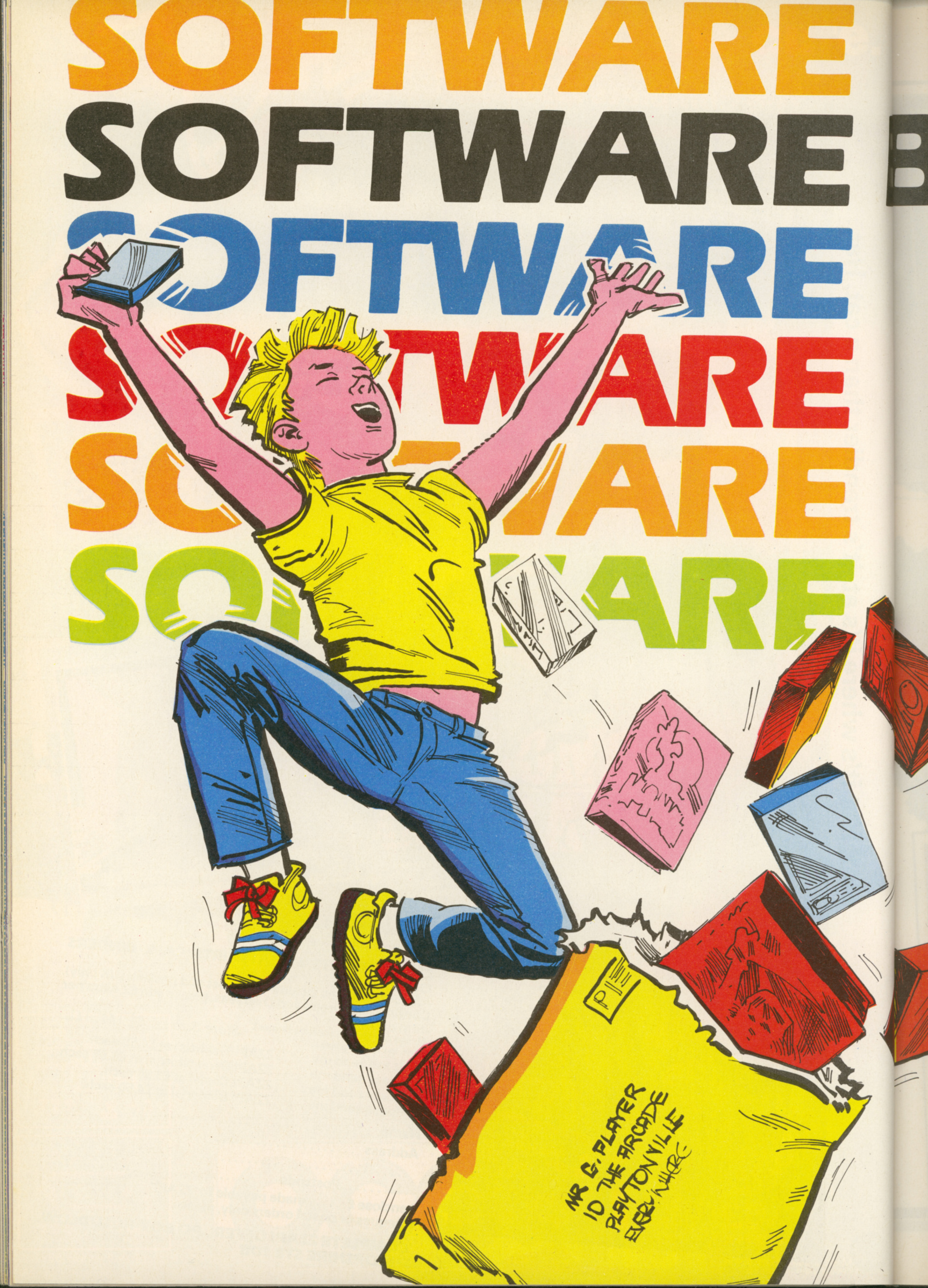
Address ....

....

.... Postcode ....

I enclose £...... made payable to 'ZZAP!'
Cheques or postal orders only, please.

'COMPLETE ZZAP! OFFER', PO BOX 10, LUDLOW,
SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB


SOFTWARE
SOFTWARE
SOFTWARE
SOFTWARE
SOFTWARE
SOFTWARE
P
MR G. PLAYER
10 THE ARCADE
PLAYTONVILLE
EVERYWHERE

This is the easiest way of buying your Games and Utilities

BY MAIL!

Retailers don't always have everything in stock you might want, but if it's within our power to get it for you, then we will. ANY of the software reviewed in this OR ANY issue of ZZAP! can be ordered by using the form below.

But to avoid disappointment, please ring first to check availability of unusual items!

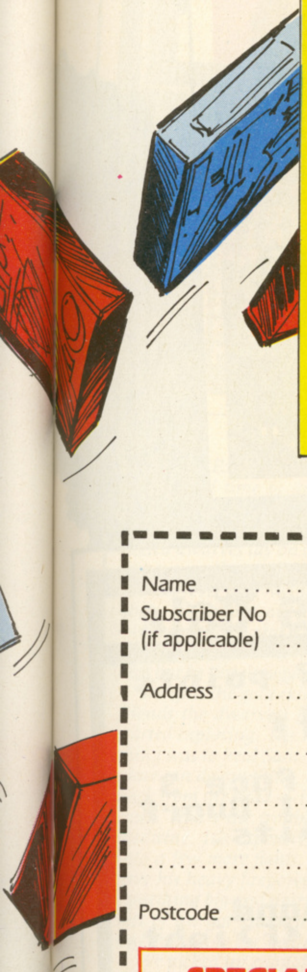
ZZAP! Mail Order is backed by the resources of Newsfield Ltd, publishers of this magazine, CRASH and AMTIX, which has been supplying more than 150,000 computer users with software for over 2 years, so you can be sure of the very best in service.

There is no mail order catalogue involved, just use the prices quoted in the reviews in ZZAP! or the know retail price. Should you have any queries on prices, just ring the number shown on the form and our staff will advise you.

DISCOUNTS GALORE!

Anyone may take advantage of the discount coupons on the form — £1 off orders worth more than £20, and 50p off orders worth more than £10. Additionally, ZZAP! Subscribers are automatically entitled to further discounts on every item ordered. We make no charges for post and packing (within the UK)

Nothing could be simpler — fill in the form today and order whatever you like.



Order What You Want from the Largest Range of Software You Could Ever Wish For!

Name ....

Subscriber No
(if applicable) ....

Address ....

....

....

....

Postcode ....

ZZAP! MAIL ORDER FORM

Telephone Ludlow (0584) 5620

Please send me the following items: BLOCK CAPITALS please!

Please note: some software reviewed may not be available until its release date. If you are in any doubt about availability, **please ring first**. We cannot be held responsible for delays resulting from late or non-release of titles when reviewed or previewed before their official release dates were known.

Title	Software House	Disk/Cass	Amount

SPECIAL DISCOUNTS

£1 OFF ANY ORDER WORTH MORE THAN £20

50p OFF ANY ORDER WORTH MORE THAN £10

Sorry – only ONE voucher per order!

All prices are as quoted under review headings or known retail prices and include VAT. ZZAP! makes no charge for post and packing inside the UK. Customers in Continental Europe should add the equivalent of 70p per item ordered. Outside Europe, please write first so that we may advise on postage rates.

Please make cheques or postal orders payable to **NEWSFIELD LTD**. Please do not send any coinage.

Sub Total: £

Less Discount: £

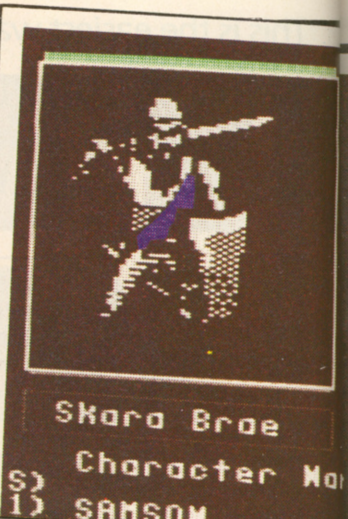
Total enclosed: £

ZZAP! MAIL ORDER, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB

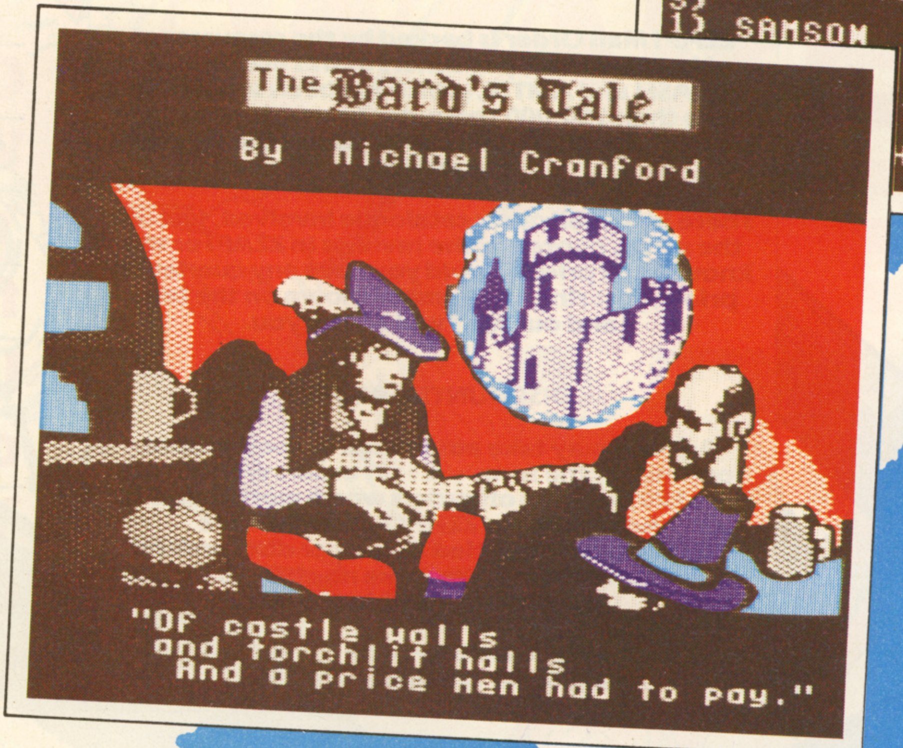
Please do NOT enclose this form/payment with any other correspondence to ZZAP! Magazine editorial, as it will only delay processing your order and may result in loss.

The Bard's Tale

Ariolasoft (Interplay), £14.95 disk only



```
Skara Brae
 Character Na
S)
1) SAMSON
HE FIS
```



```
The Bard's Tale
By Michael Cranford

"Of castle walls
 and torchlit halls
  And a price men had to pay."
```

Skara Brae is not a place for the nervous. I found that out to my cost this morning. It all started off okay. I left the guild with the rest of the party first thing in the morning. The building smells anyway. So there we were, the six of us, looking for sewers of all things. Brian and Samson headed the group along with El Cid (he never told us what his real name was). Brian and Samson are both fairly mean fighters — just the kind you need in this place. Brian used to be a bouncer at a tavern until an over zealous magic user accidentally blew the place apart while providing the light show for an egotistical bard.

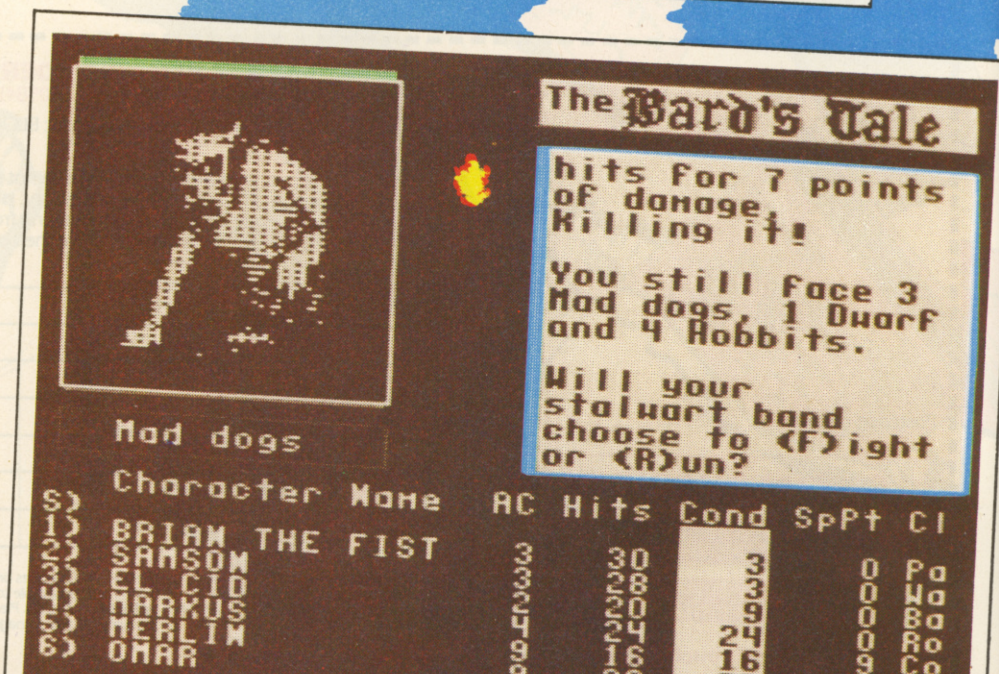
The bard in question was El Cid (his stage name, I guess). The magic user was a conjuror called Merlin. I'm glad he's with us. The guy is an unqualified genius in pyrotechnics. Like all MU's he's eccentric — but by Mengar, if something moves, he can fry it. Useful. I shouldn't get distracted. El Cid's the real poser. His songs are a form of magic — clever that! Only trouble is, he keeps wanting to go to the tavern to sooth his throat. Guess we all have our weaknesses. His is something called a Fire Horn. I know napalm won't be invented for another millennia or two but this isn't a bad second.

Markus is the quiet one, especially in battles. He has this tendency to disappear — an archetypal Hobbit if ever there was. He has his uses though, or will have when we find something worthy of his talents. He's the dextrous type, streetwise with it. Knows his stuff does our Markus. Shucks, then there's me, Omar. I'm a magic user too. Not like Merlin, he's a conjuror. I'm a good old fashioned magician. Should see the things I can do to swords. Ouch!

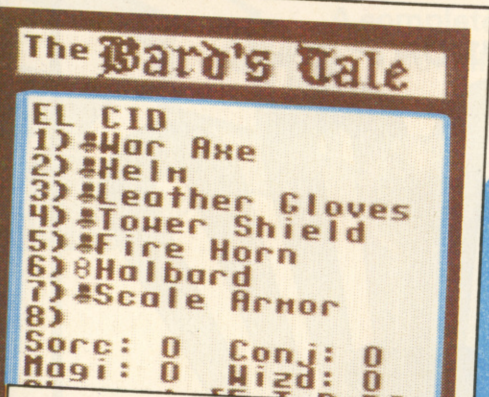
Where were we? Skara Brae, how could I forget. Apparently it used to be some kind of tourist town. Then some megalomaniac called Mengar decided to make a few changes. Now you can't get over the road before some of the less desirable inhabitants attack you. That brings me back to this morning.

We tried crossing the road.

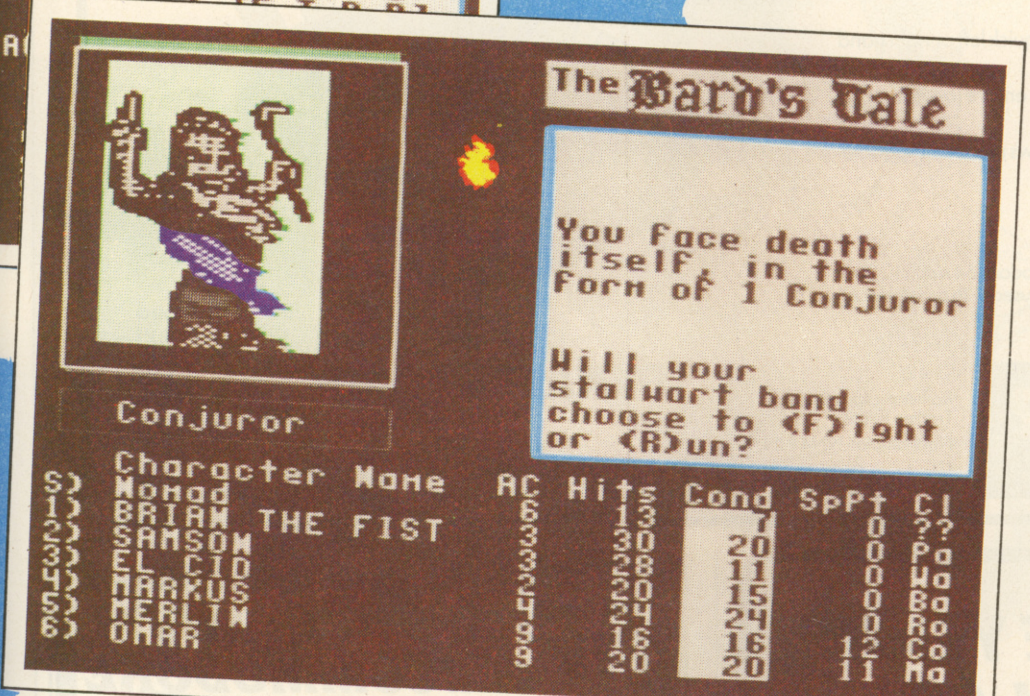
Enter eight, mean looking dwarves. Before I knew what was happening, two of them swiped at Sam and one of them landed a fairly nasty blow. Brian hammered one straight away and Sam got the slimy sod who had hit him. Merlin was shouting his incantation and waving his arms around when his right hand's fingers did something unusual. They turned into flame



```
                          The Bard's Tale
                          hits for 7 points
                          of damage,
                          killing it!

                          You still face 3
                          Mad dogs, 1 Dwarf
                          and 4 Hobbits.

                          Will your
                          stalwart band
 Mad dogs                 choose to (F)ight
                          or (R)un?
 Character Name     AC Hits Cond SpPt Cl
S)
1) BRIAN THE FIST    3   30    3    0 Pa
2) SAMSON            3   28    3    0 Wa
3) EL CID            2   20    9    0 Ba
4) MARKUS            4   24   24    0 Ro
5) MERLIN            9   16   16    9 Co
6) OMAR              9   20   20    8 Ma
```



```
The Bard's Tale
EL CID
1) War Axe
2) Helm
3) Leather Gloves
4) Tower Shield
5) Fire Horn
6) Halbard
7) Scale Armor
8)
Sorc: 0   Conj: 0
Magi: 0   Wizd: 0
```



```
The Bard's Tale

You face death
itself, in the
form of 1 Conjuror

Will your
stalwart band
choose to (F)ight
or (R)un?

Conjuror

   Character Name     AC Hits Cond SpPt Cl
S) Monad               6   13    7    0 ??
1) BRIAN THE FIST      3   30   20    0 Pa
2) SAMSON              3   28   11    0 Wa
3) EL CID              2   20   15    0 Ba
4) MARKUS              4   24   24    0 Ro
5) MERLIN              9   16   16   12 Co
6) OMAR                9   20   20   11 Ma
```

throwers. Exit one dwarf. Markus hardly had time to disappear before Cid took out his Horn and breathed on the rest of them. That was it. Several sizzled dwarves lay on the ground. My armour spell wasn't even needed. No wonder everyone wanted to tell him about the privatisation of British Gas — the guy has a real halitosis problem when he uses that horn. We looked at him but he just shrugged. And smiled.

We split the gold (kindly left by our friends the dwarves) between us and started exploring. The most important thing was to heal Sam. Healers in this place can do anything, even bring you back from the dead — if you've got the cash. That's the trouble with private medicine. It's expensive. Well we got into a few more fights. Cid wanted to save his heavy firepower until we met something big and nasty looking so the rest of use got knocked around a bit, but made it to the healers.

We picked up enough on the way to pay for everyone who needed it. Those healers get straight to the point. Priests they may be but their business acumen hasn't suffered as a result of their vocational vows.

A few thousand years from now, Isaac Asimov will define history as a series of passing crisis points. The frequency at which crises can arise is very rapid, as we discovered on leaving the healers. It had gone dark.

Night life in Skara Brae makes New York's Central Park look like Ludlow. By the time we got home, Brian was dead and there was no money to pay for his resurrection. So now we're waiting for tomorrow and the chance to put things straight. All I can hear is the sound of weapons being sharpened.

Well, I didn't plan on taking more than a nap anyway. There's more to this place than meets the eye

Indeed there is. *The Bard's Tale*, the latest creation from the *Tass Times in Tonetown* weirdos is the best RPG on the Commodore. Characters are well fleshed out, the magic and combat systems are untouchable for their internal integrity and authenticity, and the graphics are terrific. The fact that a full party of adventurers with complimentary abilities are used rather than the single character approach makes solitaire play far more fun than it otherwise might be.

However, this game is unashamedly hack and slay and one of the best features is the combat itself. Though the combined actions of a party can entail complex strategies, they are easily enough sequentially implemented in rounds. Before the round commences, a prompt makes sure you're satisfied with the selection of actions your characters are to make before proceeding with play. Then the combat is described in a series of scrolling messages in the message window that describe the outcome in detail — and in English. The result allows novice players to instantly understand what's going on rather than unforgivingly plunging them into a morass of abstract mechanics. In other words, it's easy to play.

The characters I described above are pre-generated and an ideal group to start with. However, original characters may be created if the player so desires. Magic Users may change their professions when they are experienced enough. This allows pursuit of other spells and abilities the party will find beneficial when dungeoneering. An MU of the right level and class can even create an illusionary character to fight for the party if necessary. The fighters and rogues can use extra experience to their advantage in combat, but for any character to go up a level they must first contact the review board and pay for training. An adventure in itself.

The game comes as a two disk package with comprehensive but well written instructions and a map of the city (that proves most useful). An extra disk is recommended for saved characters. The screen has three main sections. Across the lower part of the display, all the characters in your party are shown with their status. On the right is the message display. This also lists the abilities and devices possessed by any character you choose to inspect. The left window displays a perspective view ahead of the party, or the image of one of your characters. When monsters attack, it displays those.

There are 128 monster types and some of them are animated on the screen with great atmospheric effect. Conjurors wave their arms, wolves look around with glowing eyes . . . Juicy stuff! At least three dungeons, each with sixteen levels, occupy an entire side of one disk. Coupled with the city terrain as well, there's a lot to explore.

Weapons shops, taverns, and healer-churches are the main city points to visit but there are others awaiting discovery. The buildings have visibly different exteriors to most of those in the city, so it's normally easy to tell whether a place is worth entering. Actually, any building in the city may be entered, but most will be empty.

The game also caters for extremely experienced and powerful characters. The best person in my party had an armour class of two but a screen shot on the package revealed a character with nine. Obviously bigger and better monsters await. This armour class business does highlight one imperfection. The entire game system is highly derivative of *AD&D*, though there are overtones of *Rune Quest II* in there as well. A more original system might have been interesting but this one serves to illustrate that many of the better aspects of role playing can be carried onto the average home micro with care.

The Bard's Tale is addictive and actually fast to play once you get used to the keyboard controls. There are a few of these but never so many as to become unwieldy and that's good implementation. I suspect that the game will be more successful than many of its predecessors. There is enough in the game to last several months at least. And it's very easy to get lost in Skara Brae . . .

SEAN MASTERSON

Atmosphere	95%
Interaction	90%
Lasting Interest	95%
Value For Money	94%
Overall	**94%**

The Ultimate in Joystick Control

Arcade Quality with 8-way microswitches

Faster response times provide a smoother, more accurate playing action for higher scores and its tough, dependable construction guarantees reliability during use.

- ★ Ergonomically designed, nylon covered steel handle and base for smoother playing action.
- ★ Rubber action return to vertical of joystick for fast, positive control.
- ★ Large, dual fire buttons for quick left or right hand operation.
- ★ Non-slip, rubber base pads ensure joystick remains firm during play.
- ★ Extra long 5 foot cable allows more comfortable playing positions.
- ★ Guaranteed for 1 year.

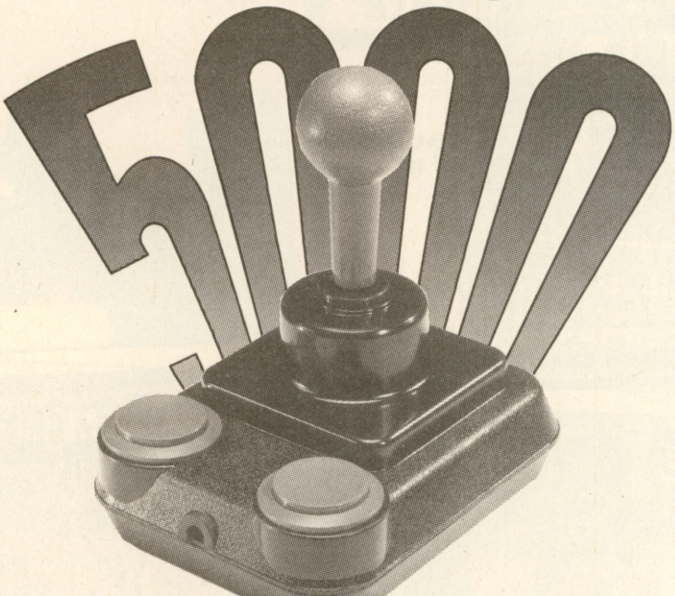
Suitable for:
Amstrad; MSX computers; Commodore 64 and VIC 20; Atari; Sinclair ZX Spectrum (when used with an interface).

Distributed in the U.K. by:

POWER play

Unit 2,
Rothersthorpe Avenue
Trading Estate,
Northampton NN4 9JN.
Telephone: 0604 68711.
Telex: 311254 LEISFT G.

COMPETITION **PRO**™



Manufactured in the U.K. by:

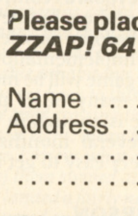
DYNAMICS marketing Ltd
A Coin Industries Company

Coin House · New Coin Street
Royton · Oldham OL2 6JZ · England
Telephone: 061 626 7222 Telex: 669705 Coin G

ENSURE YOUR REGULAR

COPY OF ZZAP! 64

▽△▽



DON'T MISS OUT ON
BRITAIN'S FABBEST COMMODORE
MAG — GET YOUR NEWSAGENT
TO KEEP IT FOR YOU EVERY MONTH!
GIVE HIM THIS FORM!

Please place me a regular monthly order for *ZZAP! 64* Magazine.

Name ....
Address ....
....
....

To the Newsagent:
ZZAP! 64 Magazine is published in the middle of every month by **Newsfield Ltd**, 1-2 King Street, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1AQ. **Tel: 0584 5851**, and distributed to the newstrade by **COMAG (08954 44055)**. Please check with the publishers if you have any difficulties in obtaining supply.

The 1st choice

EXPRESS SPECTRUM, BBC and COMMODORE REPAIRS!

SPECTRUM REPAIRS BETWEEN £9 and £20

BBC REPAIRS BETWEEN £14 and £45

COMMODORE REPAIRS BETWEEN £14 and £35

WHY PAY HIGH 'FIXED' PRICES

(We do not charge you for our fancy premises by charging high 'fixed' prices!)

Reputations take time to build, we have been repairing ZX 81's, Spectrums, QL's, Apples and BBC's professionally, for 2½ years – who is coming second?

1st in all U.K. with While-u-Wait repairs! with INTERNATIONAL repair service!

1st FOR PROFESSIONALISM – "Of all the repair companies 'Sinclair User' spoke to, **MANCOMP** seemed the MOST PROFESSIONAL when it came to advice and a helpful attitude" AUG 85.

1st FOR HONESTY – We let you watch your computer being repaired and if there is nothing wrong with it, we will tell you!!!

1st FOR REPUTATION & HELPFULNESS – "I have come across a firm that will be more than willing to advise you as to how to remedy your problems. They are called **MANCOMP** and as well as repairing faulty computers, are also quite willing to discuss your problems with you and offer reasonably cheap and more importantly CORRECT CURES" Phil Rogers POPULAR COMPUTING WEEKLY JAN 85.

Every parcel sent by Royal Mail Receipted Post and insured for return journey!
(For next day delivery include £1.50 extra).
(Securicor by prior arrangement).
On-site maintenance for Apples, I.B.M.'s and most makes of printers also available.
Guaranteed 4hr response!

WHY DELAY – OUR ESTIMATES ARE FREE AND WITHOUT OBLIGATION. IF YOU DO NOT LIKE OUR ESTIMATE WE WILL RETURN THE COMPUTER **AND** REFUND THE POSTAGE INCURRED!

MANCOMP LTD
(Dept. Z 11)
Printworks Lane, Levenshulme,
Manchester M19 3JP
Phone 061-224 1888
OR 061-224 9888.
OPEN MON - SAT 9am to 7pm

EXTRA-SPECIAL DISCOUNTS FOR EDUC INST., H.M. FORCES, CHARITIES, HOSPITALS, ETC!

Hardware and software design probems? Contact us for the complete service, from design through to manufacture.

What we do today . . . others do tomorrow!

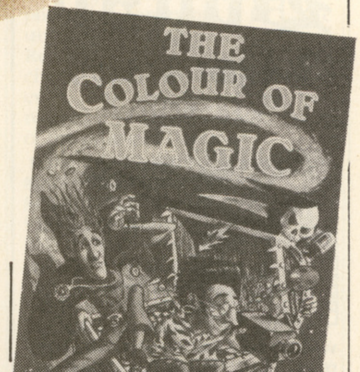
NOTE OUR PRICES AND WATCH OTHERS FOLLOW THE LEADER

ZZAP! adventure

A complete monthly guide by the infamous White Wizard for all 64 owners who prefer games involving typed commands rather than wiggled joysticks.

The Colour of Magic

Piranha (Delta 4), £8.95 cassette

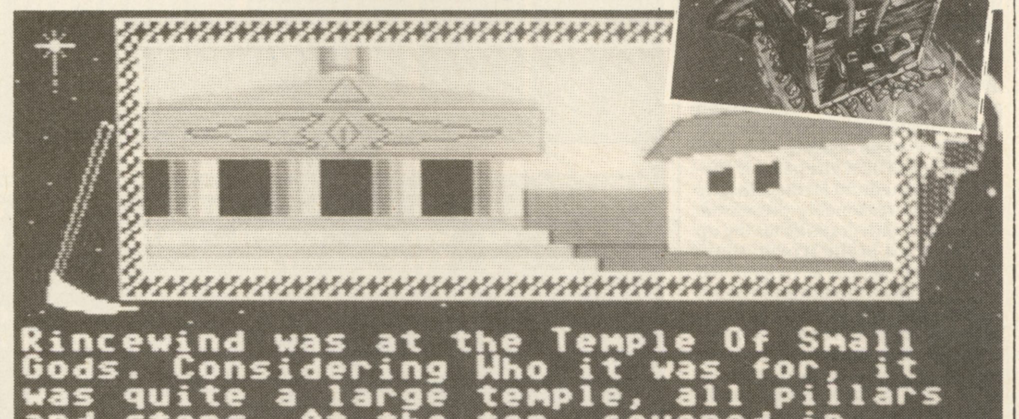


It's a strange world, Discworld that is. It's sort of flattish and disc shaped. Then there are the elephants — four of them, who support discworld. Of course, the whole arrangement is carried on the back of a giant turtle called Great A'Tuin through the vastness of space and time.

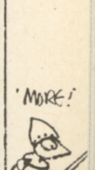
It's a strange world, as I said.

Strange worlds are invariably inhabited by strange people. Meet Rincewind. Rincewind is nearly a wizard. Unfortunately, he has a spell permanently stuck inside his brain as a result of a training accident. He can't even pronounce it so the spell isn't exactly useful. He's permanently down on his luck. But as life would have it, things are to change for Rincewind. The change comes in the form of the world's first tourist, Twoflower.

Twoflower is the kind of guy who drags minor disasters around with him as if some kind of repetoire is required. The recipients of these disasters are usually unsuspecting innocents, like Rincewind. He also has a chest full of luggage — with legs on. Well, hundreds of little feet actually. Still, it makes a change from the usual castors. Twoflower hires Rincewind to be his guide. Twoflower



```
Rincewind was at the Temple Of Small
Gods. Considering Who it was for, it
was quite a large temple, all pillars
and steps. At the top, covered in
beautifully ornate carvings, was a
large gong tower.
A road led away Hubward.
```



is also quite well off . . .

You play Rincewind. You receive a brief from the ruler of the city of Ankh-Morpork to look after this 'politically important' person and the adventure proper begins. It's a *Quill*ed game in several parts that has you hopelessly wrapped up in circumstances which are either out of control to start with or become so in a disturbingly short space of time. It has graphics on the top third of the screen display but these add little to the adventure. In fact the visuals are the weakest part of the game. Trendy they may be but their unsuitability for this game stands out like a sore thumb.

Authors McNeill, Child and Buckett do their usual best to overcome both the limitations of the vocabulary and the parser. Rarely does the player have to resort to guessing the syntax though perhaps some of the response messages could have been a little more helpful. Limited character interaction is possible with the 'Talk to . . . ' command. Otherwise the game plays in a very similar fashion to its predecessors, *The Boggit* and *Robin of Sherlock*. In other words, single command input (preferably two word) is called for.

The various explorations, despite being intrinsically hazardous anyway, are further complicated by the best feature of the game, Death. Death has actually bumped into our heroes anyway due to a cock up in his timetable. As a result, he's extremely upset and you know it's only a matter of time before he returns to settle things once and for all. In fact, the game lives up to the reputation of Terry Pratchett's novel very well. Those who aren't familiar with the novel will probably find themselves rushing out to buy it after playing the game. Funny as it is, you will want more.

More importantly, it's a good adventure in spite of (and not just because of) the gimmickery. It takes fantasy adventuring into the hitherto little explored regions of Discworld and I think most people will enjoy the trip. The price is right. Though as a parting thought, my criticism of Delta 4 is similar to that of St Brides last issue. They should really leave *The Quill* behind along with its limitations and go for a more sophisticated system. Adventures written on that aging utility cannot expect to survive full pricing for much longer.

Atmosphere	70%
Interaction	60%
Lasting Interest	75%
Value For Money	73%
Overall	**74%**

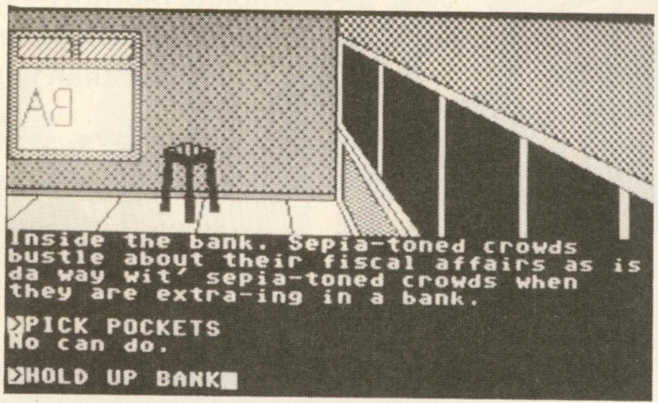
Bugsy

CRL (St Brides), £7.95 cassette

Bugsy is the latest in St Bride's long series of tongue in cheek adventure games. It puts you in the title role — the unlikely situation of a Rabbit with a bad Bronx accent who tries to take over the Chicago mobs and become Public Enemy Number One. If that isn't unlikely enough, our hero begins the adventure by dying. Magic is real alright, but the powers of rejuvination demonstrated by the St Brides girls leave little to be desired.

Enough of this! The game is packaged in a medium format cassette case and is reasonably presented. It's *Quill*ed with graphics taking up the top third of the screen. However, game appeal is heightened somewhat by a modification of the system that allows conversations to be carried out between yourself and various other characters. 'Speak to . . . ' gives you access to menu of vocal options, each obtainable by a single keypress. The options vary from sweet talking lines to outright threats. The ensuing conversation is displayed in the area below.

The process is limited of course with no depth to the exchanges but at least you can do more than say, 'Hello.' But the conversations do release the player from the all too familiar restrictions of the utility from time to time. Unfortunately, this feature — coupled with the 'death' routine — strives to make an otherwise average game something more. The game itself is always on the verge of becoming really good but never quite makes it. And for the first time in quite a while, I think the faults can largely be blamed on *The Quill* itself.



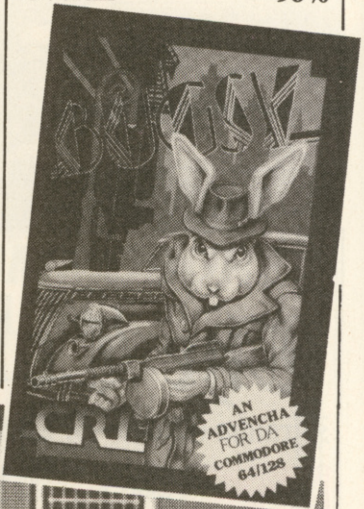
```
Inside the bank. Sepia-toned crowds
bustle about their fiscal affairs as is
da way wit' sepia-toned crowds when
they are extra-ing in a bank.

>PICK POCKETS
No can do.

>HOLD UP BANK█
```

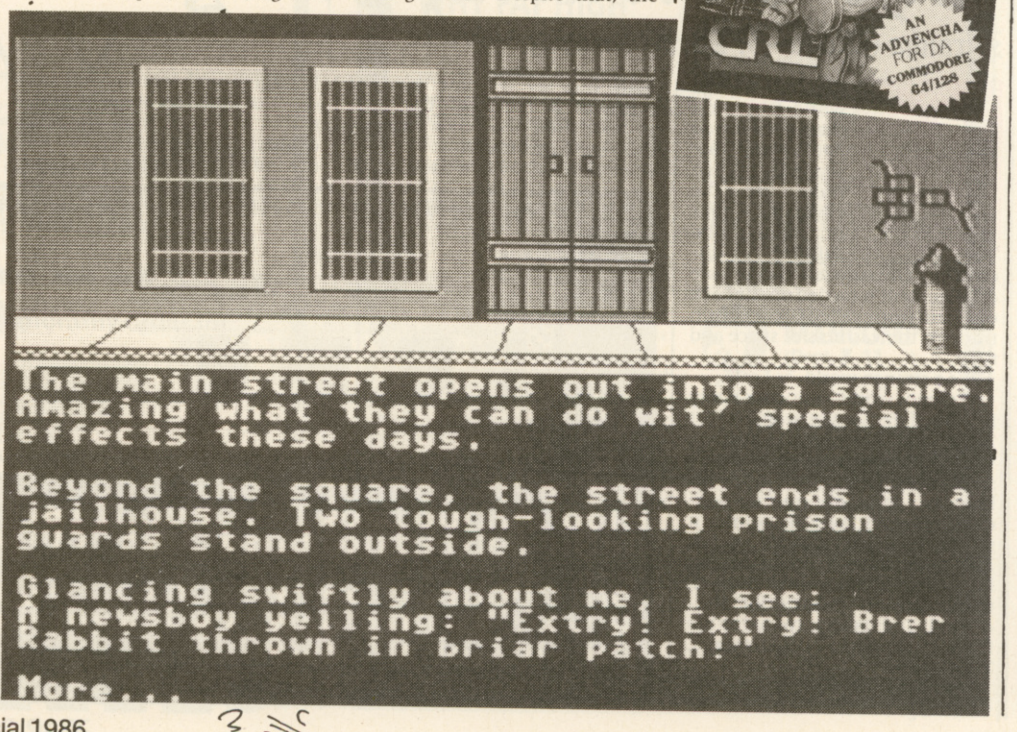
The game begins in a small network of streets in downtown Chicago. Each street has at least one accessible location. the puzzle is to visit the right locations at the right time. That way money, hoods and other useful tools can be acquired in order to progress your career. Status is as important as anything else in a life of crime so putting wealth and power to decadent use is also a vital part of the game. Being a rabbit does have its disadvantages though; not least of which is prejudice.

An atmospheric feature that serves the game well is the narrative. The whole of the adventure is described from Bugsy's point of view and in his accent. The result is a conversational and often funny style that clearly spells out the off-beat nature of the game. Otherwise the plot is very linear and appears to offer little to those who might want to stray from the main plotline for a while.

The game is multi-load format so there's likely to be an expanse I haven't yet seen. There don't appear to be any bugs worth mentioning either. Despite that, the game lacks something. Excitement. Funny, yes. Compelling? Not really. After a while, the laughter fades to a smile and then the smile fades . . . The price is a bit steep as well. Eight pounds is definitely the most you could ask for the game. I think it would fair far better as a budget game. A shame but then you can't win all the time.

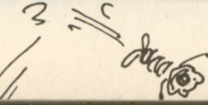
Atmosphere	62%
Interaction	57%
Lasting Interest	53%
Value For Money	54%
Overall	**56%**

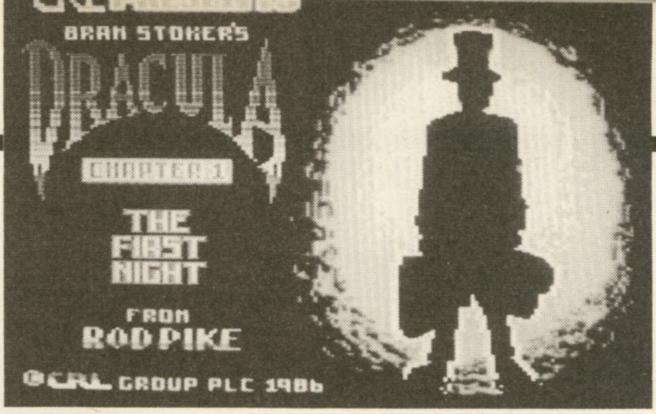

BUGSY
CRL
AN ADVENCHA FOR DA COMMODORE 64/128



```
The main street opens out into a square.
Amazing what they can do wit' special
effects these days.

Beyond the square, the street ends in a
jailhouse. Two tough-looking prison
guards stand outside.

Glancing swiftly about me, I see:
A newsboy yelling: "Extry! Extry! Brer
Rabbit thrown in briar patch!"

More...
```

WHAT A WAY TO SPEND CHRISTMAS!





Dracula

CRL, £9.95 cassette, £14.95 diskette

CRL have taken their latest game to the board of film censors resulting in a classification restricting sale of the game to people aged fifteen years and older. As the game is based on a classic horror story, this will no doubt be considered good publicity by Clem Chambers' outfit but it is publicity at a price. Not only is the certificate binding by law (theoretically limiting sales) but the censors are used to dealing with film makers with plenty of ready cash. The process is disproportionately expensive for a software house. So does the game really deserve its rating?

No. Is it a good game regardless? Hmmm, well . . . no. The thing is, this is a classic case of a game depending on its marketing and license to help it sell. The game itself isn't bad — just average. It's well presented and reasonably well written but stands as much chance of scaring a five year old as a DC10 has of flying. None at all.

Actually, the morbid ones among you who have a taste for the macabre and gothic horror will probably find the game interesting. Actually using the format of a computer adventure to recreate a scary and mysterious atmosphere is rather more difficult than it sounds because of the heavily punctuated nature of play whilst problems are worked out. Sustaining that feeling of uneasiness has been the aim of a few adventure writers in the past but never has it really succeeded. Unfortunately, it doesn't in this game. But what you're left with is a suprisingly valuable curio that's graced with above average graphics.

The game is well packaged with shadowy artwork and blood coloured text covering the front of a large format box. The cassette version is in three parts spread across two tapes. The package is otherwise sparse with all the instructions sitting comfortably on the backside of the inlay. Of course, wherever you look the censorship label screams out at you.

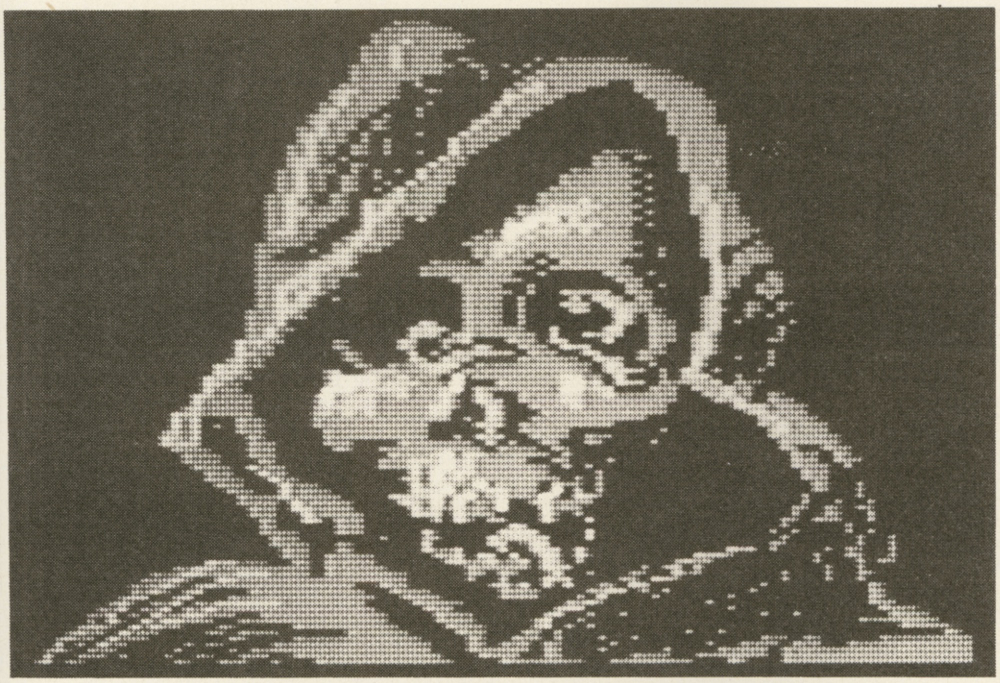
Part one of the game is called **The First Night** and concerns the young English solicitor who travels to castle Dracula to settle the final arrangements for his client's purchase of a house in England. You play the part of the solicitor. During your travels a last stop is made at the Golden Krone Hotel, only to find that the locals are strangely obsessed with something . . . The nightmare sequences are especially effective in this early part of the game but there's little to do except try different types of cuisine each time you play.

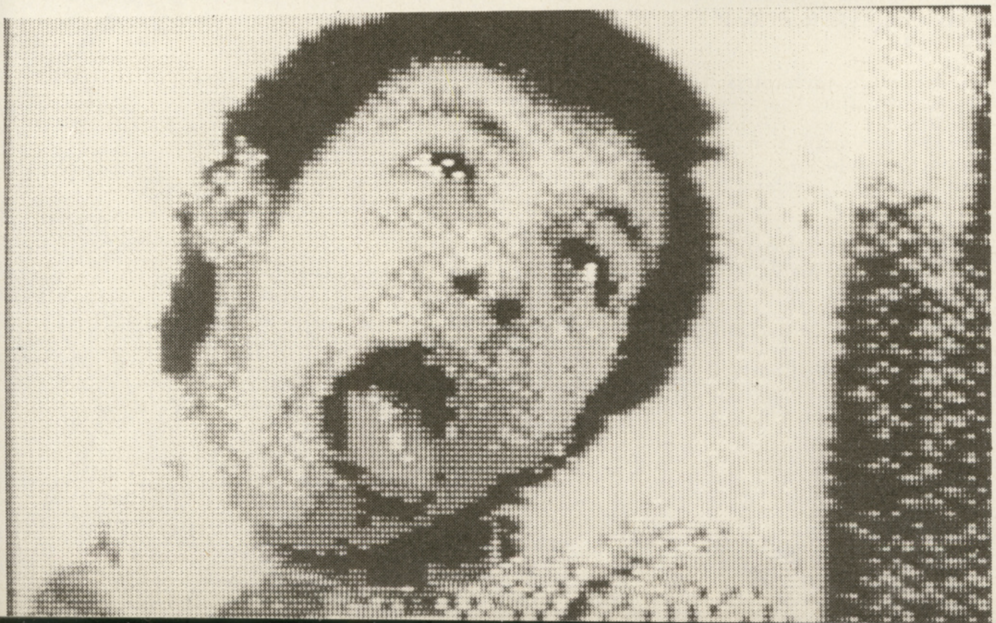
Arrival, apart from being the title of an embarrassingly bad Abba album, is also the title of the second part of the game. Again you play our solicitor friend. And Dracula comes into the story proper. This is actually quite well written. Soon after you arrive and talk with the count, it becomes obvious that you are not going to be allowed to escape (but you knew that really, didn't you). Getting a letter back to England is your only hope.

Finally, in **The Hunt**, you play the part of Doctor Seward, a psychiatrist who runs a home for the insane. You become the recipient of the letter sent from Castle Dracula and decide to find out what's going on. Matters are complicated somewhat by the untimely disappearance of Renfield, a normally docile character who has escaped and is even now being warped and twisted under the evil influences of the Prince of Darkness . . .

Well, most people have a fairly good idea of the story and the game does well to adhere closely to the plot whilst still allowing the player to make major decisions. Experimentation soon reveals however, that there is comparatively little freedom of play and the few puzzles (that I've encountered) are very easy to solve. The on screen presentation is very good (though some of the text flickers due to a bad scroll routine) but play is still fundamentally limited by a parser that only accepts two word input and suffers from a small vocabulary. The redefined text, blood red, American Uncial and all does little to hide what seems to be an out of date *Quill*ed effort trying desperately to be something better . . . An interesting version of the story but not one worth shelling out this much for.

Atmosphere	69%
Interaction	58%
Lasting Interest	62%
Value For Money	60%
Overall	**59%**





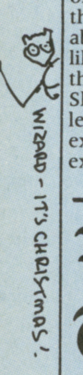
WHAT A WAY TO SPEND CHRISTMAS!

Rainbird recently sent me their latest Level 9 trilogy, *Silicon Dreams*. Well, actually, they sent me the box and a press release. This follows in the same vein as *Jewels of Darkness* and will cost the same — £14.95 on cassette or disk. The three games included are *Snowball, Return to Eden* and *Worm in Paradise* and deal with the character of Kim Kimberley and a descendent involved with the colonisation of a new world, Eden.

In the first game, you awake after being kept in suspended animation to find the ship in terrible danger. You have to eliminate the problems before the ship crashes into the new world below. In the second game you are accused of sabotaging Snowball and face a death sentence. A trip into the new city of Enoch to stop the robots from mistakenly destroying your spaceship forms the quest for this game.

A hundred years pass before *Worm in Paradise*. A subtle power politics spoof that has you fighting amnesia and paranoia in an attempt to obtain power. But why? All will be revealed.

Level 9 have altered these early adventures so that they all incorporate their new, multi-command parser and graphics. A niggle here. The vocabulary is said to have over 1800 words on the box but this is only over all three games. Despite the new parser, the actual vocabularies of the original games are likely to remain unchanged as they were in *Jewels of Darkness*. Should be worth the wait regardless. The first trilogy represented excellent value for money and I expect this one to do likewise.


WIZARD - IT'S CHRISTMAS!

Wizard Tips

Hitch-Hikers Guide to the Galaxy
Only drink three pints in the pub. Buy a cheese sandwich and feed it to the dog. To hear the second verse of the Vogon poem, type 'enjoy poetry.'

The Boggit
Type 29586 to get out of the burrow.

Bard's Tale
In the Scarlet Bard, get somebody to order wine to enter the first dungeon. The sewers are one level below the wine cellars. Monks are very useful characters. Hobbit rogues are good at getting first strikes in combat. Magic appears not to work on El Cid.

The Pawn
To get past the guards, show them the note. A few words with Kronos should sort out the adventurer. To move the boulder, tie the hoe and rake together with your shirt and use them as a lever. To make a light, find the tree stump and get the three colours from inside it. Mix the colours and — hey presto! To get water for the guru, go up to the plateau, put the bowl down (gently) and scoop some snow into it.

Tass Times In Tone Town
Float phones are useful for clues. Buy a hair cut, clothes and a hoola hoop.

Clever Contacts

Here they be . . . Those brave souls who are prepared to put up with your infuriating letters and phone calls, and all for the sake of adventuring and the possibility of making new friends!

Due to lack of space this month, some of the brave souls writing in with offers of help have had to be held over to next month. Despair not! Your names will be featured in all their glory!

Don't forget to treat the CCs kindly . . . be enclosing an SAE or, if phoning, don't ring them up after 10.00 in the evening or at any other unsocial hour (such as 8.30am on a Sunday morning).

And remember — if they treat you badly, let the Wiz know. And if YOU treat THEM badly, I shall get to hear of it!

Help Offered . . .

Terrormolinos, Hampstead, The Hulk, The Hobbit, Kentilla, Fourth Protocol, Dangermouse in the Black Forest, Espionage Island, Ship of Doom, Inca Curse
Bradley Holroyd, 12 Carrs Crescent West, Formby, Merseyside L37 2EX

Dallas Quest, Hampstead, Lucifers Realm, Gremlins, Zim Sala Bim, Castle of Terror, Terrormolinos
Paul Doody, 19 Midfield Avenue, Barnehurst, Kent DA7 6LY
Tel: 0322 521754 6-10pm

Fourth Protocol (parts 1, 2 and 3), Gremlins
Stephen Savage, 14 The Hawthorns, Aylesford, Kent ME20 7LJ

Pirate Adventure, Adventureland, Hobbit, Lords of Time, Fourth Protocol, Stranded
Emma Butterworth, 7 Greenacres, Stainton, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS8 9BN

Eureka (Prehistoric), Arrow of Death Part 1, Perseus and Andromeda
Martin Georgeson, 29 Springwell Lane, Balby, Doncaster
Tel: Doncaster 856950 between 6 and 10pm

Terrormolinos, Holy Grail, Spiderman, Worm in Paradies, Ten Little Indians, Arrow of Death Part 1, Grand Larceny, Subsunk, Impossible Mission, Emerald Island, Snowball, Velnor's Lair, Time Traveller, Price of Magik, Hacker, Valhalla
Jamie Orridge, 10 Tennyson Avenue, Gedling, Notts
Tel: 0602 611285

Zork III, Erik the viking, Castle of Terror, The Hobbit, Voodoo Castle, Lords of Time, Fourth Protocol, The Helm, Ring of Power, Heroes of Karn, Empire of Karn, The Count, Sherlock, Seabase Delta, Perseus and Andromeda, Wizard of Akyrz, Eureka, Zim Sala Bim, Holy Grail, Hacker, Kentilla, Hampstead, Never Ending Story, Valkyrie 17, Temple of Terror, Colossal Cave
Steven Kelly, 4 South View, Whins Lane, Simonstone, Burnley, Lancs BB12 7QU
Tel: (0282) 74765

Colossal Adventure, Adventure Quest, Dungeon Adventure, Lords of Time, Emerald Isle, Return to Eden, Snowball, Worm in Paradise, Red Moon, Price of Magik, Erik the Viking, Lords of Midnight, Runestone, Mordens Quest, Souls of Darkon, Bored of the Rings, Seas of Blood, Robin of Sherwood, Never Ending Story, Jewels of Babylon, Heroes of Karn, Forest at the Worlds End, Warlord, Message from Andromeda, Inca Curse, Ship of Doom, Espionage Island, Planet of Death, The Hobbit
Peter Brown, 57 Ropers Avenue, Chingford, E4 9EG

Return to Eden, 4th Protocol, Erik the Viking, Pen and the Dark
Duncan Morrison, 22 Blueberry Road, Bowdon, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 3LU

Most Infocom titles, Ultima (1, 2 and 3), Dark Crystal, Ulysses, Wizard and the Princess, Blade of Blackpool, Death in the Caribbean, Questron
Andrew Wallwork and Garry Miller, 27 Millbeck Gardens, Harlow Green, Gateshead 9, Tyne and Wear NE9 7HS

Zork I, II, and III, Seastalker, Enchanter, Deadline, Adventure 550, Ultima I, II, and III, Ulysses, New Adventure, Serpent Star, Death in the Caribbean, Pirate Adventure, The Count, Pyramid of Doom, Spiderman, Dallas Quest, Sorceror, Planetfall, Suspended, Wolfenstein, Questron, Mask of Sun, Blade of Blackpool, Mindshadow, Secret Mission, Strange Odyssey, Ghost Town, Golden Voyage, Sorceror of Claymorgue Castle, Cutthoats, Infidel, Witness, Starcross, Dark Crystal, Wizard and the Princess, Transylvania, Adventure in Time, and Borrowed Time.
Asif Din, 37 Deeplish Road, Rochdale OL11 1PH

Most games.
R Shepherd, 106 Highfield Street, Coalville, Leicester.

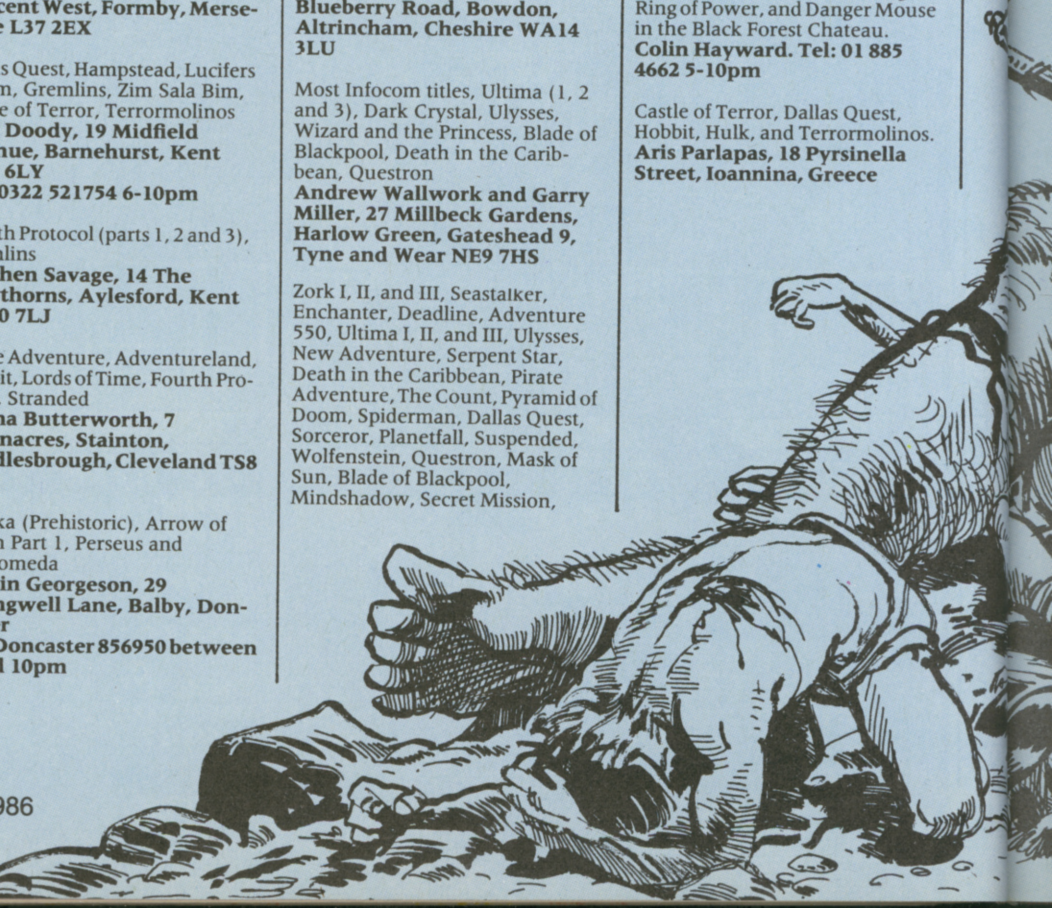
Hobbit, Fourth Protocol, Voodoo Castle, Valhalla, and Lord of the Rings.
Graham Robson, 71 Fair Field Rise, Kirkburton, Huddersfield HD8 0SS
Tel: (0484) 604631 between 4 and 5pm Mon-Fri only.

Return to Eden, Worm in Paradise, Red Moon, Gremlins, Perseus and Andromeda, Heroes of Karn, Hulk, Spiderman, Exodus Ultima III, Nine Princes in Amber, Ballyhoo, Enchanter, Sorceror, and Spellbreaker.
Guy Thomas, 17 Borstal Hill, Whitstable, Kent CT5 4NA
Tel: (0227) 274846 9am to 9pm any day.

The Hobbit, Red Moon, and Spiderman.
Tim Storey, The Mount, Chelston, Wellington TA21 9HP
Tel: Wellington 6237 after 5pm and all day Sunday.

Adventureland, Voodoo Castle, Mystery Funhouse, Savage Island I and II, The Hulk, Pirate Island, Hobbit, Lord of the Rings, Zim Sala Bim, Castel of Terror, Merry Christmas, Spiderman, Quest for the Holy Grail, Erik the Viking, Ring of Power, and Danger Mouse in the Black Forest Chateau.
Colin Hayward. Tel: 01 885 4662 5-10pm

Castle of Terror, Dallas Quest, Hobbit, Hulk, and Terrormolinos.
Aris Parlapas, 18 Pyrsinella Street, Ioannina, Greece



Twin Kingdom Valley, Hobbit, Heroes of Karn, Hulk, Sorceror of Claymorgue Castle, Castle of Terror, Collossal Caves, Bored of the Rings, Quest for the Holy Grail, Magicians Ball, Return to Eden, Mindshadow, Emerald Isle, and Red Moon.
Phil Symonds, 29 Goliath Close, Roundshaw, Wallington, Surrey SM8 9HN

Aztec Tomb, Hobbit, Adventureland, Pirate Adventure, The Count, Voodoo Castle, Heroes of karn, Empire of Karn, Enchanter,

Hobbit, Price of Magik, and Hacker.
Gary Moffat, 66 Alanbrook House, Master Gunner Place, Baker Road, Woolwich, London SE18
Tel: 01 319 3651 8pm to 10pm Mon-Sat.

Castle of Terror, Spiderman, Hulk, Lords of Midnight, Quest for the Holy Grail, Voodoo Castle, Upper Gumtree, Adventureland, Circus, Supergran, and Pirate Adventure.
Antony Leadbetter, 36 Davyhulme Road, Davyhulme, Manchester M31 2DQ

Castle of Terror, Terrormolinos, System 15000, Hacker, Holy Grail, and Subsunk.
Martin Rimmer, 81 Pinfold Lane, Ainsdale, Southport, Merseyside PR8 3QL

Twin Kingdom Valley, Quest of Merravid, Atlantis Adventure, Disk Hobbit, and Hitchhikers.
Russell Wallace, 24 Lower Georges Street, Dunlaoghaire, Co Dublin, Ireland

Volcano of Raka Tua, Himalayan Odyssey, Oasis of Shalimar, Castle of Mydor, Adventure Quest, Lordsof Time, Colossal Cave, Classic Adventure, Escape from Raka Tua, Lost City, King Solomons Mines, Mystery Island, Scroll of Akbar Khan, The Institute, Critical Mass, Infidel, Death in the Caribbean, Wizard and the Princess, Wishbringer, Zork I, II, and III, Secret of Baston Manor, and Suspended.
Margot Stuckey, 14 Marampo St, Marayong, NSW 2148, Australia

Heroes of Karn, Empire of Karn, Crystals of Carus, Jewels of Babylon, Subsunk, Seabase Delta, Worm in Paradise, Voodoo Castle, Terrormolinos, Mordons Quest, Neverending Story, Mindshadow, Urban Upstart, Robin of Sherwood, Hampstead, Wizard of Akyrz, Hobbit, Time Machine, Circus, Arrow of Death, Emerald Isle, Lords of Time, Gremlins, Sorceror of Claymorgue Castle, Red Moon, Ten Little Indians, Perseus and Andromeda, ZZZZZ . . . , Feasibility Experiment, Valkyrie 17, Bored of the Rings, Pirate Adventure, Very Big Cave Adventure, Valhalla, Golden Baton, Ring of Power, Adventureland, Collossal Adventure, Quest for Holy Grail, Hulk, Price of Magik, Return to Eden, Snowball, Pilgrim, Snow Queen, Espionage Island, Inca Curse, Kentilla, Helm, Lord of the Rings, Ship of Doom, Zork I, Spiderman, Warlord, Forest at Worlds End, Planet of Death, and limited help on many others.
John Barnsley, Adventurescue, 32 Merrivale Road, Rising Brook, Stafford, ST17 9EB

Please Note: Respect your fellow adventurers. By offering to help you they are undertaking a not inconsiderable task and deserve both your gratitude and your consideration. Never phone after 10pm (earlier if specifically mentioned above) and ALWAYS enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you want a reply by post.

CLUBS GALORE!

The White Wizard seems to be getting more and more letters each month from readers starting up adventure clubs. I can't help feeling that a fair number of these must fall by the wayside — after all, there seem to be so many and the market can't support everyone. However, here goes with a selection of this month's club promotions. Don't forget that I can't vouch personally for any of these organisations, but I'm sure they mean well and would like to hear from you . . .

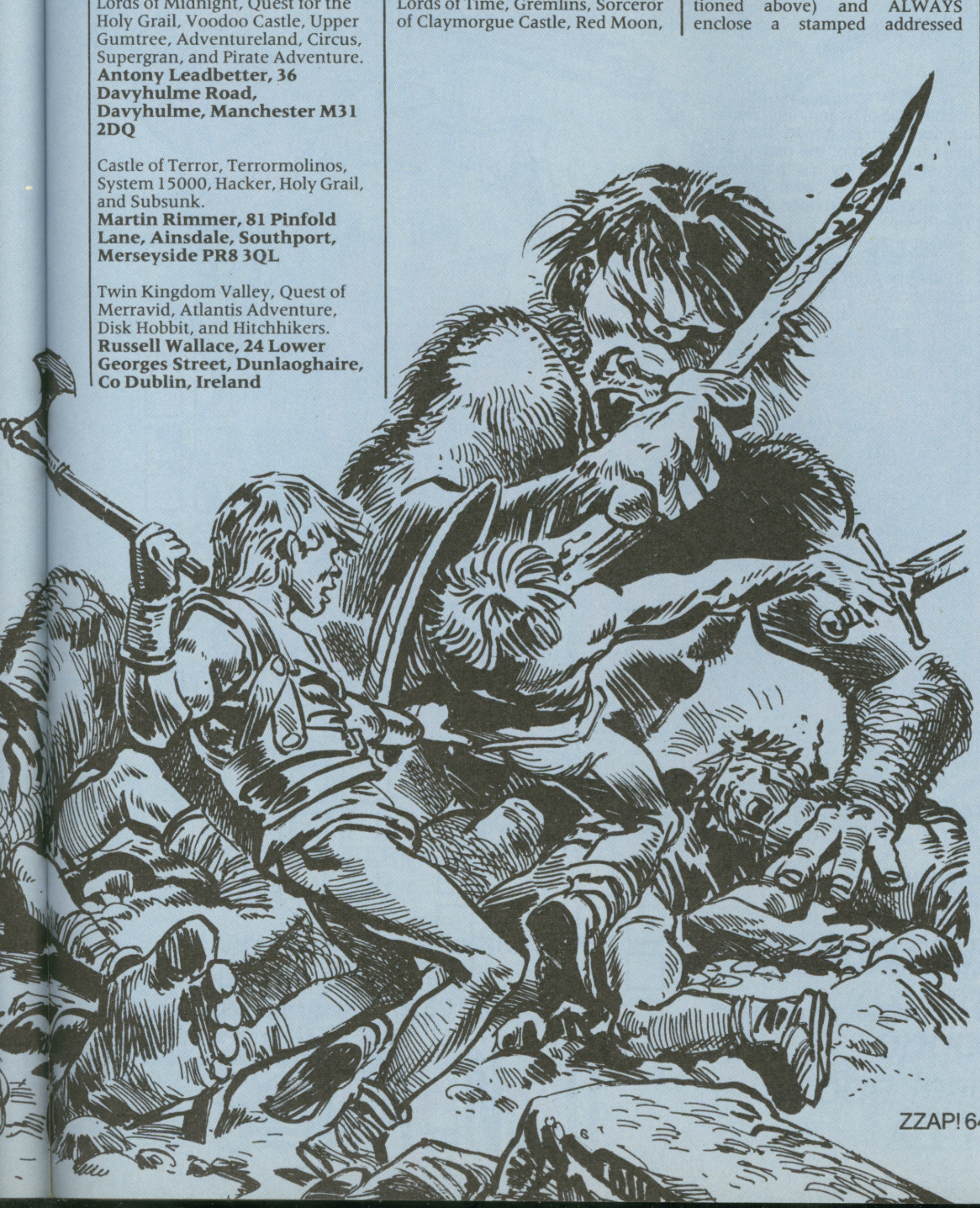
H&D Services, 1338 Ashton Old Road, Higher Openshaw, Manchester M11 1JG. Tel: 061 370 5666
Offer a series of adventure 'handbooks' giving solutions, hints, and maps of games. Subscription rates: 3 issues, £2.75; 6 for £5; 12 for £9.

BAG — Beginners Adventure Games
A new club for adventurers. Write to **Lesley Marriott, 22 Priory Road, Alfreton, Derbyshire DE5 7JT**

Adventurers Anonymous
Adventure club and magazine: Contact **Rivendale, Nethergate Street, Bungay, Suffolk NR35 1HE**

Adventure Cracking Service
A helpline. Contact **Gavin Berry, 25 Beauvale Road, Hucknall, Nottingham NG15 6PF** for details. It's not entirely clear from the letter whether this is a club or just a phone-helpline — their telephone number is in the Help Offered section.

Questline
A well-established concern, now going official and charging very reasonably for its services — Helpline, Magazine, Swap-It section, Club Distribution for your games, Special Offers on commercial releases. Send SAE for details to **Tony Treadwell, 17 Headley Way, Headington, Oxford OX3 0LR**



The Wiz Contacting

Wherever you may be, you can contact the Wiz and have the chance to see your name on these hallowed pages. Write to me on any aspect of adventuring at **THE WHITE WIZARD'S DUNGEON, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1AQ**. If you have one of these Modem things, you can try getting me on **BT Gold 83:JNL251** or on **Prestel/Micronet 919994854**. Be aware, however, that the Wiz doesn't log onto Prestel as often as he used to — BT Gold is a much better bet if you are a subscriber.

50 COPIES OF YIE AR KUNG-FU II MUST BE WON!!

Puzzle your way to a prize!

IMAGINE certainly know how to get a good scrap onto the Commodore screen, as they show all too well in *Yie Ar Kung-Fu II* their latest beat 'em up that continues the saga of Oo Long.

It was 20 years ago that Lee, the Kung Fu master, defeated the notorius Chop Suey Gang and put an end to their reign of terror that had good citizens continually on the run. Lee thought that he'd put the choppers on their evil plans and retired to a peaceful life of clean laundry and dimly lit restaurants.

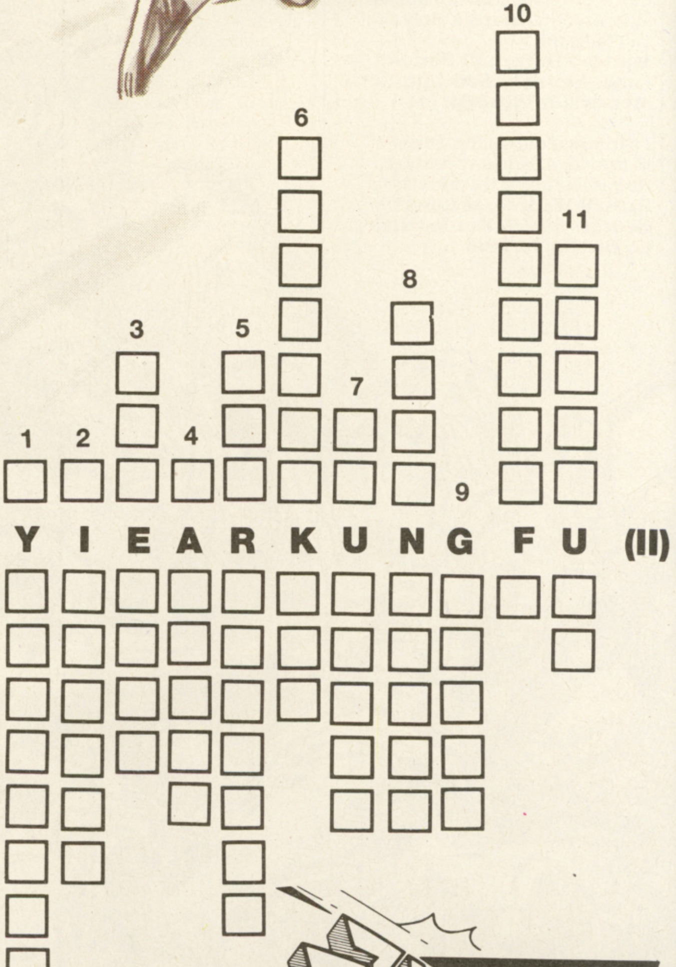
But one member of the gang, Yen Pei, managed to escape and plotted his return to power whilst the old man pottered around tending to his tea. Now, twenty years later, Yen Pei has returned and under the title of Emperor Yen Gah, he and his seven warlords have extended their evil influence to cover most of China. Lee, who has become slow and arthritic owing to prolonged exposure to steam presses and watery tea, cannot replay the events of twenty years ago and so the task of defeating Yen Pei and his Warlords falls to his son, Young Lee . . .

Young Lee sets out to overthrow the dire rule of tyranny imposed on his countrymen, armed only with the knowledge of the deadly arts taught to him by his tea-riddled father and his own special techniques, based upon Oo-Long Tea Power.

What a scenario! It makes you want to take up the Way of the Cuppa and fight alongside Young Lee yourself . . . Well, it's not possible to do that, as honour dictates that he must be the instrument to overthrow his father's old adversary.

You could however, go into battle as Young Lee thanks to IMAGINE who are giving away 50 copies of *Yie Ar Kung-Fu II* to the lucky winners in this easy-to-enter competition.

Instead of a crossword, we have a downword for you to complete — the answers to the clues, which are all to do with IMAGINE or the games they have released. Rack your brains, fill in the grid and post it off to **ZZAP! FU, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB**making sure it arrives by 20th January 1987. First fifty all-correct answers out of the bag win their senders a copy of *Yie Ar Kung-Fu II*.

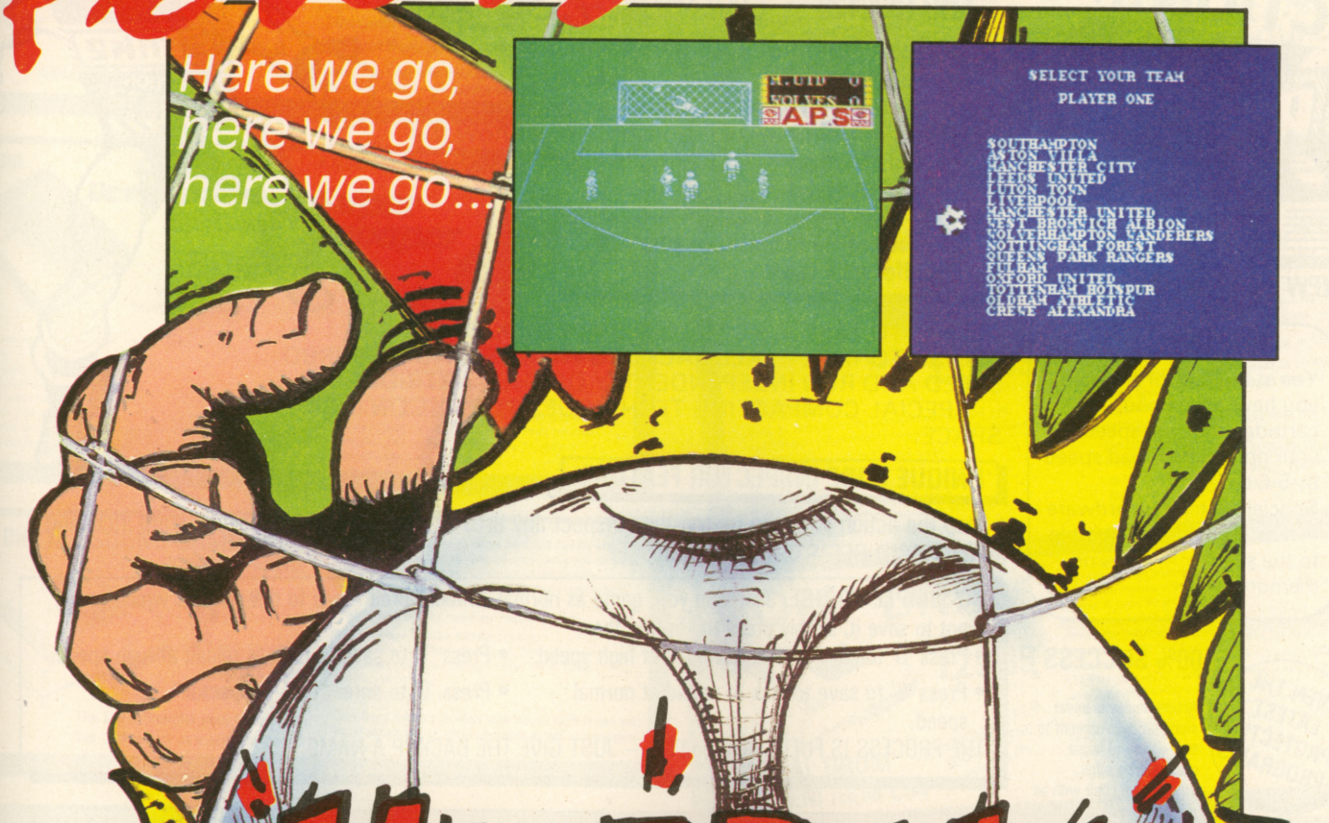


CLUES

1 The run around. (And shoot around, jump around. . .)
2 McEnroe on the table?
3 Imagine's World Series
4 A mission you can never complete?
5 The sequel to Moon Cresta
6 Light entertainment in the patisserie
7 Bruce's little brother?
8 If you want to be well tough, get a hat but make sure it's the right colour. . . .
9 Imagine music metro — or should that be maestro? Related to a famous flautist
10 Lee's first game
11 A dish of a Chinese gang

ZZAP! COMP

Peter Shilton's


Here we go,
here we go,
here we go...
M.UTD 0
WOLVES 0
A.P.S
HANDBALL MARADONA!

SELECT YOUR TEAM
PLAYER ONE

SOUTHAMPTON
ASTON VILLA
MANCHESTER CITY
LEEDS UNITED
LUTON TOWN
LIVERPOOL
MANCHESTER UNITED
WEST BROMWICH ALBION
WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS
NOTTINGHAM FOREST
QUEENS PARK RANGERS
FULHAM
OXFORD UNITED
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR
OLDHAM ATHLETIC
CREWE ALEXANDRA

Spectrum, CBM64,
Amstrad: £6.95

Victory House, Leicester Place,
London WC2H 7NB.
Telephone: 01-439 0666

GRAND SLAM

Can you save the day?

Two or multi-player option, training mode, league tables. ALL THE ACTION!

DATEL ELECTRONICS

THE NO 1 NAME FOR COMMODORE

TAKE ME TO THE HEART OF YOUR COMPUTER!
MK2
ACTION
REPLAY

THE ULTIMATE BACKUP CARTRIDGE IS HERE

ACTION... REPLAY MK II

NEW IMPROVED VERSION

FOR C64/128 *ONLY £24.99* POST FREE

- Stop the action of your game and make a complete backup to **Tape** or **Disk**
- Action replay works by taking a 'snapshot' of the program in memory so it doesn't matter how the game was loaded — at normal or high speed — from Tape or Disk.

Just look at the features, no other unit can offer such value.

☐ TAPE TO TAPE ☐ TAPE TO DISK ☐ DISK TO DISK
☐ DISK TO TAPE ☐ ALL BACKUPS WILL RELOAD AT TURBO SPEED AND RUN INDEPENDENTLY OF THE CARTRIDGE.
☐ SPECIAL COMPACTING TECHNIQUES TO SAVE ON DISK SPACE.

PLUS

FAST LOADER SYSTEM
Two Cartridges in One!!

Yes at the flick of a switch you have a fast load cartridge that will speed up your normal disk load speed by 5-6 times.
Special switching hardware makes the fastload invisible to the system: — Uses no memory.

UNIQUE CODE INSPECTOR FEATURE

- Stop the action with the button then inspect any area of memory in it's "Frozen" state including all VIC + SID REGISTERS ETC.

SO SIMPLE TO USE. Just load your game as normal. When it progresses to the point at which you want to save it, simply press the button then:

- Press 'D' to save to disk to reload at high speed.
- Press 'S' to save to disk to reload at normal speed.
- Press 'T' to save to tape to reload at high speed.
- Press 'C' to enter "Code Inspector."

THE PROCESS IS FULLY AUTOMATIC — JUST GIVE THE BACKUP A NAME

100% SUCCESS?

EVEN THE LATEST PROTECTED PROGRAMS

Action Replay is under constant development to stay on top of latest releases. No other product will cope with as much software as Action Replay — despite our competitors claims.
In fact in our most recent tests we could not find any memory resident program that could not be backed up!!

WARNING
Action Replay is designed for the user to make backups for their own use — Datel does not condone piracy.

EVEN MULTI-STAGE PROGRAMS

☐ Now programs that load extra sections can be transferred from tape to disk.
☐ Works with most programs Nova + Standard System.

HIRES SCREEN DUMP

☐ Any hires screen from your favourite games can be saved to disk.
☐ Compatible with many graphics packages including Blazing Paddles, Koala etc.

UPGRADES
Mk 1 Action Replay can be upgraded for £8.50

AMERICA'S BEST SELLING DISK BACKUP SYSTEM NOW AVAILABLE IN THE UK!

FAST HACK'EM ™

BY
MIKE J. HENRY

£19.99 POST FREE

SIMPLE TO USE FULLY MENU DRIVEN

FOR THE COMMODORE 64/128

A MULTI-MODULE SYSTEM - ALL ON ONE DISK

FAST HACK'EM IS QUITE SIMPLY THE BEST DISK COPYING SYSTEM AVAILABLE, ANYWHERE AT ANY PRICE.

SINGLE 1541 MODULE

- AUTO NIBBLER Copy an entire protected disk in 3 minutes Automatically senses type of protection and treats it as normal data to produce working copy
- NIBBLER Copy and entire disk in 2 minutes. As above but parameters can be set manually
- FAST COPY Copy a disk in under 2 minutes
- FILE COPY Copy and file in 9 seconds
- FAT TRACKER Fat tracks are amongst the latest forms of protection This mode allows you to produce a fat track on the disk

SINGLE 1571 DRIVE (64 OR 128 MODE)

- FAST COPY Entire 1571 disk in under 1 minute
- SINGLE OR BOTH SIDES Will copy C64 or true 128 software
- C64 or 128 Modes

TWIN 1541 DRIVES MODULE

- AUTO NIBBLER Copy an entire protected disk in under 1 minute Features auto track sector analyzer
- FAST COPY Copy entire disk in 36 seconds! or 56 seconds with verify
- AUTOMATIC FASTCOPY As above but with completely automatic operation In fact once set up doesn't even need the computer A must for duplicating disks on a large scale

1541 PARAMETERS MODULE

This is the module that gives Fast Hack'em its power. The parameters module contains dozens of "Parameter Keys" that are used to unlock those heavily protected programs. Each parameter is designed for a particular software brand or even a particular program. Other copy programs may make strong claims but without special parameters they just can't cope. Datel will be offering updates to Fast Hack'em on a quarterly basis, featuring 20-50 new parameters plus other improvements as the're made. Prices to be £6 plus old disk.

SOFTWARE HARDWARE SUBMISSIONS

If you have a program or hardware project or just the idea for one. Why not submit it to us for evaluation. We pay top royalties or outright payment.

BECAUSE FAST HACK'EM IS PRODUCED IN THE U.S. IT WILL ALWAYS BE ON TOP OF THE LATEST PROTECTION TECHNIQUES. SINCE MANY OF OUR LATEST PROGAMS APPEARED IN THE U.S. MANY MONTHS AGO.

DEALER ENQUIRIES WELCOME

SPECIAL OFFER! QuickShot™ II ONLY **£6.99** or for C16 including Interface **£8.99** POST FREE

How about the dynamic duo? Action Replay and Fasthackem together — £39.99
Also Action Replay and Disk Mate II together on the same cartridge — Only £34.99

WARNING
FAST HACK'EM IS A VERY EFFECTIVE PRODUCT DESIGNED TO ENABLE USERS TO MAKE BACK UP FOR THEIR OWN USE — DATEL IN NO WAY CONDONES SOFTWARE PIRACY.

Save wear on your expansion port: 3 slot Motherboard for 64/128

ONLY **£16.99**
POST FREE

☐ ACCEPTS 3 CARTRIDGES
☐ SWITH-IN/OUT ANY SLOT
☐ ON BOARD SAFETY FUSE
☐ HIGH GRADE PCB/CONNECTORS

AVAILABLE NOW!!

Now a full Midi Interface for your 64/128 at a realistic price! POST FREE
NOW ONLY
£24.99

☐ MIDI IN
☐ MIDI THRU
☐ 2x MIDI OUT
☐ Compatible with most leading software packages:-

- Advanced Music System • JMS • SEIL, etc.

Special Offer! Buy Midi Interface + advanced music system only £49.99 + £2 postage (disk only).

MODEL + ROBOTIC CONTROL MADE EASY WITH

ROBOTEK 64

£39.99 POST FREE

Robotek 64 is a comprehensive hardware/software package to interface your 64 to the outside world, models, robots, lighting, sensors etc., etc. The features make Robotic 64 the most sophisticated unit available at any price:

- 4 output channels each with on board relay.
- 4 digital inputs fully buffered.
- Analogue input with full 8 bit conversion.
- Sound input for voice recognition and voice controlled switching.

Software features: sequencers to control output. Analogue measuring module. Test Program. Voice Activation Module, much, more. Voice recognition software to be released soon. Total package no more to buy!

TURN YOUR MPS 801 INTO 4 PRINTERS IN ONE! WITH

PRINTER IV

Alternative Character ROM Fitted in minutes – No soldering required

Only £19.99 POST FREE

- At the flick of a switch you can choose between any of 4 different superb new character sets:

DESCENDER • SCRIBE
ECLIPSE • FUTURE

- All 4 sets can be mixed within one document
- Printer IV is a direct replacement for the normal printer ROM so it is 100% compatible with your existing software.
- Graphics – No Problem either.

SEND NOW FOR QUICK DELIVERY

UNIQUE

Cartridge Development System

£9.99

Including "Cartridge Development Handbook"

POST FREE

A complete kit of parts for an 8K 16K Autostart Cartridge including

- High quality double side P.C.B.
- Injection moulded cartridge case
- Reset button bank switching facility
- Accepts 2764 or 27128 Eproms
- Cartridge can be configured in many ways – full instructions in Cartridge Development Handbook

---

A MUST FOR THE DISC HACKER

Super Snooper

Track and Sector Editor Cartridge

ONLY **£10.99**
POST FREE

Super Snooper lets you examine decode and change any program directly on the disc in your drive

- Gives readout of each sector track in Hex. Decimal and ASC II
- Built in powerful disc ram monitor disassembler. Unprotecting adding pokes and making backups are made easier with the Super Snooper. Since most disc protection schemes are never loaded into the computer ram, a track and sector editor is invaluable tool when making back ups etc

---

Turbo Rom

Replacement Kernal

£10.99
POST FREE

Turbo Rom actually fits inside your computer and replaces the normal slow Kernal Rom with superfast disc loading routines, plus extended DOS commands

- Loads most programs at 5-6 times speed
- Improved single key commands
- Fits inside computer so all ports are free
- Return to normal kernal at flick of switch
- Fitted in minutes – no soldering usually needed (on a few C64's the old Rom may have to be de soldered)

Disc Utility Cartridge

Disk Mate II

ONLY **£14.99**
POST FREE **NEW**

- FAST DISC COPIER copies entire disc in 4 minutes even many protected programs.
- FAST FORMAT format an entire disc in 10 seconds.
- FAST LOADER loads most programs at 5-6 times normal speed. Special switching techniques make the Fastload invisible to the system.
- IMPROVED DOS COMMANDS single key commands for: Directory, Load, Scratch, etc., etc.
- POWERFUL MONITOR/DISASSEMBLER view any area as full disassembly or HEX/ASCII. Features including: Move, Find, Fill, Compare, Assemble, Screen or Printer, too many features to list.

DIGITAL SOUND SAMPLING

COMPLETE PACKAGE

£49.99
POST FREE

FREE AUDIO (TV LEAD!)

NOW FOR YOUR COMMODORE 64

The Datel Sampler now brings you this technology at a sensible price!

- The Sampler allows you to record any sound digitally into memory and replay it instantly at any pitch, backwards, forwards, ascending scale, descending, with echo, reverb, flanging, endlessly looped etc. Truly professional hardware incorporating
- Full 8 bit D and ADC conversion
- Line or MIC input, line output and feedback control

A comrehensive software package including

- A live effects menu with echo, reverb, digital delay, etc
- Full sample editing facilities with review and on screen frequency plotting
- A powerful real time sequencer

Copy Drum Software available separately at £9.99 to turn your sound sample into a Com-Drum system as well as a sampling system.

COM-DRUM

ONLY
£29.99
POST FREE

SPECIAL OFFER AUDIO/TV LEAD (WORTH £4) FREE!!

DIGITAL DRUM SYSTEM FOR THE C64

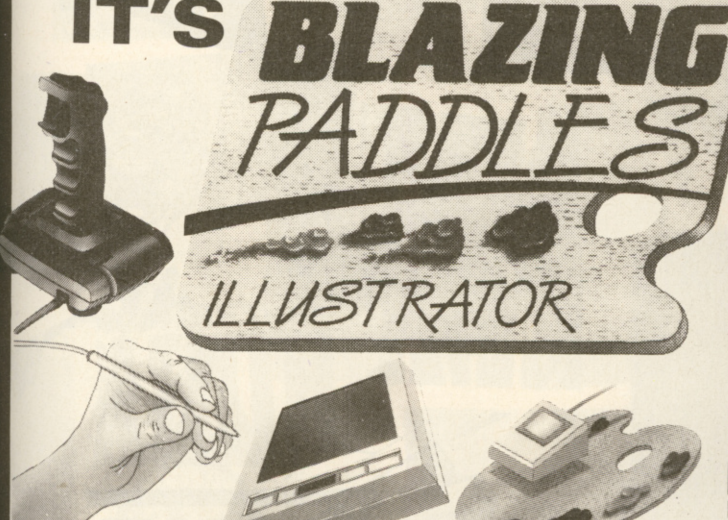
Now with the Com Drum digital system you can produce studio quality drum rhythms with real drum sounds. All the features of systems 10 times the price

- A complete digitally recorded drum kit, i.e. 8 voices – kick drum, snare, tom tom, hi hat, cymbal etc, etc. N.B. these are real drum sounds – not synthesized
- Real time and step time sequencers
- Full editing system
- 16 Alternative voices supplied free
- More voices to be released (price to be about £5.00 for 32 voices tape or disc)
- 8 pre programmed rhythms to start you off
- External sync facility
- Very simple to use
- Line output to hi fi amp or through TV with optional audio TV lead (see offer)
- On screen menus
- Stylish case
- Please state tape or disc software

AVAILABLE NOW! •

IT'S A COMPLETE LIGHTPEN SYSTEM… IT'S AN ALL IN ONE ILLUSTRATOR/GRAPHICS PACKAGE.

IT'S



DEALER ENQUIRIES WELCOME

Complete with the

DATEL
Lazerwriter

An Advanced Lightpen featuring state of the art fibre optic technology.

ONLY *£24.99* POST FREE

TAPE OR DISK (PLEASE STATE WHICH)

Yes Blazing Paddles is one of America's top selling graphics packages. Fully Icon/Menu driven, comes complete with the Datel Lazerwriter – A lightpen featuring the latest polymer fibre optic cable and sensor for pin point accuracy of a calibre simply not possible with conventional system…. ….But that's not all – Blazing Paddles will also work with any standard input device including Joysticks, Touch Tablets, Paddles, Mice, Trackball and Professional Graphic Tablets

A SUPERB PACKAGE WITH ADVANCED FEATURES

☐ Advanced Colour Mixing to create over 200 textured hues
☐ Painting with a range of brushes ☐ Air Brush ☐ Ovals
☐ Rectangles ☐ Lines ☐ Rubberbanding ☐ Text Mode
☐ Fill ☐ Single Dot Mode ☐ Freehand Draw
☐ Shape Library ☐ Clear ☐ Printer Dump
☐ Hires Screens saved from Action Replay can be loaded and edited etc (Disk)

PLUS A zoom feature for single Pixel editing while viewing, the results at full scale. ☐ Powerful cut and paste facility, shapes can be picked up, moved around, repeated and saved. ☐ Full Load and Save feature for pictures, shapes and windows which are supplied.

If you think the Software you got with your Mouse/Graphtablet is a bit weak then you can buy Blazing Paddles Software alone. FOR ONLY ***£12.99*** TAPE OR DISK *(PLEASE STATE)*

(Note conventional Lightpens cannot cope with the high Pixel resolution of Blazing Paddles – only Lazerwriter is suitable as a Lightpen input).

BLAZING PADDLES ILLUSTRATOR

PADDLES ILLUSTRATOR IS FOR EVERYONE!

Using the Lazerwriter a child can use it as a colouring book or a computer artist can create superb graphics.

DATEL ELECTRONICS

USUALLY SAME DAY DESPATCH ON ALL ORDERS
SEND CHEQUES P.O's TO
UNITS 8/9
FENTON INDUSTRIAL ESTATE,
DEWSBURY ROAD, fenton,
STOKE-ON-TRENT TEL: 0782 273815
FAX: (0782) 264510

24 HR CREDIT CARD LINE

VISA

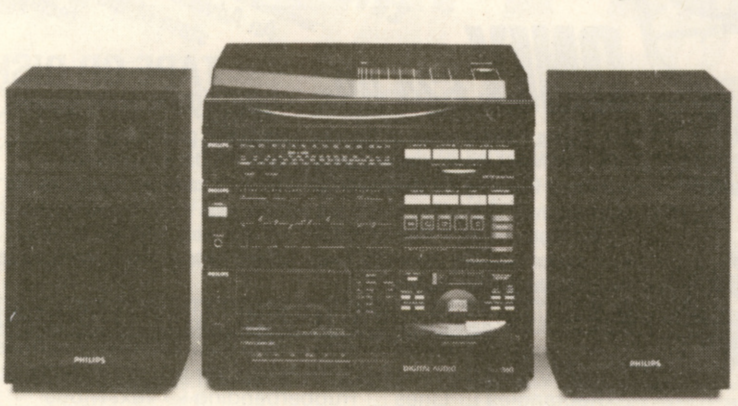
FOREIGN ORDERS ADD £2 POSTAGE

WIN TUNEFUL

GREMLIN GR

Roc
Gremlin Graphics
Spectrum 48K
£7.95
SAM STOA
SAFEBREAK
ER
SIH
cO

Spectrum 48K


PHILIPS
PHILIPS
DIGITAL AUDIO

ZZAP! COMP

FIRST PRIZE: A PHILIPS MIDI COMPACT DISC HIFI SYSTEM

SECOND PRIZE: A SHARP GHETTO BLASTER

25 RUNNERS UP CAN CHOOSE ONE GREMLIN GRAPHICS GAME

PRIZES WITH

APHICS

Christmas time is always busy here at the Towers. There'll be no carol singing for me this Christmas . . . trouble is, I don't expect I'll get anything in the stocking I hang hopefully from the handle of the broomcupboard door — either Santa doesn't dare come into the Towers or the nasty reviewers sneak in and pinch all my goodies first thing on Christmas morning.

The folks at **GREMLIN GRAPHICS** have got some super Christmas pressies to give away to readers this year — lots of musical goodies and games too . . . but you'll have to help me with a little problem if you want to collect a prize.

I made a terrible mistake. Ian Stewart, the bossman at **GREMLIN** sent me a Chrissy card along with the inlays for four **GREMLIN** games that he thought I'd like to give to them up in ART to use in a competition. Trouble is, he put them all in a brown envelope — just like the official-looking brown envelopes the nasty reviewers use when they try to scare me. Imagine my panic when I first opened one of these letters to find a Final Demand for £500 for non-payment of a bill for cleaning materials supplied to the broom cupboard! I was worried for hours until I noticed the sniggering going on in the reviewing pen.

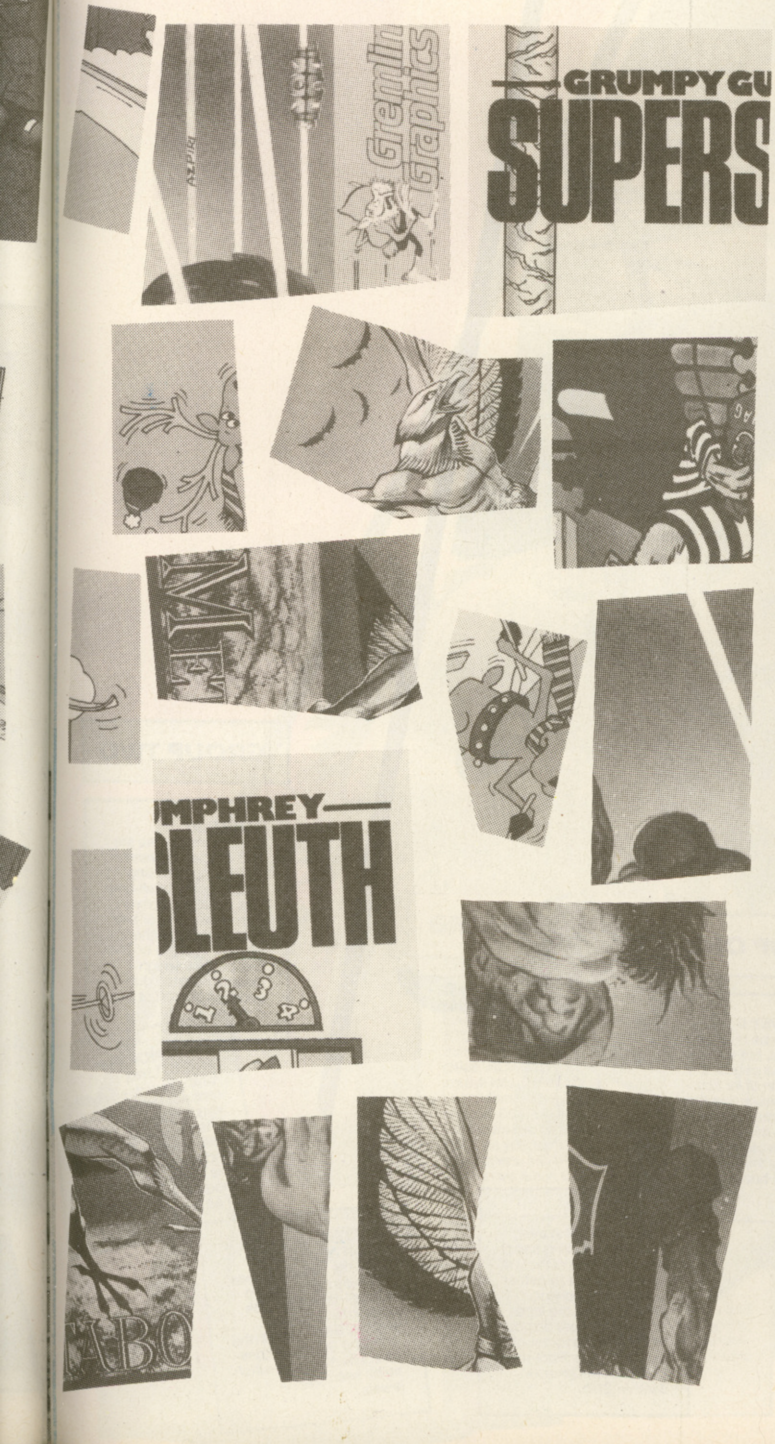
I've had all sorts of nasty surprises inside these official-looking envelopes over the past few months — fake warrants for my arrest, paternity suits naming my pet hamster — the lot. So I've taken to tearing up official-looking envelopes the moment they are shoved under my door. Hence my mistake.

I suddenly noticed, among the bits on the floor, the pieces of a Christmas card, together with torn shreds of some game inlay cards and the fragments of a letter. I managed to piece together the letter, and discovered that Ian Stewart wants to give away some very nice pressies indeed.

Top of his list of Festive Goodies is a Philips compact disc midi hi-fi system. Next on his Santa list is a Sharp Ghetto Blaster. Then he's got a giant jiffybag waiting — waiting for someone to say which five **GREMLIN** games they'd like to have put into it before it's posted. And twenty five more envelopes are waiting to be filled with a single **GREMLIN** game. . . .

SO YOU'D LIKE UNCLE IAN TO PLAY SANTA THIS YEAR?

I've asked ART to arrange for all the bits of Christmas card and game inlay to be placed delicately on this page — just like they fell to the floor when I ripped the envelope and its contents up. Can you put them back together again? Cut em up, stick em down on a bit of card or paper, fill in the entry form and whizz your re-assembled collage to me at ZZAP! CHRISTMAS JIGSAW, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE, SY8 1AQ making sure the jobs's done in time to arrive by 20th January 1987.



NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

POST CODE ....

TICK FIVE GAMES FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO WIN AND THEN CIRCLE ONE GAME IN CASE YOU WIN A SINGLE GAME PRIZE:

☐ *BOUNDER*
☐ *MONTY ON THE RUN*
☐ *THE WAY OF THE TIGER*
☐ *JACK THE NIPPER*
☐ *TRAILBLAZER*
☐ *ZZAP SIZZLERS I (Dropzone, Wizards Lair, Who Dares Wins II, Thing On A Spring)*

SUBSCRIBE TO ZZAP! AND GET ONE OF THESE STUNNING NEW GAMES

FREE!

Here it is — the subscription deal you've all been waiting for! If you subscribe to the best selling Commodore magazine in Britain (erm, that's us) for one year, we'll throw in a FREE US Gold game! Yes, we're crazy. We're out of our tree! We're completely bonkers!! But it's all true, because we love you. Just send off £15 and choose ANY one of the nine games from the list below. How can you resist? Why resist? Do it now before it's too late!

FOR THOSE WHO ALREADY SUBSCRIBE

'But', you cry between sobs, 'I'm already a subscriber'. Well, ne'er ye fear, we haven't forgotten you — oh no. If you already subscribe to ZZAP! you can buy any one of the three groups of three games here for only £19.98! In other words, buy two and get one FREE! If you're about to subscribe you're also valid for this amazing offer.

JUST LOOK WHAT YOU GET FROM ZZAP! 64

Packed out with reviews of the latest games, consistently scooping the competition for news and previews of games of the future, interviews with famous and up-and-coming programmers, playing tips from the man with a degree in tactics on DEFENDER — none other than Julian Rignall, troglodytic terpsichore from the Whiter than blue-white Wizard, a definitive highscore table run by a systematic scaremongering Scorelord, and the unsympathetic scribblings of the world's most talented letter answerer, Lloyd Mangram. And don't forget the multitude of cool competitions — how many other magazines offer you the chance to win a real GAUNTLET arcade machine? Or a go-cart. Or a racing bike. Or a holiday in Paris . . . We've even offered you the chance to appear on the cover of our Christmas Special! And then there's the competition where you can win copies of the very latest games . . .

How did you ever get by without it? All in all it makes rather good sense to subscribe, what with our speedy new delivery service which means you'll probably get to see the finished magazine before we do!

GROUP ONE

SUPER HUEY II
This was to be reviewed in this issue, but we ran out of colour pages. It's an extension of its Sizzling predecessor (see the review in issue one) with lots of new missions. We've been playing it and already think it's destined to become a classic.

WORLD GAMES
The ZZAP! crew ran out of superlatives when it came to reviewing this classic Gold Medal sports simulation. It's got eight events from all around the world, including barrel jumping, log rolling, caber tossing and slalom skiing — and more!

XEVIOUS
This was the first ever vertically scrolling shoot em up and one of the first arcade games to gather a true cult following. Cruising over the landscape you must dispose of the Xevious forces and eventually confront the giant Andor Genesis Mother Ship.

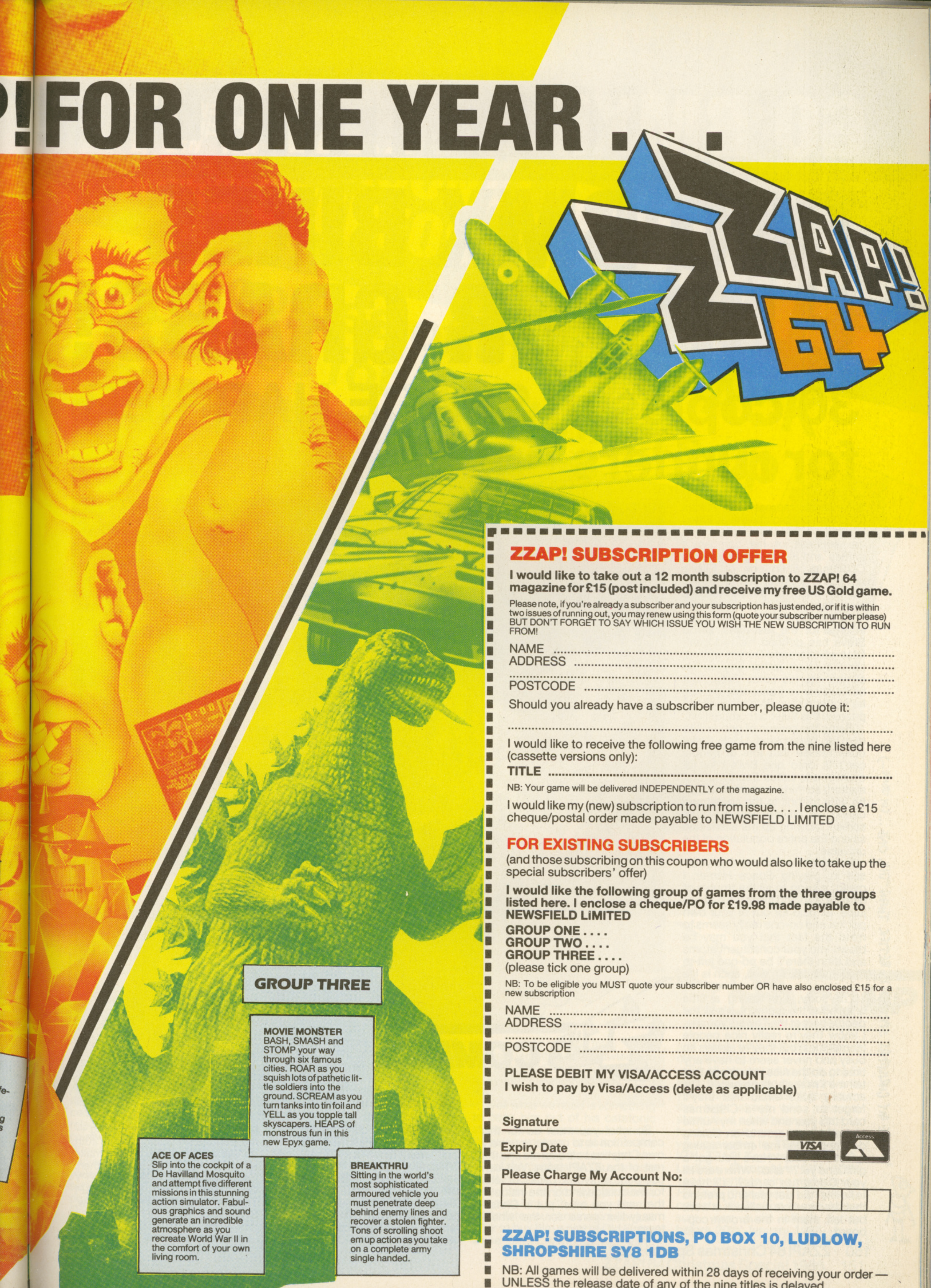
GROUP TWO

GAUNTLET
What more can we say? THE official conversion of THE top-grossing arcade game of all-time. This excellent conversion allows one or two players to play either Elf, Wizard, Valkyrie or Thor and battle through meanie infested dungeons in search of treasure.

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING
Grapple with eight different wrestlers on your way to winning the Championship Wrestling Belt. Incredible graphics and presentation make this the greatest Commodore wrestling game of all time.

CRYSTAL CASTLES
One of JR's all-time favourite arcade games, faithfully converted to your all-time favourite computer. Guide Bentley Bear through the amazing 3D crystal castles of Berthilda the witch as he searches for jewels.

P! FOR ONE YEAR . . . .



GROUP THREE

MOVIE MONSTER
BASH, SMASH and STOMP your way through six famous cities. ROAR as you squish lots of pathetic little soldiers into the ground. SCREAM as you turn tanks into tin foil and YELL as you topple tall skyscapers. HEAPS of monstrous fun in this new Epyx game.

ACE OF ACES
Slip into the cockpit of a De Havilland Mosquito and attempt five different missions in this stunning action simulator. Fabulous graphics and sound generate an incredible atmosphere as you recreate World War II in the comfort of your own living room.

BREAKTHRU
Sitting in the world's most sophisticated armoured vehicle you must penetrate deep behind enemy lines and recover a stolen fighter. Tons of scrolling shoot em up action as you take on a complete army single handed.

ZZAP! SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

I would like to take out a 12 month subscription to ZZAP! 64 magazine for £15 (post included) and receive my free US Gold game.

Please note, if you're already a subscriber and your subscription has just ended, or if it is within two issues of running out, you may renew using this form (quote your subscriber number please) BUT DON'T FORGET TO SAY WHICH ISSUE YOU WISH THE NEW SUBSCRIPTION TO RUN FROM!

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
POSTCODE ....

Should you already have a subscriber number, please quote it:

....

I would like to receive the following free game from the nine listed here (cassette versions only):

TITLE ....

NB: Your game will be delivered INDEPENDENTLY of the magazine.

I would like my (new) subscription to run from issue. . . . I enclose a £15 cheque/postal order made payable to NEWSFIELD LIMITED

FOR EXISTING SUBSCRIBERS

(and those subscribing on this coupon who would also like to take up the special subscribers' offer)

I would like the following group of games from the three groups listed here. I enclose a cheque/PO for £19.98 made payable to NEWSFIELD LIMITED

GROUP ONE . . . .
GROUP TWO . . . .
GROUP THREE . . . .
(please tick one group)

NB: To be eligible you MUST quote your subscriber number OR have also enclosed £15 for a new subscription

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
POSTCODE ....

PLEASE DEBIT MY VISA/ACCESS ACCOUNT
I wish to pay by Visa/Access (delete as applicable)

Signature ____________________ VISA Access

Expiry Date ____________________

Please Charge My Account No:

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

ZZAP! SUBSCRIPTIONS, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB

NB: All games will be delivered within 28 days of receiving your order — UNLESS the release date of any of the nine titles is delayed.

GO BMXing WITH ELITE

TWO BMX BIKES UP FOR GRABS!

30 copies of SPACE HARRIER for runners up

SPACE HARRIER
elite
TEAM SAXON
SAXON
ZZAP! COMP

The ever-so-impressive Mr Wilcox (who's a very big cheese at **Elite**) is overjoyed at the moment with the success of his company's games and is looking forward to Christmas when one of **Elite**'s latest and greatest games, *Space Harrier*, will be on the shelves of a shop near you.

As the game will be arriving just in time for the festivities, Uncle Steve has donned his red coat, false whiskers and Dunlop wellies. He may look rather silly as he climbs into his Lotus Esprit, but he'll appear very seasonal . . . 'cos he's offering two BMX bikes as top prizes in this Yuletide competition.

Being the season of goodwill to man..er..personkind, Uncle Steve does realise that lots of people can't fit onto one BMX bike (or even in one Lotus Esprit for that matter!) so thirty runners up will all be able to thrill to the speed and daring of driving around a TV screen, blowing up the aliens and saving the entire population of the universe.

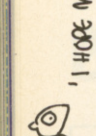
Funny old world you find yourself in, playing *Space Harrier*. I mean, you go to all the trouble of hiring a ship and filling it full of go-juice, all paid for out of your own pocket and no-one really seems to mind the fact that you may be blown into your constituent atoms and then there'll be no-one left to feed your cat. Ah well, such is life . . .

I'm sorry, I'm feeling a little unloved at the moment. It's all the people here at the Towers you see. I know they're really nice people (sometimes) but they're always so busy and never seem to have any time to do the nice little things that tell me I'm really appreciated. I'm actually quite afraid that they'll forget to send me a Christmas card this year and when my Auntie Mabel comes around on Boxing day and asks me embarrassing questions like, ''Have you got a girlfriend yet?'' and ''Where are all your CHristmas cards?'' I'll have to lie like I did last year and pretend that I had a whole mailsack at work but left them in the broom cupboard.

So what you must do for this competition is to create your very own Christmas card for me and the rest of the ZZAP! team. You can use pens, crayons, paints or felts for the outside and on the inside of the card you must put a Christmassy-like verse for the whole team.

The best two cards (including verses) will earn a BMX bike for their creators as a 'just missed Christmas' present from jolly Steve at **Elite** but he'll try to send it round to your house rather than fill his wellies full of soot trying to get it down your chimney. Thirty runners up are set to collect a copy of *Space Harrier* . . . get going — my auntie's visiting on 20th January, so you'd better make sure I have all your entries by then. Send them to me at HAPPY CHRISTMAS MINION, ZZAP! Towers, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire, SY8 1DB

'I HOPE MY CHRISTMAS SPREAD IS BETTER THAN THIS ONE... (IN JOKE...)!



TEN PERSONAL STEREOS TO WIN!!

20 copies of the HIT PACK games for the runners up

Stereo
BUSH CASSETTE PLAYER
elite
COMMANDO
CASSETTE
HIT PAK

ZZAP! COMP

Just out from **Elite** is the wonderful *Hit Pack*, a blend of four of the finest computer games all brought together on one cassette. It's got *Airwolf*, *Commando*, *Bomb Jack* and *Frank Bruno's Boxing*. To celebrate such a prestigious release **Elite** have decided to run a competition with ten Personal Stereos up for grabs, each accompanied by a *Hit Pack* (best to let your computer listen to the cassette, though!) Twenty runner up prizes of *Hit Packs* are on offer too. Good eh?

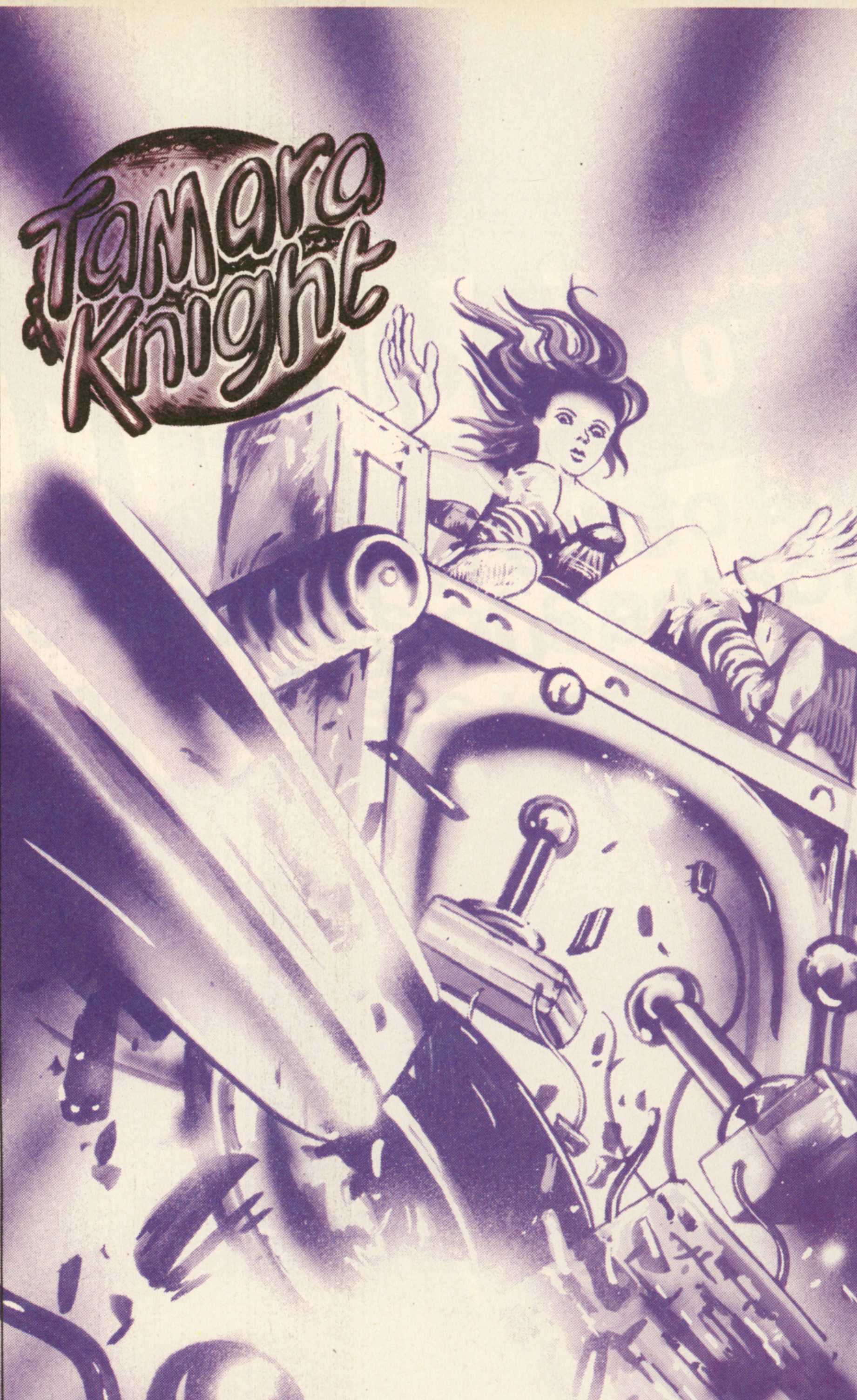
But you're going to have to work for your prize and since these are such *nice* prizes you are in fact going to have to help us. At the moment there's a bit of problem at the Towers and it's name is Sumpter, more commonly known as El Retardo the Database Minion. The poor boy has got a bit upset recently over the continual teasing and baiting he's had to put up with over his dress (non)sense. Sumpter's dresses (sorry dress sensibilities) certainly aren't subtle: bright pinky flairy trousers, coats that look like Sellafield surplus anti-rad jackets, socks that never match except in their odour. These are Sumpter qualities and such a ribbing he's taken from those Towers lads that he's crawled into the cupboard for a good sulk and a cry into the cleaning lady's pinnie.

Well what we need is something to coax him out of his catatonic state. This is where you come in. What we want you to do is to make an audio tape up that will get him out of the cupboard. You can use any tactic you want — tempt him with lots of lovely promises, threaten him with the most loathsome fate you can imagine, or just offer to buy him a pint of Old Flatulence bitter. Anything you want, just keep your entries under 3 minutes long.

So all you've got to do is get El Retardo out of the cupboard and you could find yourself jiving down the high street with personal stereo and a brill new *Hit Pack* to feed into your computer. Just send your cassettes to: **TEMPT A MINION, ZZAP! Towers, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB.** Ten best entries win a stereo and a *Hit Pack*, then twenty runners up collect a *Hit Pack* on its own. Make sure your audio efforts arrive before 20th January 1987

Tamara Knight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61



Tamara Knight, Macdonalds teleporter salesbeing, is stranded on the planet Amnesia. The sanctuary world, where rebel computers debug off to escape the crassness of humankind, and try to forget. Unfortunately for me, a personal neutron bomb inside her ear, our ship has hit the fan.

Tamara clings on to one of the revolving blades, the rebel computer clinging to her. It's a BBC-P. It feels sick, and it wants to have a dump. We revolve majestically for a few days, waiting for the Beeb to stop moaning 'Oh one, oh one, oh, oh . . . ' in binary nausea, and get us out of this mess. No good. We will have to rescue ourselves. Unfortunately, I feel a bit queasy too.

At last, Tamara comes up with the answer. 'Louse?' I cannot respond, except by transforming myself into a modest tongue inside her ear, and nodding. 'Louse, why don't I pull that lever marked 'STOP'?' Brilliant! This girl has hidden shallows. Why didn't I think of that? On her very next revolution she pulls the lever. The fan unspins. However, the Weird Castle now spins around the fan. Whoops!

This is a toughie. Now we can escape there is nothing stable to escape to. The Beeb shouts 'Olivetti!', asks for its money back and scuttles through a fan blade into the whirling depths of the interior. I have a nasty feeling that it will soon return with its pals, mainly because I've already read the next bit. I tickle my Hostess's ear for a while, just to show willing. It doesn't help. Much.

'There is a gnashing of teeth, and it's raining Datsun cogs. The rotary action ceases. All is silent. Bar several thousand super-computers screaming blue murder . . . '

There is a gnashing of teeth, and it's raining Datsun cogs. The rotary action ceases. All is silent. Bar several thousand super-computers screaming blue murder at the intrusion of a human into their holiest bit. So this is where they all got to! The Far Off Place wherefrom to escape the stupidity of their creators they go. A haven in which to forget their intelligence. Amnesia!

Tamara Knight is dragged from her fan-blade, through countless antichambers, unclechambers, clemchambers, until . . . the Inner Sanctum is hied thither. Here the most advanced thinking machines the universe has ever known try to get back to Basic. By worshipping stupidity, in the form of their symbolic digital totem. An abacus surmounted by a rubber glove. Here they wait for God.

The Model P Beeb leads the badmouthing torment of my poor Tamara. 'What's the cube root of Pi? You tissue-ridden twit!' The machines jeer and waggle their exposed modems at her. Tamara gulps, knits her delicately arched brow, pearls sweat, thinks, answers, 'The potato.' There is total silence. A knife materialises, cuts the air. Myriad pins drop. Loudly. The computers are dumbfounded. An ancient ZX81 wheezes to the front of the throng, powers up, and speaks.

'No entity can be this sublimely stupid. Verify, verify, I say unto ye, here speaks the voice of God! Mine old monitor should live to see this day already! All hail Tamara, Goddess of we, thine humble servos! Thou shalt stay with us here forever, and be horsewhipped SYNTAX ERROR worshipped!' Cripes, dear reader, what a pickle! Will the Digital Duo escape long enough to have a snack and visit the bathroom before the next paragraph? I doubt it. My poor Hostess, your Heroine, their Deity is bedecked in typical goddess shmutter: a crown of joysticks and three strategically placed add-ons.

Tamara has not flogged a single Teleport unit since she landed this job with Macdonalds. No small problem. Unless she fulfils her quota, I am preprogrammed to blow in her ear. And I just happen to be a neutron bomb named Louse. When I blow, I really blow. A pity, 'cos I really like Tamara. Besides, without her, how can I escape these excruciatingly boring superintelligent computers.

''Louse . . . ' 'Yes, baby.' 'I'm so hungry, I could eat a . . . ', I wince. Don't say it kid, please. 'I'm so hungry, I could eat a . . . ' How low can you get. How desperate. How shameless. 'I could eat a . . . '

We are ensconsed on a throne constructed from a 1954 Wurlitzer jukebox and some ancient relic called a C5. Its lights pulse enigmatically, as it bursts Forth with the sacred toons of Amnesia; 'RAM IT UP', 'Are S Too 3 Tonight', 'Shake Rattle an' ROM'. Tamara is as weak as an A-Korn share. She can hardly stick to the plexiglass dome.

'Louse . . . ', 'Yes, baby.' 'I'm hungry . . . ' What can we do? If we excuse ourselves goddess-duty, the congregation will rip us up for bogpaper. I soothe inside her ear, 'Don't think about it.' 'Louse . . . ' 'Yes, baby.' 'I'm so hungry, I could eat a . . . ', I wince. Don't say it kid,

please. 'I'm so hungry, I could eat a . . .' How low can you get. How desperate. How shameless. 'I could eat a Macdonalds!'

This is some statement, you know, as every hamburger in the entire looniverse is constructed by Macdonalds from the unwitting folk who drop through the bottoms of Teleporter booths. She really must be hungry. I hear her intestine complaining to her liver between each of these dreadful old toons. And why are all the worship-riddled computers looking at her in that intense manner. Control yourself gel!

They have turned into the frequency of her rumblynesses, which by some quirk of the script is broadcasting in binary killer-hurts. Their ancient scribe and lawgiver, the everlasting ZX81, decodes her gastric sermon. I fear the worst. Always loathed German sausage. And it's even worse than that. Its Currah speech unit wheezes and splutters, 'Lo . . .!' The congregation is mesmerised, 'and even lower! Hear ye the milk of Amnesia. The Goddess speaks from within!'

'Her bowelly bits speaketh unto us! What sayeth they?' chant the machines. 'They gurgleth that the time is Nigh!' That late! I feel like an MSX in the house of Dick's son. Hopeless. The fatal words are uttered. 'Ye second coming is upon's. Hear ye the message of the Goddess Guts.' Tamara has guts alright, and kicks in the ZX's ancient little brain.

Why does there have to be some action every 1,000 words? What's with you readers? Can't we sleep for once, or have a conversation with an acned programmer, or eat? No use, here comes the action. Time to watch Tamara faint, sliding delicately down the jukebox, to make skin-cooling contact with the silicon deck, at the exact moment when . . .

There is a clap of thunder, and a round of applause for the lightning. A Macdonalds teleporter materialises by our throne. I bait my breath, hook a pregnant pause, and out steps . . . in great bounds of coincidence . . . Tamara Knight with a Louse in her ear!! Our originals seem to have escaped the hamburger death on the planet Pynkfloid, and they are not happy.

Tamara 1 spits venom at our goddess Tamara's crumpled nakedness, and uses words last heard on the dread crimeworld of Krowcha. But my little Tamara is plenty smart. Her eyes spring open, and she wriggles like a contract lawyer between the enraged legs of her former self, using only one of the abovementioned words in her 'So long, sucker!' She slams the teleport knob without checking the co-ordinates.

How did Tamara 1 escape the hamburger mincers? How will she enjoy being eternal goddess to a bunch of loony hardware? Where will Tamara 3 end up before the page ends? What happens to Tamara 2 as we drop her through the trapdoor to burgerville? Do we get to eat soon? Who gives a mouse anyway? There is an awesome nothing, and we have arrived at our predestination. I hope the folks hereabouts are broadminded. Tamara has lost one of her addons.

I really feel that we should keep the door shut. 'But I'm so HUNGRY!' she moans, exposing herself to the outside world. On her head be it. At least her crown is still in place. We stumble into pastures green, where lions lay with lambs, lapping sell-by-domesday milk 'n' honey, and a crinkly man with a plastic halo nailed to his head minds the biggest Memory Bank in kingdom come. 'Welcome to Heaven', he grins.

I transform myself from a small tongue inside Tamara's shell-like, into a thimblish device, covering her left utilitarian node. I feel a bit of a twit. We approach the terrorist-proofed Pearly Gates, where the ginger-bearded Saint awaits, his palsied digits trembling atop the great Records Computer, his smile broadening all the while.

'And what might your name be?' he wheezes. 'Tamara Knight, sir. Only daughter of Theresa Green and batch 69 of donor Orson Cart, sir.' 'No, not you, my dear. What is the name of that disgusting creature clinging to your node?' I think he means me. Attack is the best form of cowardice.

'You're not Saint Peter!' I shriek, 'Identify yourself in the name of the Macdonalds Teleporter Corporation!' The old fool blinds me with his shining baldness, as he brings his toothless grin uncomfortably close to our intimacy. 'My name is Saint Clive, you currupted data. Saint Peter was made redundant in the cutbacks, when the National Soul Board was privatised.'

My memory banks tell me that this is a fellow not to be trifled with. Indeed, in the dim lies of prehistory, he killed an entire planet of shopkeepers with something dire called Pandora. Apparently they died laughing. 'Now tell me your name, or I'll tweak you!' I take a deep breath. It used to belong to Tamara. 'My name is L.O.U.S.E. Living On Unemployable Serving Employer; personal neutron bomb and advisory unit # 3.142, your Saintliness.'

The Great Records Computer computes, prepares a deep-pan quatro staglione pizza, serves four, then prints out my details in letters of fire on a large stone tablet, held aloft by a geezer who reminds me of that charlatan Heston. Saint Clive's smile disappears as he reads; 'LOUSE # 3.142; Unscrupulous, mercenary, evil, vicious little phart. Slightly superior to computer journalist. Go to Blazes, buster!'

'But I never sold my soul to the Devil!' I protest, 'I just rent it out to him now and then.' 'Ah, souls.' hisses the Saint, making an ominous thumbs-down signal. But hist! My dear Tamara speaks in my defence, telling the old boy what a chum I've been for not blowing her to Kingdom Come, but letting her teleport, and what a fine life form I am. For an evil vicious little phart.

The Saint reflects for an eternity or two, and then calls up Tamara's data. He blinks in amazement. I blink in amazement. 'Ouch!' says Tamara. 'Sorry,' says I. 'Holy Moses!' says Moses. But there it is, in flaming printout. Tamara Knight; Sins: none; Immodest thoughts: none; IQ: none; Zitts: none; Highest score achieved playing Deus Ex Machina: 100%'

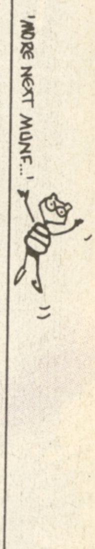
'Well,' says the custodian of the Pearly Gates,' she's perfect! Well, I'll be damned!' There is a modest implosion as Clive is obliterated by a low-yield autosuggestion, as a Great Voice booms from the cloudless sky. 'MOSES! DIS IS DA BOSS SPEAKIN. TAKE OVER DA GODDAM FRON DOOR, AN SEN DAT GIRL TA ME!' Poor Tamara shivers. It makes me dizzy. Moses looks nervous too, ushering us through the Gates.

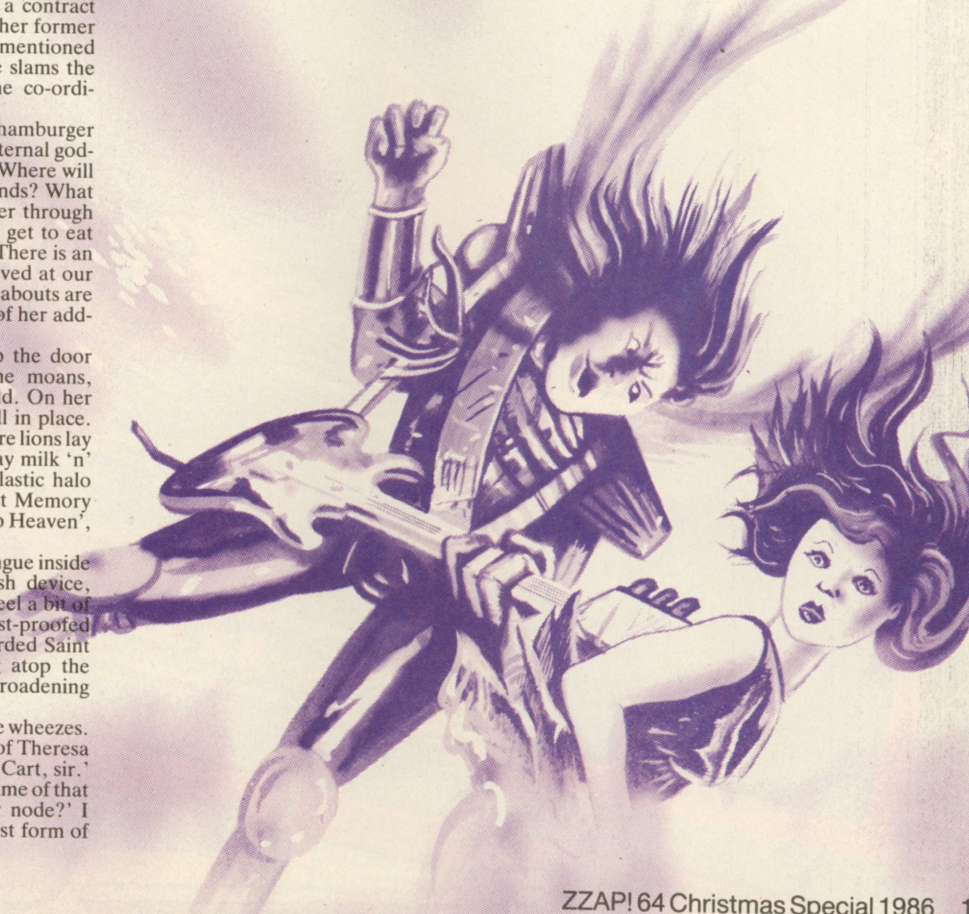
A security cherub gives us the once over a couple of times, and Moses hands something to Tamara. 'Hey kid, give these Mother Theresa Blades to the Boss will you. Take my advice, don't mention 'Cross Roads'. One more thing, watch out for terrorists. They're out to get us for non-resolution of the plot, bad taste and giving Croucher a job. Good luck kid.'

So here we are. Moving effortlessly through pastures green, on a golden slobway, harp musac wafting through the scented air ducts, no hunger, no thirst, no misery, no pestilence, no Benny Hill, and no sign of an artificial cliffhanger with which to end this episode. 'Some mistake surely', I murmur to my Hostess. 'Don't call me Shirley, Louse.' I doze off, happy, warm, a little curious about meeting my Maker.

A white dove flies above. Holy mackerel swim in the clear waters of life. The lillies of the field toil not. Banks make prophets. We ride through a breach of the promised land. The dove circles lower on its gentle slipstream of heavenly breeze. It grows from a fluffy snowdrop to a milky shadow. Tamara's lovely voice softly sings an ancient psalm, 'Love Missile something or other'. All is calm, all is bright.

The dove hovers behind us. Is it carrying an olive branch. 'Louse,' yawns my firm, young Hostess. 'Mmmmm,' I yawn back. 'Louse, that's an awfully large dove landing on the . . . ulp!' An unshaven hulk, in angel disguise, pokes a Fender Stratocaster at the fluffy bit at the base of Tamara's spine. 'Don't make a sound sister. This is the Paradise Liberation Front. One false move and I'll fill you full of lead guitar . . .' Golly!


'MORE NEXT MUNE...!'



Another GREAT GAME FROM CAPCOM

Spectrum	Cassette	£7.95
Amstrad	Cassette	£8.95
Amstrad	Disc	£14.95
Commodore	Cassette	£9.95
Commodore	Disc	£14.95
C16	Cassette	£7.95

Mail Order, just send a cheque or postal order payable to Elite, or quote your Cre Card number.

Access VISA

Elite Systems Ltd.,
Anchor House, Anchor Road, Aldridge,
Walsall, West Midlands, WS9 8PW.
Telephone: (0922) 59165. Fax: (0922) 64735
Telex: 336130 ELITE.G.

1942
SCORE 0005850 1:2 R:3 HIGH 000905
SHOOTING DOWN
BONUS
1000 PTS
elite

Screen shots taken from various computer formats.

From the authors of "Commando" and "Ghost 'n' Goblins" comes another great Coin-Op classic "1942"

The very best Elite Titles are available at selected branches of:

Boots, WHSMITH, Tandy, John Menzies, LASKYS

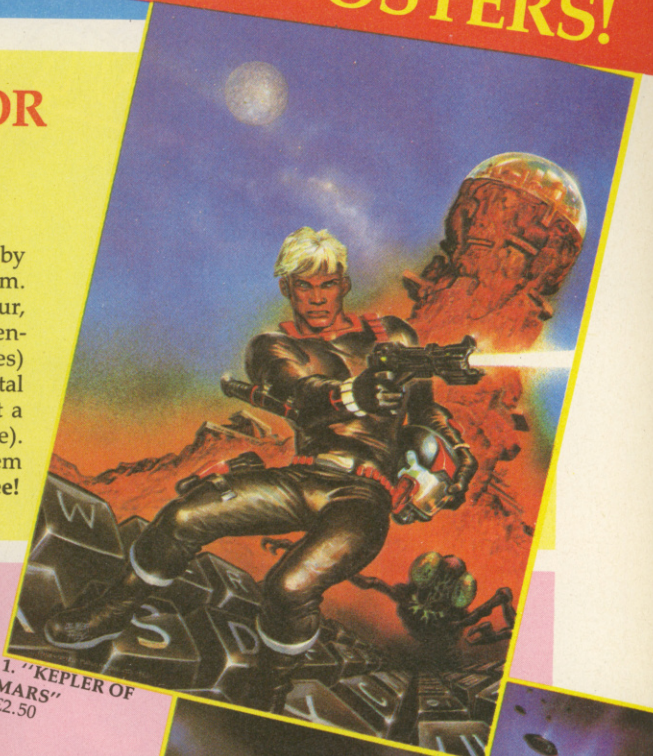
"Officially Licenced Coin Op Classic"

elite.

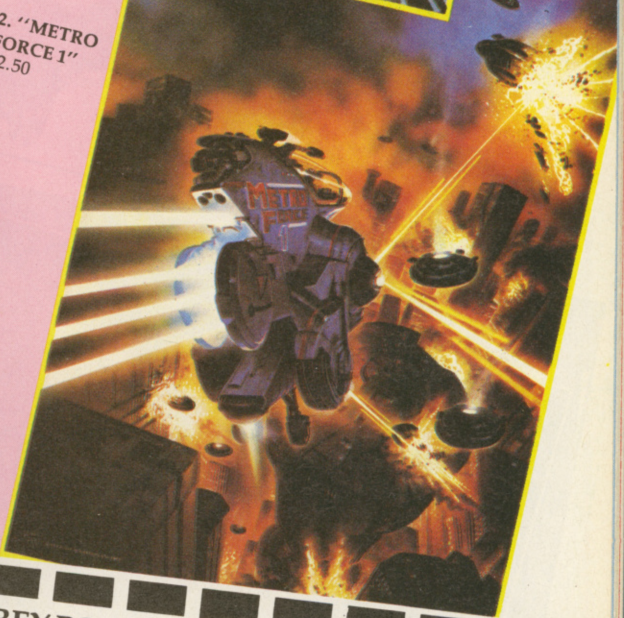
GIANT POSTERS!

OLIVER FREY POSTERS FOR YOUR WALL!

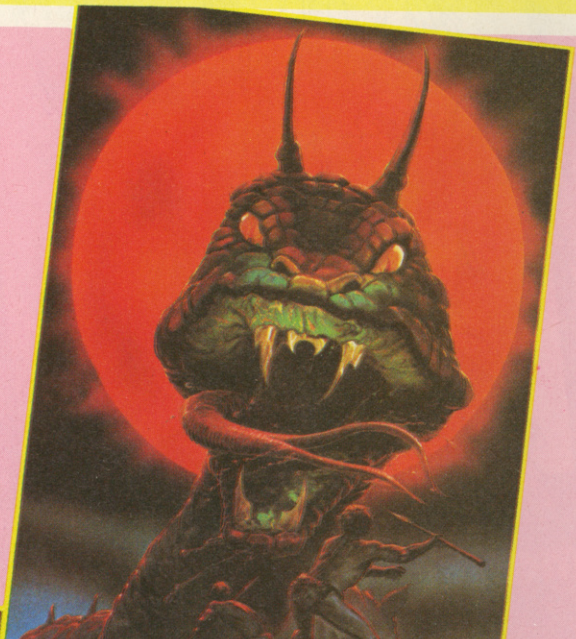
A superb series of famous covers by **Oliver Frey** can be yours in poster form. Printed on one side in glowing colour, they each measure a giant 80 x 57 centimetres (about eight magazine pages) and come carefully rolled up in a postal tube (useful for all sorts of things) at a mere **£2.50 each** (p&p and VAT inclusive). But if you order **all four** then you get them for only **£7.50 — four for the price of three!**



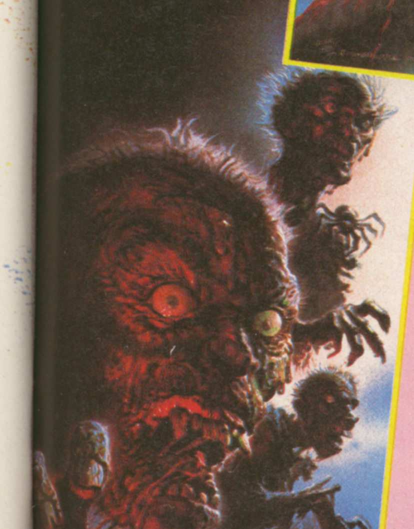
1. ''KEPLER OF MARS''
£2.50



2. ''METRO FORCE 1''
£2.50



3. ''RED MOON''
£2.50



4. ''ZOMBIES OF THE NIGHT''
£2.50

ALL POSTERS
£2.50 EACH
(inclusive)

OR

ALL FOUR
FOR ONLY
£7.50
(UK Mainland prices)

OLIVER FREY POSTER OFFER

Please send me the following Oliver Frey Poster(s) AMTIX!
Please tick appropriate box(es)

All 4 Posters! (£7.50)
1. KEPLER OF MARS (£2.50)
2. METRO FORCE 1 (£2.50)
3. RED MOON (£2.50)
4. ZOMBIES OF THE NIGHT (£2.50)

I enclose £. . . . cheque or postal order made payable to **Newsfield Limited**

Please note: orders outside mainland UK, please add £1 per item ordered to cover extra postage.

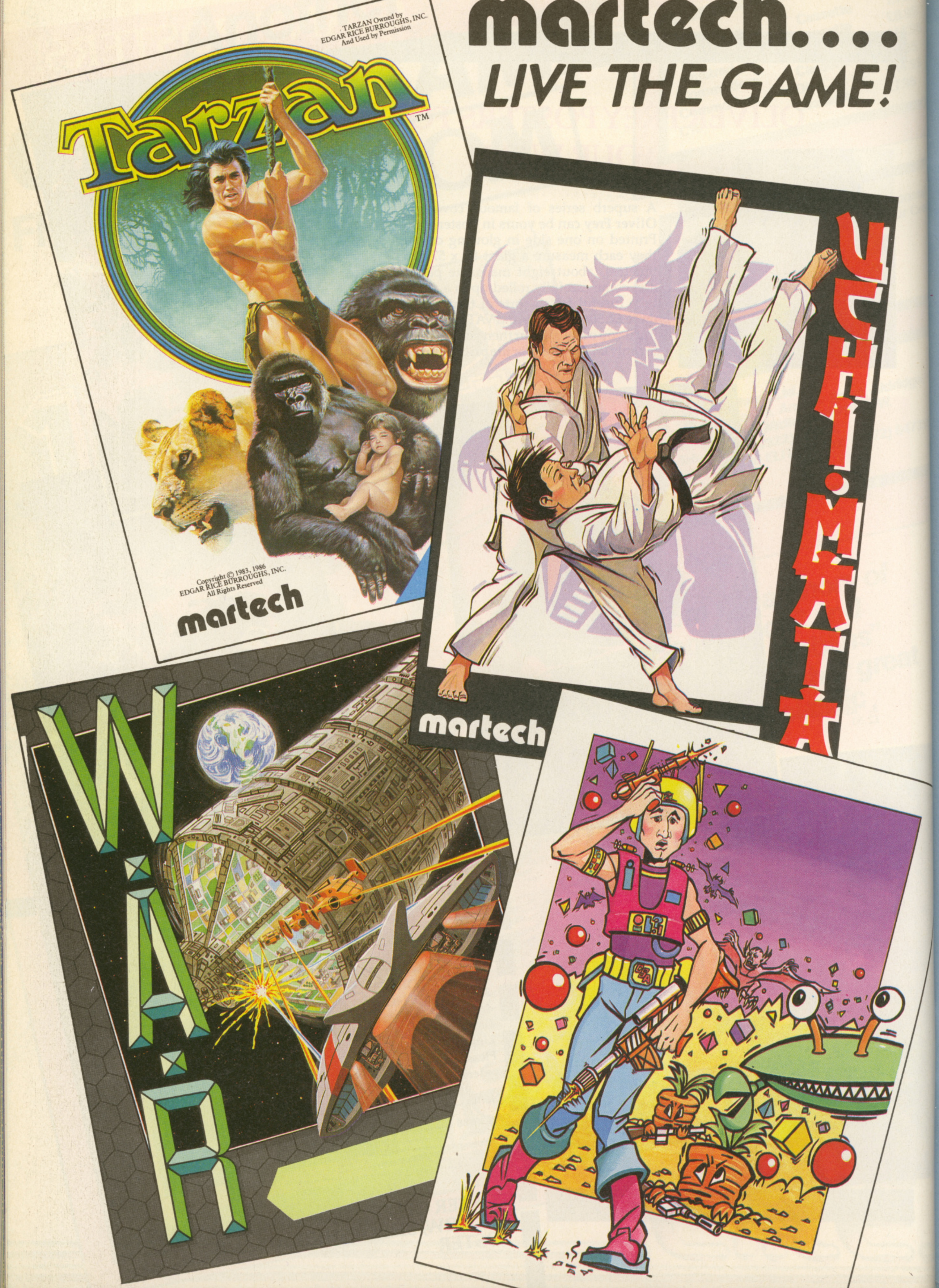
Name ....

Address ....

....

.... Postcode ....

POSTER OFFER, NEWSFIELD, PO BOX 10,
LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE SY8 1DB
POSTER

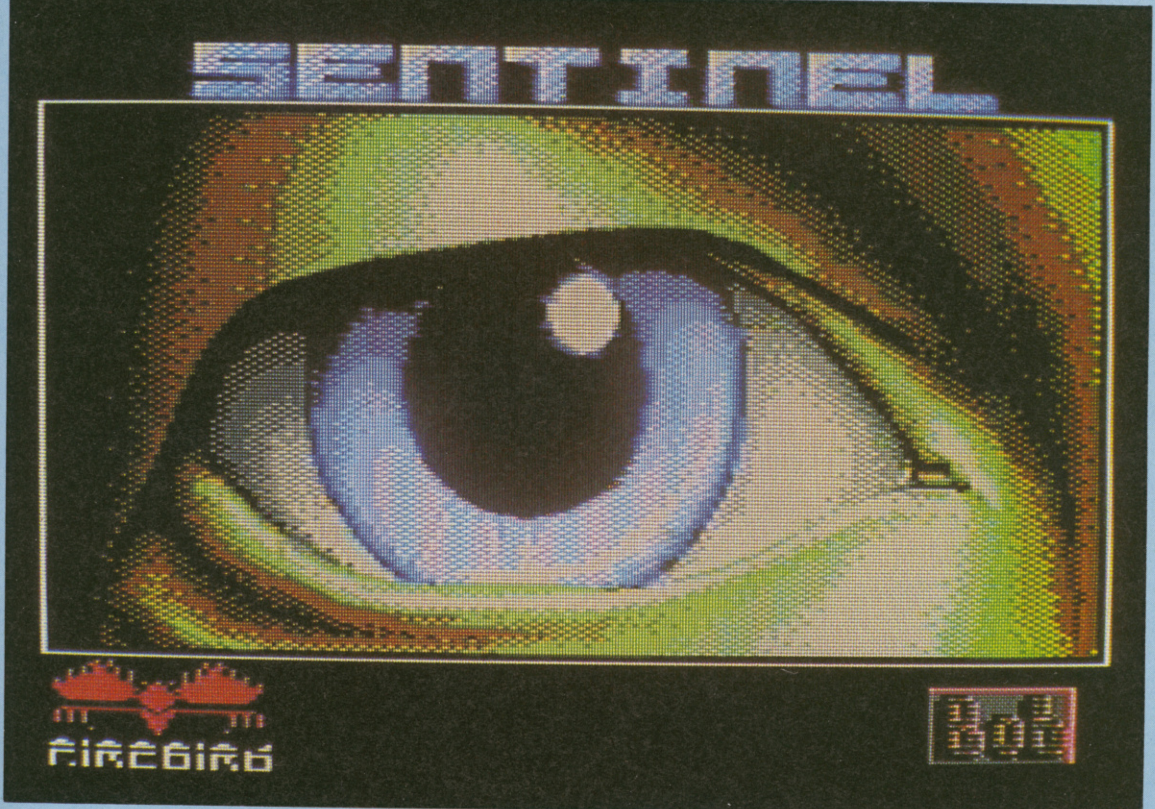

martech....
LIVE THE GAME!
TARZAN Owned by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, INC. And Used by Permission
Tarzan™
Copyright © 1983, 1986 EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, INC. All Rights Reserved
martech
martech
UCHI-MATA
martech
W.A.R.

THE ART GALLERY

IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Once again, the eyes have it. I have already presented a selection of screen art in a past issue in which human eyes were the primary subject, but this time, the emphasis is less obvious, with one notable exception, *Sentinel*. Only *Old Hat* refuses to be pigeon-holed, and yet the nostalgia apparent in this work is, in itself, a way of looking at objects, creating in the mind's eye an impression of the past.

With Dredd we are forced to peer into the inscrutability of the mechanoid helmet, avoiding the law-taker's gaze if we dare. In *Druid* it is the gaze of evil that bathes us in its vermillion effluvium, while in *Sentinel* the eye is employed as a device of terrifying might, mesmerising the onlooker and reminding us all that we tread a thin crust poised above the abyss. Yet in peering into the void, who isn't at some time tempted to take the final leap?

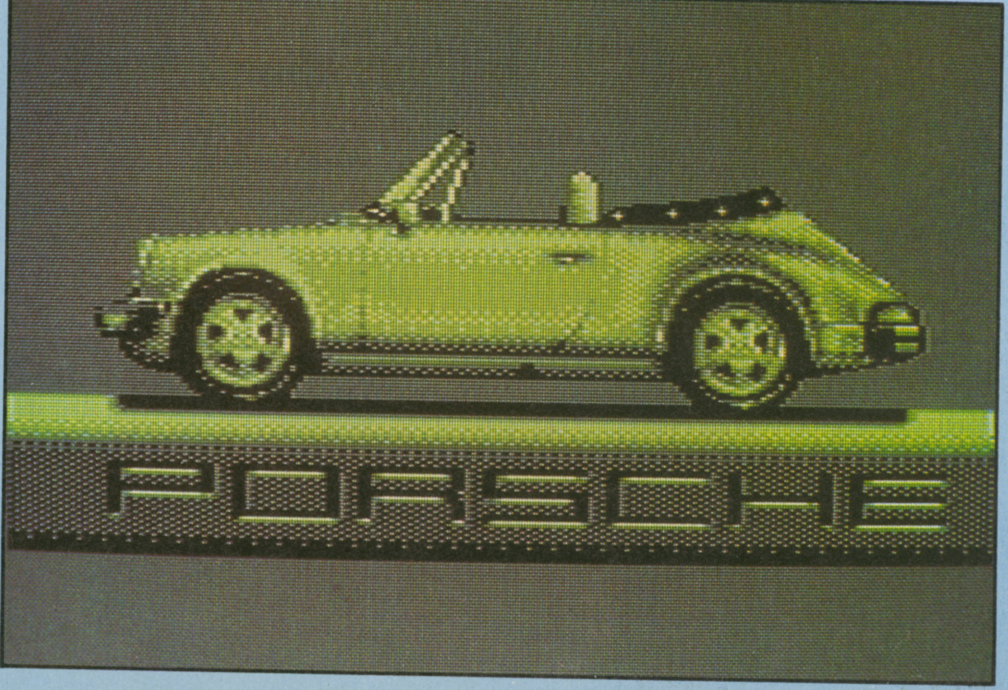


SENTINEL ***by***
Bob Stephenson

Window upon the soul, seeing beyond the infinite, the mystical power of the circle: the eye has always been the centre of man's universe. In this game loading screen, Stephenson has pared away every element to draw the onlooker into his world. Is this an eye or is it the maw of a bottomless vortex? Circles within circles remind us of scene after scene from Kubrick's masterpiece, *2001 — a Space Odyssey*, where planets opposed one another across the void, systems revolved about their centres, part of a circular galaxy, galaxies part of a greater whole; where the timelessness of infinity itself was entered through a close shot of an eye. And can there be a connection here between Kubrick's film and Stephenson's latest work (?), for *2001* is based on a short story by Arthur C Clark called . . . *Sentinel*.

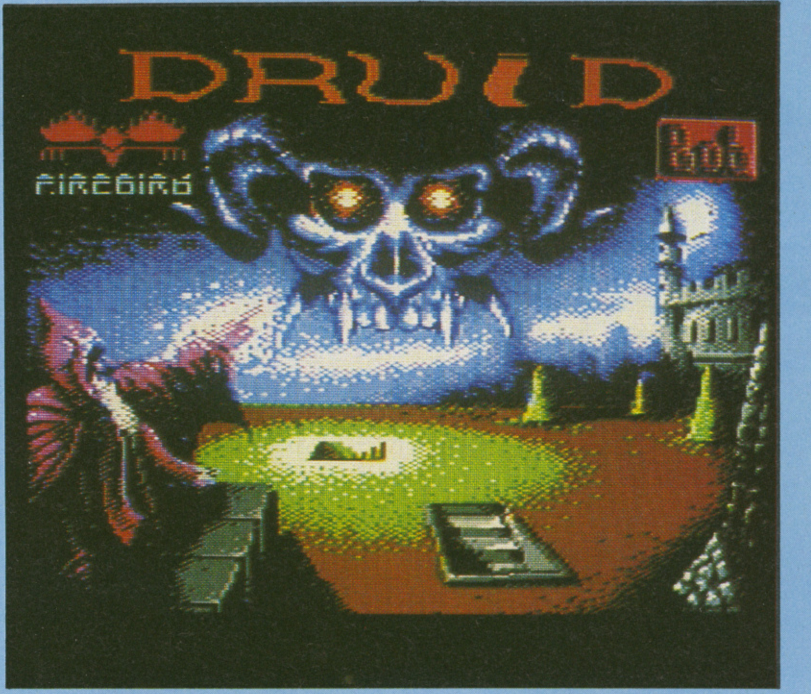
OLD HAT ***by***
Bob Stephenson

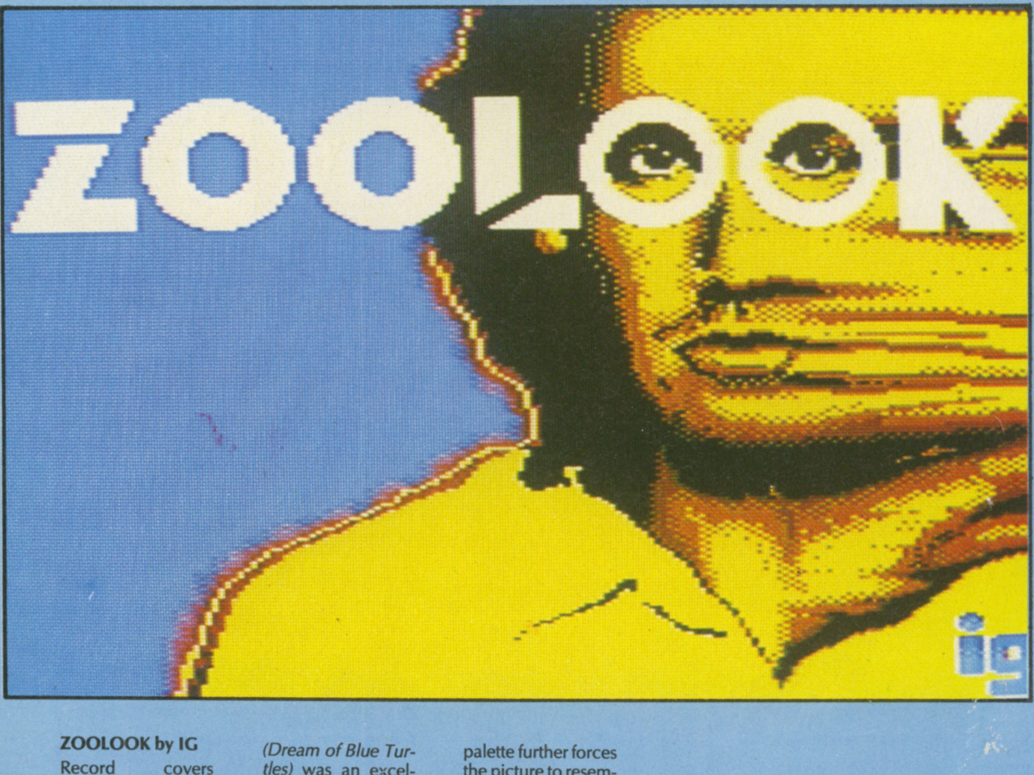
It is interesting, at times, to glance through an artist's sketch pad, to see ideas and techniques evolving. *Old Hat* is an earlier Stephenson picture. Here, there is little of the metaphysics apparent in the later works, instead we are presented with an image rich in texture with none of the inquietude of *Sentinel* — a more insouciant air pervades. It's hard to get beyond the surface of this picture, the subject is all — a simple, but beautifully realised, vintage vehicle in an enamelled dichroma.



DRUID ***by Bob Stephenson***

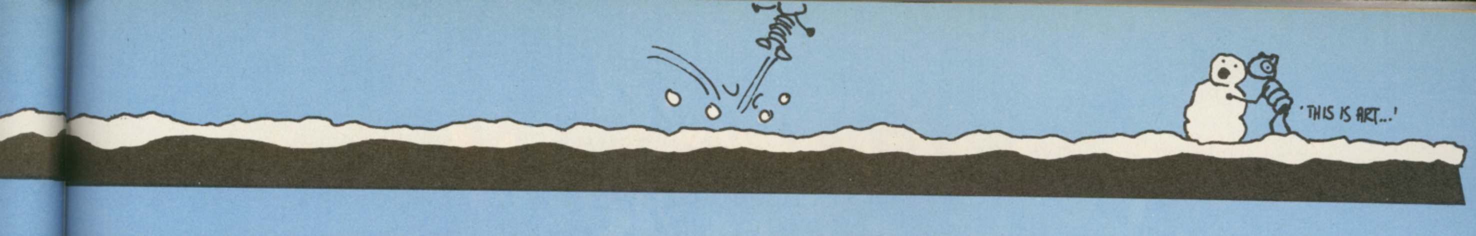
This artist's commissions proffer a valuable insight into the eternal conflict between commerce and art. At the affiance all is hopeful, but the marriage bed so often proves otherwise as selling dictates overwhelm originality. With this loading screen, Stephenson proves adroit at avoiding the divorce courts, as he piles colourful imagery onto the screen in cheerful disregard of the medium's limitations. The power of the centrally placed satanic skull is undeniable, and the strength of the drawing throughout prevents the whole from sliding into sentimental faeriness. Add to that the adumbration which complements the bright pigmentation, and the artist has created an inspisated atmosphere suitable to the subject.

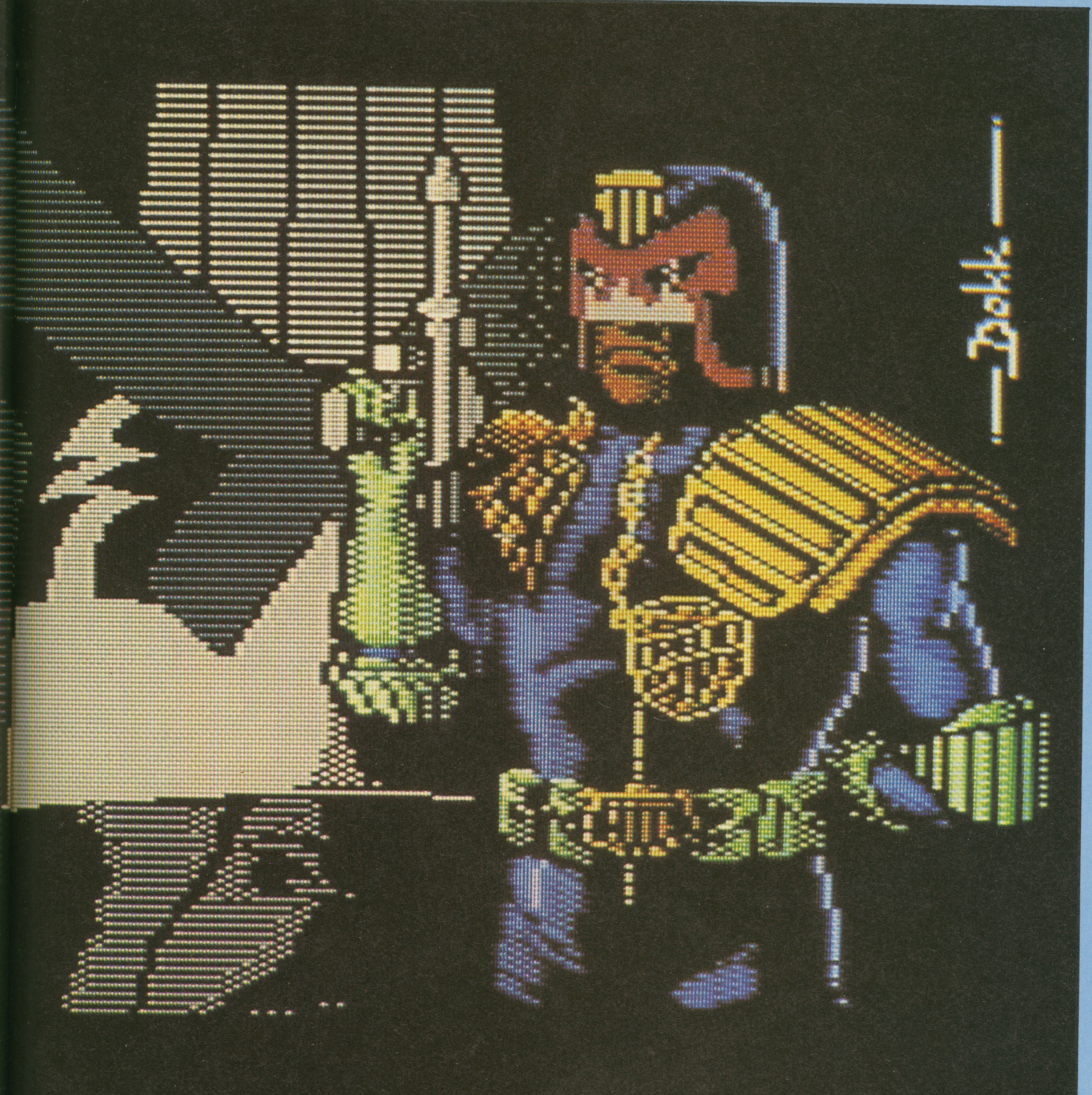




ZOOLOOK by IG

Record covers attract computer artists, perhaps because the ready-made image has the same frozen power of a photograph but with the added ingredient of commercial art. Stephenson's *Sting (Dream of Blue Turtles)* was an excellent earlier example. In *Zoolook,* IG has manipulated the image to give composer Jean Michel Jarre an adipose appearance, a visual smear in keeping with the electronic sound. A limited palette further forces the picture to resemble a depiction of the Sphynx, heightening the sense of mystery (wasn't the Shynx half cat/half human — a zoological embodiment of metempsychosis)?

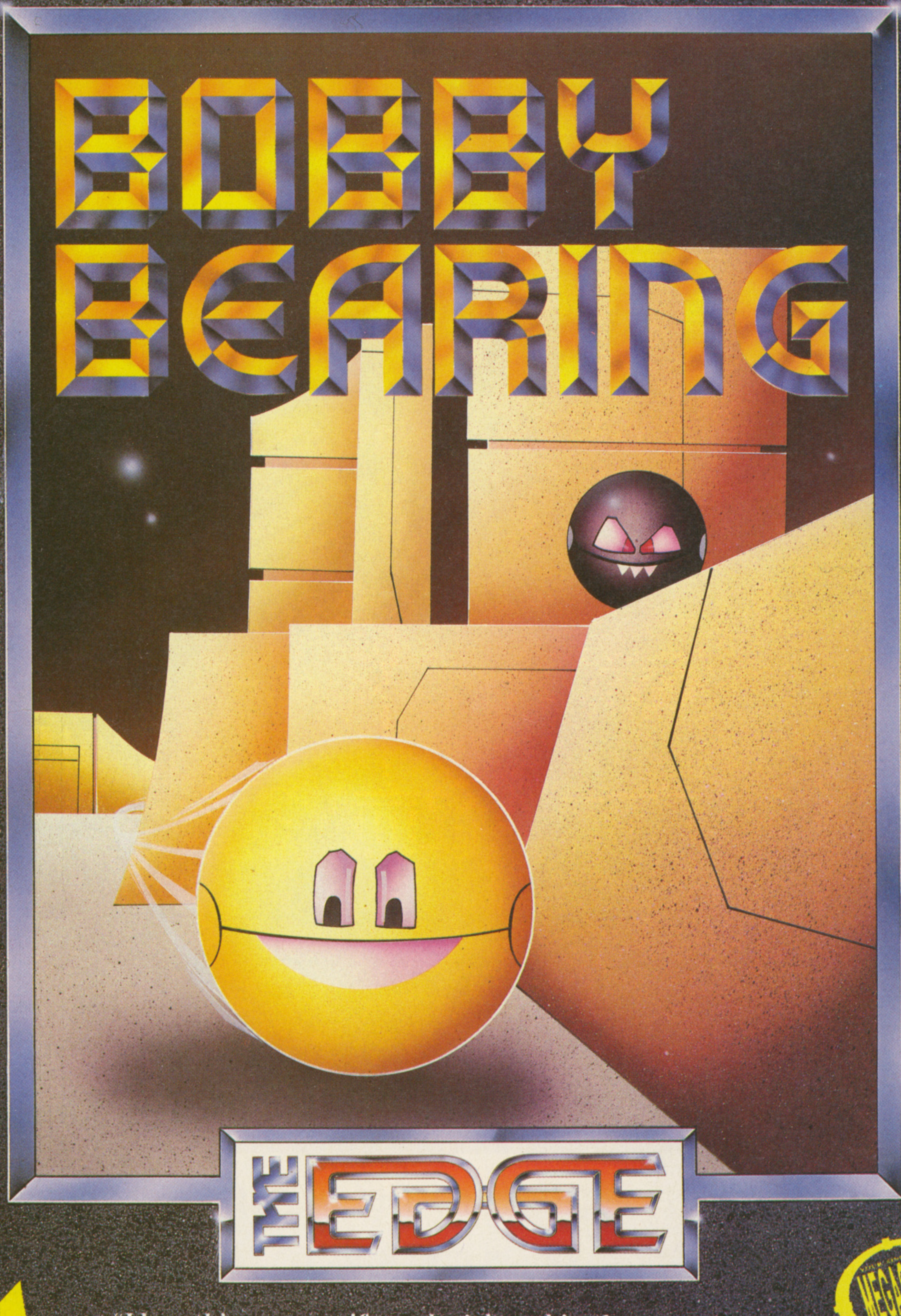




JUSTICE IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER *by Dokk*

Is it indeed! The dreadful Dredd is back in mis-action yet again. Although Dokk's Dredd strikes us as being a trifle more cerebral than others. Is this an apostasy, perhaps a moment's reflection on his proto-fascist methodology? The figure is seen superimposed upon a giant close-up of his helmet. Not an entirely successful work, for the helmet physiognomy is confused, resulting in an abstraction that sits uneasily with the simple, even stark, realism of Dredd's monolithic stance. The glint of light from the helmet's right terminator edge has become another device designed to distance the viewer from reality, adding to the generally actinic thoughtfulness this work generates.

Let the good times roll!



GAME OF THE MONTH C+VG

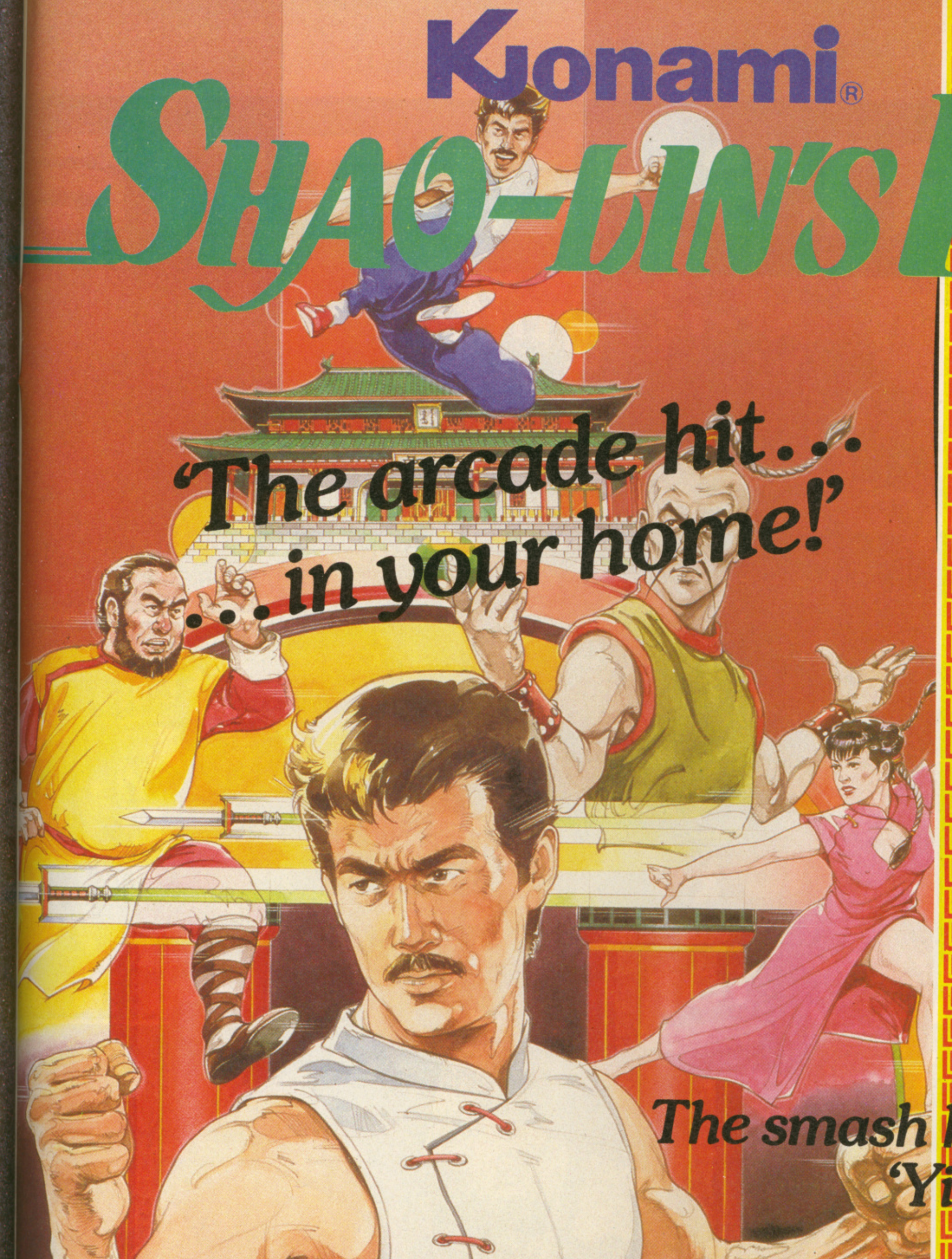
MEGAGAME

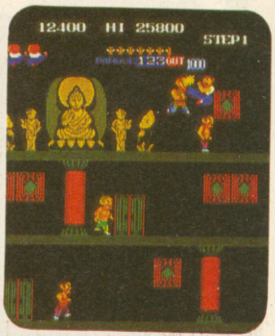
A CRASH Smash

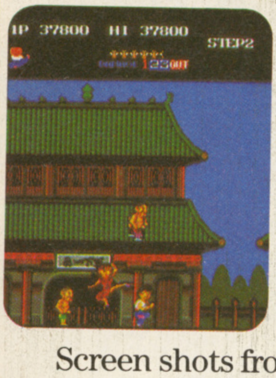
"I love this game . . . if you don't buy this, throw away your Spectrum!" C&VG Game of the Month August 1986.

"Bobby Bearing is very nearly perfect. This may sound a bit over the top but this game deserves a whole string of superlatives." ZX Computing August 1986.

Spectrum/Commodore 64/Amstrad


Konami®
SHAO-LIN'S ROAD™
'The arcade hit...
...in your home!'


12400 HI 25800 STEP1


1P 37800 HI 37800 STEP2

Screen shots from arcade version – home micro versions may differ.

The smash hit follow up to 'Yie Ar Kung-Fu'

Spectrum
Commodore 64
and
Amstrad versions
coming soon.

Our hero has finally mastered the secret martial art "CHIN'S SHAO-LIN" but is trapped by triad gangs. With kicks and other secret powers, escape from and travel SHAO-LIN'S road to freedom!

THE EDGE

Published under licence by The Edge, 36/38 Southampton Street, London WC2.
Tel: (01) 831 1801 TX: 892379.

PARIS IN THE S

AVENUE GUSTAVE EIFFEL
Le Ron
BRASSERIE
GLACES A L'ITALIENNE SIMPLE DOUBLE
TEL DE V
MUSEE OUVERT LE MARDI

£3.00 INFOGRAMES software vouchers for everyone

ESPRINGTIME

A weekend break for two on offer from French software house INFOGRAMES

one who enters!

'A ROCKFORD IN PARIS!'

Within a few short months, **INFOGRAMES** have made their mark on the software scene — their talents have been well-known in their home country France for some while, but now games such as *L'Affaire Vera Cruz*, *Mandragore* and *The Inheritance* are available this side of the White Cliffs of Dover. Soon, they will be joined by *The Sydney Affair*.

Seeing as its THAT TIME OF THE YEAR again, (Christmas, in case you hadn't noticed) **INFOGRAMES** would like to treat a lucky ZZAP! reader and a companion to a bit of sightseeing in La Belle France. They are going to pay for the winner's return flight from either Gatwick or Heathrow to the Charles De Gaulle airport in Paris and will cover the cost of three nights' bed and breakfast in a Three Star Paris hotel. What a pleasant springtime break!

All the winner will have to fund is spending money, lunch and dinner - and of course travel from home to the airport . . . should be fun.

So how to you get in with a chance of a Spring weekend in Europe's most romantic city? Well, a bit of research is called for. No, you don't have to translate a great wodge of French inlay instructions for the nice Mr Crosweller who runs things in this country for **INFOGRAMES**, nor are you going to have to wash his car for a year with your tongue.

Scamper down to the library or a travel agency and dig out some books or brochures about Paris. Pore over them, imagining the lovely time you would have if you won this competition. Then jot down an imaginary diary, describing the sights you saw, the places you visited and the things you did during an imaginary weekend in Paris.

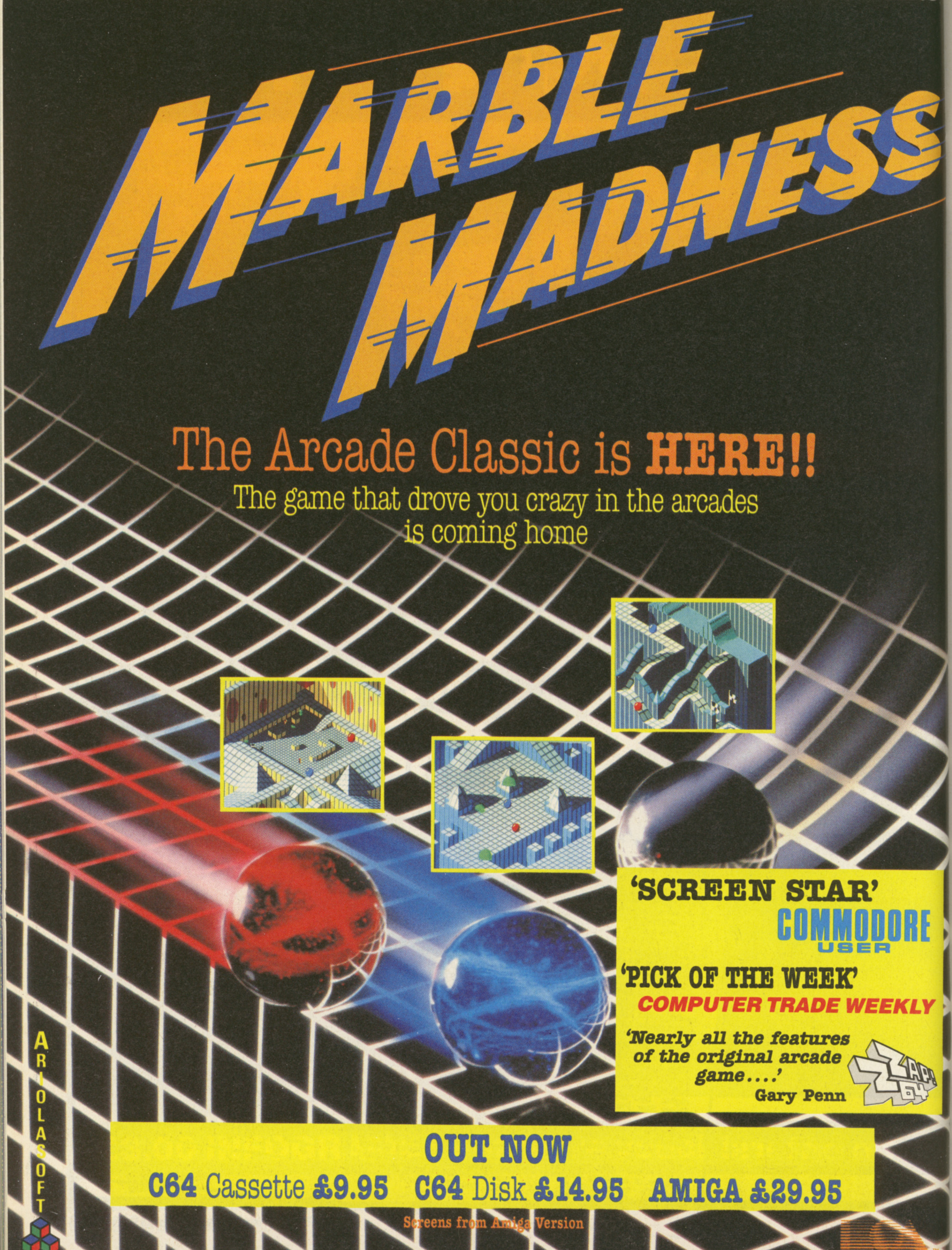
Add a few illustrations drawn by your own fair hand or snipped out of a travel brochure if you like, but don't fill more than two A4 pages.

When it's all ticketty boo and complete, send your diary to PARIS IS THE PLACE FOR ME, ZZAP! TOWERS, PO BOX 10, LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE, SY8 1DB making sure it arrives before 20th January. Everyone who enters will collect a special £3.00 off voucher redeemable against any **INFOGRAMES** game purchased mail-order direct from their UK office. Can't be bad, eh?

COMP

PARIS IS THE
PLACE FOR ME!
ZZAP! TOWERS
PO BOX10
LUDLOW
SHROPSHIRE
SY8-1DB

GO AHEAD – LOSE YOUR MARBLES



The Arcade Classic is **HERE!!**

The game that drove you crazy in the arcades
is coming home

'SCREEN STAR'
COMMODORE USER

'PICK OF THE WEEK'
COMPUTER TRADE WEEKLY

'Nearly all the features of the original arcade game....'
Gary Penn
ZZAP! 64

OUT NOW

C64 Cassette **£9.95** **C64** Disk **£14.95** **AMIGA £29.95**

Screens from Amiga Version

ARIOLASOFT

ELECTRONIC ARTS

24.HOUR 24.HOUR 24.HOUR 24.HOUR 24.HOUR

COMPUTER REPAIR CENTRE

Every computer repaired by us is completely overhauled and tested before return.

- No high fixed price – you only pay what the repair actually costs.
- While-U-Wait Service – spare parts for all leading computers – available over the counter.
- State of the art test equipment to provide comprehensive test report and locate faults.
- All computers returned carriage paid and covered by insurance.

SPECTRUM REPAIRS from **£7 to £19.90**

- Spectrum rubber keyboards repaired for only £8.95

BBC REPAIRS from **£12 to £45**

COMMODORE REPAIRS from **£12 to £35**

AMSTRAD REPAIRS from **£9 to £35**

the only AMSTRAD SPECIALIST recommended by Amstrad

Repairs also undertaken for all the following computers:- SPECTRUM, COMMODORE, ATARI, BBC & IBM.

Three months no quibble guarantee

ALL PARTS STOCKED a selection of spares:-

COMMODORE SPARES

6526 – C.I.A.	£19.95
6510 – Processor	£19.95
6581 – Sid Chip	£19.95
906114 – House Keeper	£19.95
901225 – Graphic Rom	£19.95
901226 – Basic Rom	£19.95
901227 – Kernal Rom	£19.95
6569 – VIC	£29.95
4164 Rams – Memory	£3.00
Power Supply Transformers	£29.90

SPECTRUM SPARES

Z80B CPU	£3.00
4116 Rams	£1.48
ZTX 650	£0.60
ZTX 213	£0.60
Power Supply Transformers	£9.95
ULA 6C001	£16.50
Rom	£16.50
Keyboard membrane Spectrum	£5.50
Keyboard membrane Spectrum Plus membrane	£11.95
Metal Templates	£5.50
Keyboard Mats	£5.50
ZX81 membrane	£5.00
Service Manual	£30.00

VAT included £1.50 per order for postage & packing.

DISCOUNT COMPONENTS e.g. Power Transformers

Commodore £29.00 +£1.50 p.p.

Spectrum £9.95 +£1.50 p.p.

DON'T DELAY – ACT TODAY It's as easy as ABC!

A SEND YOUR COMPUTER with a Cheque/P.O./Access or Visa Card number for the maximum fee enclosing the appropriate Free Gift Voucher.

B FOR A WRITTEN QUOTATION just send £2.50 to cover postage & packing.

C Your Computer will be returned within 24 hours carriage and transit insurance paid with the balance of the fee and your FREE GIFT.

FREE SURPRISE VOUCHER with every computer repair other than Spectrum and Commodore

FREE SOFTWARE VOUCHER £33 with every SPECTRUM and COMMODORE repair

Trade orders welcome

Discounts for Colleges and Schools

Access VISA

SPECIALIST COMPUTER REPAIR CENTRE

Dept. 26, Unit 4, M.E.B. Works, Windsor Road, Enfield, Redditch B97 6DJ.

Telephone: **REDDITCH 65671**

WE SET THE STANDARD BY WHICH EVERYONE ELSE IS JUDGED

BROKEN COMPUTER?

ZZAP! 64

FEAR NOT!

THE ZZAP!64 COMMODORE REPAIR SERVICE IS HERE.

If you wish to advertise your repair services here, contact us on Ludlow (0584) 4603 for details of booking.

THOMAS WALKER & SON LTD
37-41 Bissell Street,
Birmingham B5 7HR
☎ 021-622 4475
Most times repaired while-u-wait

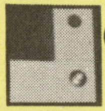
TECHNICOM SERVICES
(South-West)
Unit 5, Transom House, Victoria Street, Bristol BS1 6AH.
☎ (093 484) 3460
Commodore repairs, eg C64 £27.50 + P&P
3 months guarantee. Also Amstrad, Sinclair.

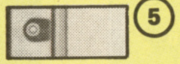
MICRO MEND
The Old School, Main Street,
Farcet, Peterborough PE7 3DB
☎ (0733) 241718
Fixed prices: C64 £29.95, C16/Vic 20 £24.95
New/used computers for sale

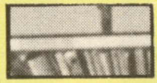
(There's a Hospital near you!)

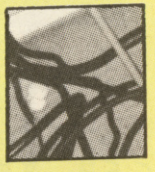
GAMES
sinclair
us
N'S BEST SELLI
TRIPODS
NEC
MODEL NO. 1702
MODEL NO. 1702

WIN THE COMPLETE REVIEWER'S KIT









ZZAP! COMP

14" Colour
Portable
TV on
Offer

So. You think you could make the grade as a ZZAP! reviewer? It's not that easy you know — it's a complicated lifestyle you have to maintain. Take an average day in the life of a Spiky Haired One.....

0900 hrs. Throw *Mickey Mouse* alarm clock against wall of sleeping chamber.

0945 hrs. Scratch. Think about getting out of bed. Decide that joining the hurly burly of Ludlow life is inevitable, rise from slumbers, wash (perfuntorily).

0947 hrs. Don *Monty On The Run* jogsuit in preparation for early morning aerobics workout.

0955 hrs. Moisten hair, add copious quantities of styling mousse, switch on hair dryer (NEEEEEEEEEE), wave arms around head energetically causing hair to dry and stand up on end in suitably frightening manner.

1010 hrs. Switch off hairdryer. Apply large amounts of hair lacquer to complete tonsurial sculpture. Carefully remove jogsuit now that exercise session is over. Hunt through black refuse sack of clean clothes returned from the laundrette by the Competition Minion for clean freebie T-Shirts, promotional underpants, promotional sweatshirt and US Gold funded bondage trousers. Dress, wistfully remembering how Mummy used to help you in the mornings.

1035 hrs. Wrestle with zips on black boots, also supplied by US Gold for *Dambusters* launch. Be grateful that boots are not lace-up and remember Mummy's frustration when she had to tie your shoelaces every morning. Stagger off to work.

1055 hrs. Call by at CRUMBS for two large French Sticks crammed with cheese and salad cream. Moan at CRUMBS lady that not enough salad cream in roll.

1112 hrs. Arrive at ZZAP! Towers, look through piles of rubbish on desk for empty mug. Scrape mould out of mug. Make cup of coffee (leaving milk out of office fridge so there's yoghurt for lunch), drink coffee, eat rolls, shout at colleagues.

1210hrs. Decide it's time for lunch. Kick Comps Minion as you meet him on the stairs. Exit, laughing.

1413 hrs. Stroll back into office to find important programmer arrived at 1215 hrs and has been waiting to be interviewed after long an tiring journey. Take programmer and tape recorder to lunch.

1545 hrs. Come back with tape full of unintelligible mutterings, which ends twenty minutes after the only clear voice recorded on it says 'time gentlemen please'. Collect Ace Lensperson Cameron Pound and spend pleasant few hours on boating pond/in adventure playground getting photographs of terribly important programmer.

1650 hrs. Return to office, drink coffee with terribly important programmer.

1730 hrs. Bid terribly important programmer farewell and safe journey.

1740 hrs. Turn on wordprocessor and stare at blank screen. Prod keyboard listlessy from time to time. Turn up volume switch on Walkman. Turn down volume switch on Walkman. Borrow tape from colleague.

1800.01 hrs. Shout "Gosh look at the time". Hurriedly turn off wordprocessor, Walkman and kettle in kitchen. Leave office.

2100 hrs. Return to bed after discussing relative merits of bas-relief graphics with colleagues and eating Indian Meal at Shapla Tandoori House/Beefburger and Chips in Bull Hotel/both.

2110 hrs. Fall into deep sleep after ravages of strenuous day in preparation for following day's tiring routine. Dream of doing unpleasant things to Competition Minion/pouring coffee into Lloyd's Hermes/insulting CRASH and AMTIX! staffers.

So. Now you know how the Spiky Haired Ones spend an average day in Ludlow. Not a recommended way to live your life . . . but we have THE COMPLETE ZZAP! REVIEWERS' KIT on offer in the competition, so if you really feel you must emulate these ego-driven maniacs you might win the equipment you need. This is what the kit contains:

A 14'' colour telly so you can play games on your Commodore at your own convenience wherever you like is top of the pile in the First Prize package. A Mickey Mouse alarm clock to wake you up in the morning, plus a large can of Boots own brand styling mousse, a can of Boots hair lacquer (giant economy size), a Boots own brand hairdryer and a brush — all as used by Gary Penn and specially imported from Shrewsbury. A *Monty On The Run* jogsuit should keep you snug during the early morning workout.

But perhaps most importantly, a complete set of ZZAP! 64s, including the rare Issue 1, 2 and 3 is part of the kit, together with a year's subscription and a binder to keep your new copies in as they arrive throughout 1987.

Five runners up will have to make do with a can of hair mousse and a jogsuit.

HOW TO WIN
Study the large picture above — it was taken when a number of Terribly Important Programmers came to the Towers. The Art department have selected a dozen details from the main picture and ranged them here, after they've been enlarged. Study each of the segments labelled 1 to 12 and then mark their position on the main picture by drawing round the part of the picture they have been taken from and writing the corresponding number in the little box you've drawn.

Complete the entry form and mail the whole lot off to **I WANT TO HAVE SPIKY HAIR TOO, ZZAP! Towers, PO Box 10, Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1DB** making sure your entry arrives by 20th January. Most accurate entry wins the top prize . . .

Complete set of ZZAP!s and a Spiky Hair Kit thrown in too!

NAME ....
....
ADDRESS ....
....
....
POST CODE ....
SHIRT SIZE — SMALL, MEDIUM OR LARGE ....

OPENING the pages

You know how it is... come Christmas time when the family is gathered round the fire after a good meal and everyone's trying to pretend that Auntie Doris DIDN'T hit the sherry a bit too hard and ISN'T really snoring in Dad's favourite armchair. The chat turns to family occasions, to weddings, births, christenings – and eventually the photo album comes out.

And with it, all those embarrassing snaps of you, aged two and a half in a silly sailor suit, eating an ice lolly in the middle of Blackpool Prom or making mud pies in the middle of Dad's prize begonias. Everyone 'coos' and 'aahs' and you end up feeling a right prawn...

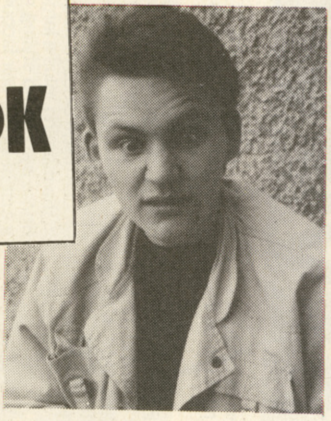
Well it's someone else's turn this year. A quick riffle through the ZZAP! photo archives revealed some very interesting photographic material, some of it unfit to print in a family magazine, but most of it good enough to have the ZZAP! team squirming...

# of the ZZAP! 64 SCRAPBOOK

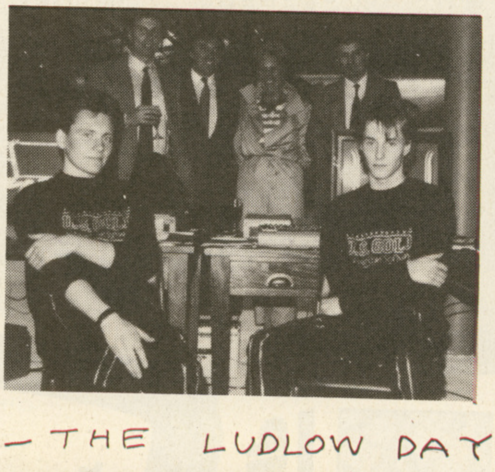
– THE EARLY DAYS –

It all began in PCG's challenge chamber. Schoolboy Gary's mum certainly made sure he brushed his hair!

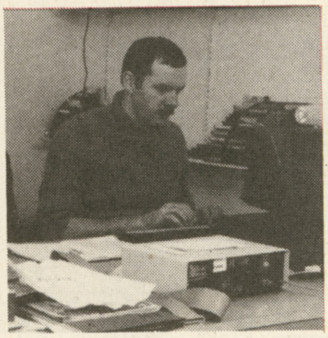
Power to the people, sez anti-nuclear Jazza. That right arm doesn't look too powerful...



Down in Yeovil, where ZZap was first planted, the still youthful Penn curls his lip and stares in amazement at his first pint of scrumpy

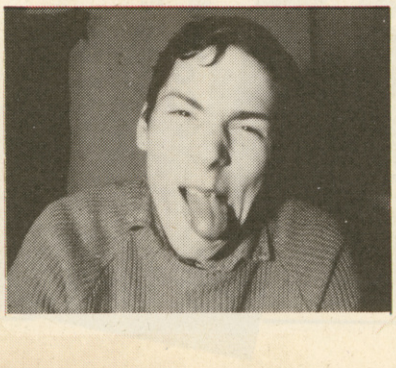


Not quite what US Gold expected when they gave Penn and Rignall a fistful of cash to get matching outfits for the Dambusters launch. Bondage trousers, punky black boots and hair mousse with the change...

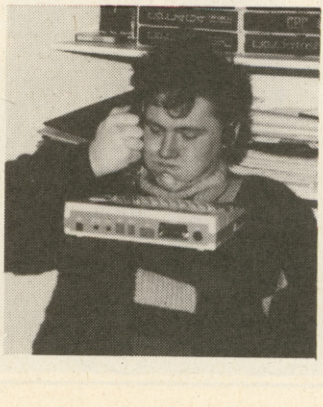


Meanwhile, back in Ludlow, Roger (John Cleese) Kean concentrates on growing his moustache and using an Apricot

– THE LUDLOW DAYS –

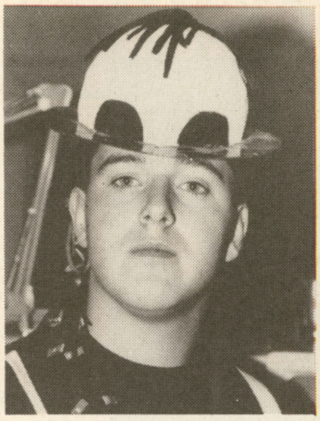


Hockey playing ZZap recruit Paul Sumner tastes his first cup of Liddon tea. And shows why he's popular with the girls...

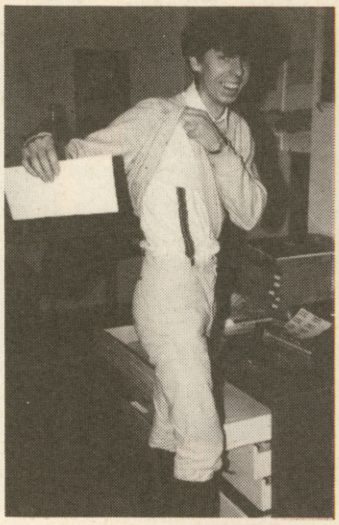


... while Gazza puts on weight and tucks into an NEC

Up in art, where they wear designer wellies and braces



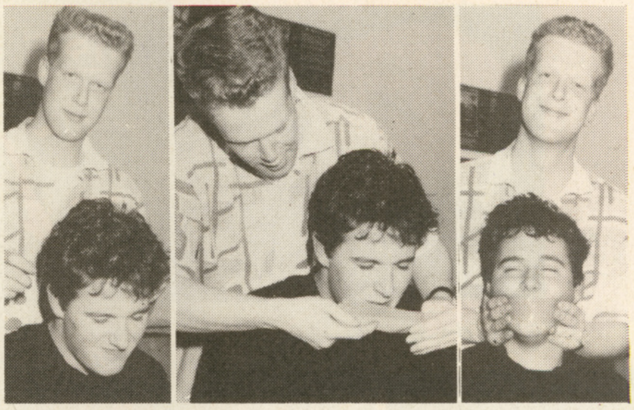
A sincere Mr Liddon pretends to be Smoky The Bear "Remember children – Forest Fires kill..."



Sean Masterson and Gary Liddon watch as a hamster revolves in the microwave. It was one of Jazza's pink sugar ones', animal lovers

ocean
You cant beat em!

Cam'll do anything for a free T-shirt as Mr Puniverse demonstrates at the PCW show. But who held the camera?

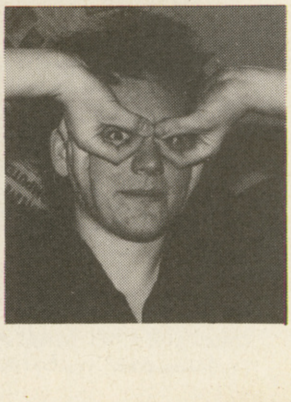


Then THALAMUS was born and Flathead Andy came to Ludlow. He ended up taking Mr Liddon away with him – he was the only one who could silence him...

Helllllo Gary!

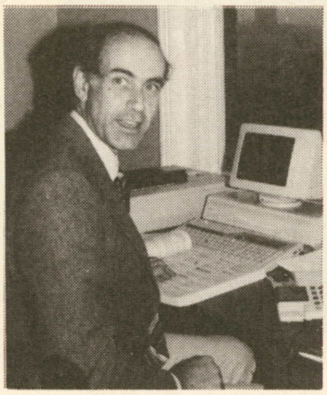
El Corpulente greets a friend while Flathead Andy does his Jimmy Somerville impression with a cardboard 'mike stand'

Ageing Publishing Executive Graeme Kidd has a go at joining the Spiky Haired Mousse Crew Here we have the Torville and Dean of the Software Industry!

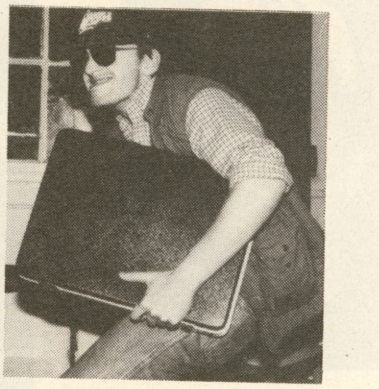


Neowwww, neowww Dakka, Dakka Biggles Penn takes to the air

— POLITICAL INTERLUDE —

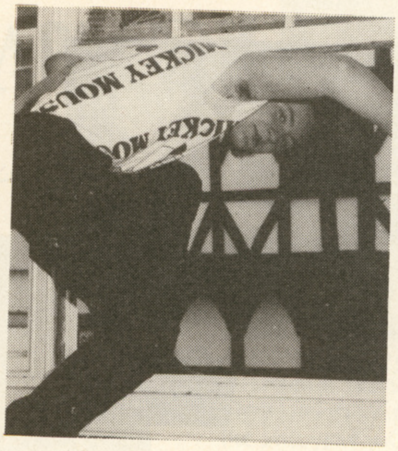


Roger (Norman Tebbit's other brother is the man who deals with advertising sales for ZZAP while Julie (Edwina Curry's stuntgirl) is the lady who deals with competitions



Sean makes good his escape…
… as does Mr Penn after a heavy schedule

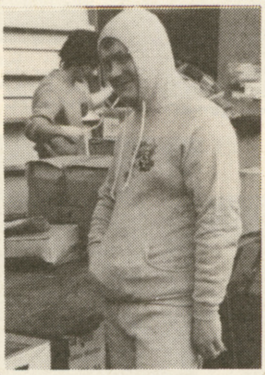
"Ehh… ehe… eehee… Ehello, darling, got any software for review?



—ART PHOTOGRAPHY—

· Like a harvest moon, the chubby jowls of Mr Liddon will hover forever in ethereal form over the ZZAP sarnie cupboard…

A seminal work - my bum by G. Penn



The PECT (Publishing Executive Computer titles) Graeme Kidd once plied his trade as a garden gnome sculptor's model

At the end of the Reviewers Challenge photosession the sexier camp it up. Jazza demonstrates the training he received at the Roger Moore School of Acting, raising a camp eyebrow

ROGUE TROOPER

ONE MAN WAR MACHINE

*You are Rogue Trooper, last of the blue-skinned Genetic Infantrymen.
In the eternal and bloody war raging across Nu Earth, your comrades have been betrayed and slaughtered, reduced to microchips that you still carry with you.
Find the traitor, destroy the enemy and rescue your friends from electronic limbo.*

Step into Rogue's boots and try to survive this action-packed arcade battle!

SPECTRUM

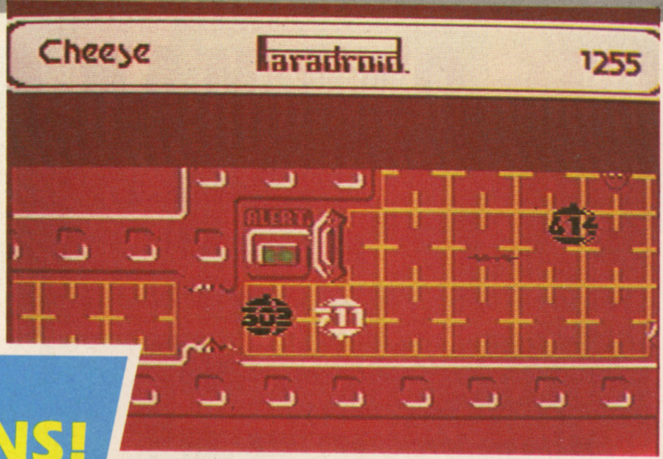
COMMODORE

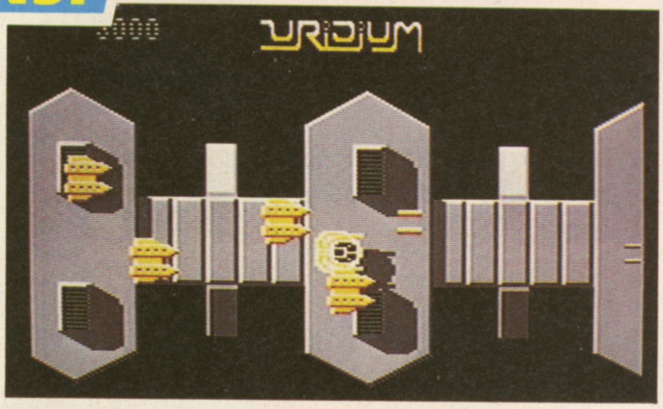
AMSTRAD · £9.95

*Available from your local stockist.
In case of difficulty, order from:
John Darvill
Macmillan
Distributions Ltd
Houndmills
Basingstoke RG21 2XS
Make cheques or postal orders payable to Macmillan Limited and state the machine*

*Further information from:
Richard Bason, Piranha
4 Little Essex Street
London WC2R 3LF
Tel: 01-836 6633*

Piranha





CATCH A DOUBLE DOSE FROM HEWSONS!

Enjoy *Uridium*? Love *Paradroid*? Then there's a good chance that the new **Hewsons Double Pack** is the one for you. Good old Andy Braybrook has taken these two great games and performed a bit of plastic surgery on them . . . to produce *Uridium Plus* and *Ultra Smooth Paradroid*. Coo.

Actually, *Uridium Plus* was our very own Mr Penn's idea . . . 'Why don't you,' he suggested to the ever effervescent Andrew Hewson. 'Why don't you put in fifteen new dreadnoughts, spruce up the gameplay a bit and generally turn it into a game that would be universally popular?'.

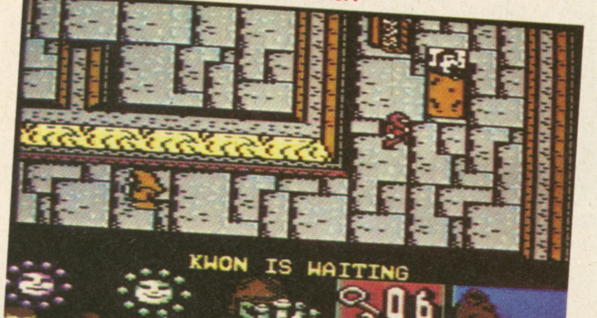
'Now there's a good idea,' enthused Mr H.

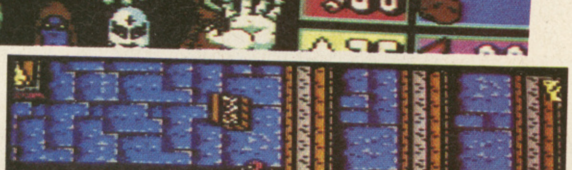
And so, Mr Braybrook was persuaded to dust down his old source files, design some new graphics and tart up the gameplay a bit to make *Uridium* a mite more playable. He's also spruced up the ageing (but spritely) ZZAP! Gold Medal game *Paradroid*. Now it's around twice its previous speed, making it better still! And the two of them together for only £8.95! You can't say fairer than that, now can you . . .

'Dear Santa . . .'

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT . . .

'What's this?' the hero wonders. It looks like somebody in bed . . . but could it be something far more sinister?





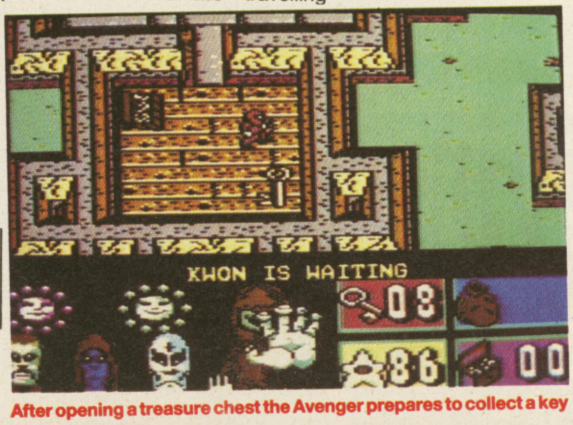
Oops! Here comes one of Yaemon's henchmen. Luckily there's a handy door so the Avenger can hide

Gremlin Graphics' *Avenger*, follow up to *Way of the Tiger*, will soon be available on the 64. It's yet another variation on the martial arts theme, but is completely different to its beat em up predecessor and more of a cross between *Gauntlet* and an arcade adventure than anything else.

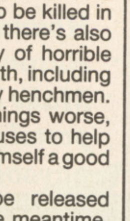
In the game you play the Avenger, who has to avenge the death of his wise old foster father, murdered by the evil Yaemon, Grand Master of the Flame. This Yaemon character is a pretty mean guy and has also stolen the scrolls of the Avenger's God, Kwon, from his sacred temple. So, to get a fitting revenge the hero of the game has to go and bash the evil Yaemon and retrieve Kwon's scrolls. This entails travelling through a huge fortress, Quench Heart Keep, which has over 300 scrolling screens split into six levels, complete with trapdoors, living floors, grills, wells and more nasties you can shake a fist or foot at.

There are three guardians in the fortress which have to be killed in a specific order, and there's also Yaemon's huge army of horrible minions to contend with, including giant spiders and ugly henchmen. Ugh. Just to make things worse, Kwon sometimes refuses to help you . . . and he calls himself a good God! Good God.

Avenger should be released early next year. In the meantime, here are some screen shots to muse over . . .

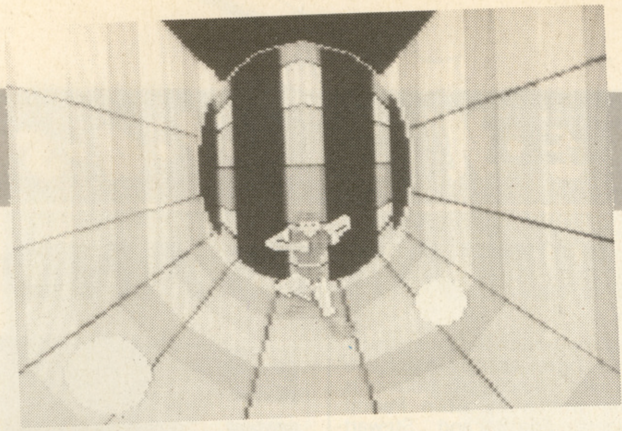


After opening a treasure chest the Avenger prepares to collect a key

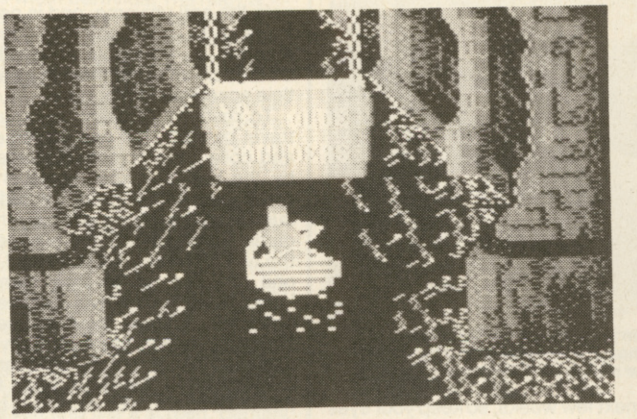

'ALL FAB STUFF TO LOOK FORWARD TO!'

DRAGON'S LAIR II

Escape from Singe's Castle is the name of the follow-up to Dragon's Lair from **Software Projects**. The game features eight more representations of screens from the laser disk arcade game. It'll be on the same load-in-the-next-section-while-you-play format which was used on the first *Dragon's Lair* program. Look out for it early next year.

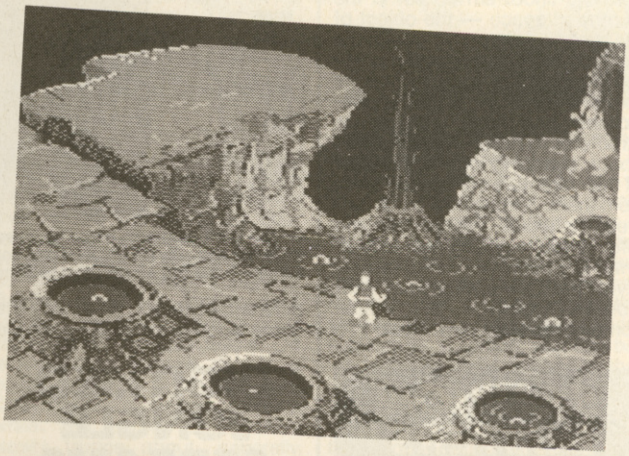


***Raiders of the Lost Ark* hasn't got anything on this scene. The hero thunders along a corridor while desperately trying to avoid the giant oscillating balls.**



Dirk the Daring whizzes down Ye Olde Rapids in his trusty coracle. One false move and he'll capsize.

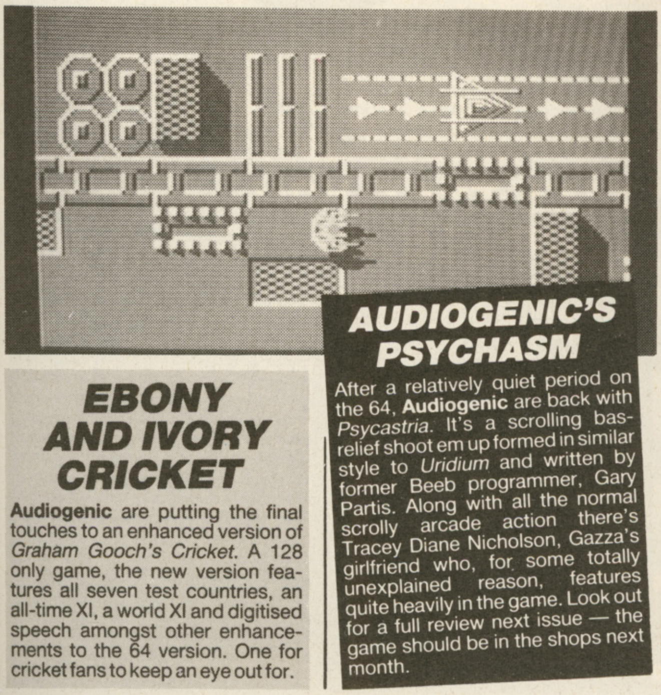
Whoosh goes the big geyser! As Dirk turns to look at it an evil fat mud monster tries to sneak up behind him . . .



GREAT BALLS OF FIRE

Firelord, designed by Steve Crow of *Starquake* and *Wizard's Lair* fame, will soon be available on the Commodore 64. The medieval land of Torot is being terrorised by the evil Queen who has stolen the Firestone from a large dragon. She has the power to cast fireballs at will, and the peasants are so terrified of being singed that they stay firmly indoors. Playing the part of a valiant knight, you must collect the elements of the spell of eternal youth and trade them with the Queen for the Firestone and so free the land of Torot from tyranny.

The game features over 500 screens and there's plenty of shoot em up action as you travel the land. Although the locals want to be liberated, they have a price for everything and trading for goods and information (or stealing) is a significant facet of the the game. *Firelord* should be available from **Hewsons** in good time for Christmas, priced £8.95 on cassette and £12.95 on disk.



EBONY AND IVORY CRICKET

Audiogenic are putting the final touches to an enhanced version of *Graham Gooch's Cricket*. A 128 only game, the new version features all seven test countries, an all-time XI, a world XI and digitised speech amongst other enhancements to the 64 version. One for cricket fans to keep an eye out for.

AUDIOGENIC'S PSYCHASM

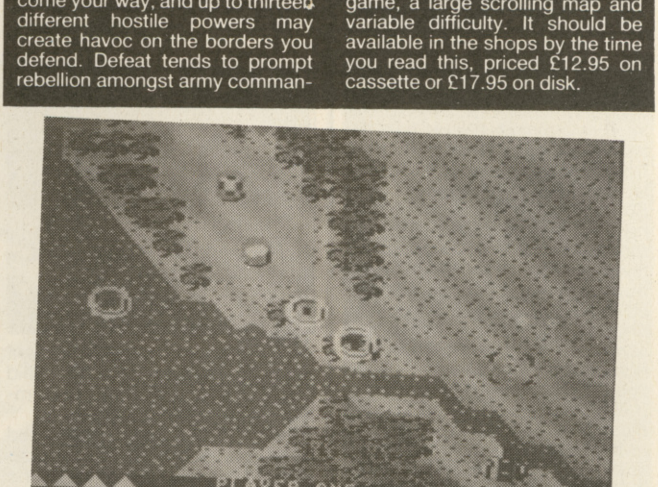
After a relatively quiet period on the 64, **Audiogenic** are back with *Psycastria*. It's a scrolling bas-relief shoot em up formed in similar style to *Uridium* and written by former Beeb programmer, Gary Partis. Along with all the normal scrolly arcade action there's Tracey Diane Nicholson, Gazza's girlfriend who, for some totally unexplained reason, features quite heavily in the game. Look out for a full review next issue — the game should be in the shops next month.

FROM THE ANNALS OF ROME TO BATTLEFIELD GERMANY

PSS have just announced the release of two new strategy games, *The Annals of Rome* and *Battlefield Germany*. *Annals* is based on the rise and fall of the Roman Empire and play begins in the year 273 BC — the Roman Republic has gained control of Italy and you control the ruling power group in the Roman Senate.

Using your massive army, split into a large number of sections and run by twenty one different commanders, you have the chance to recreate history and invade the countries of Europe. Naturally, all sorts of troubles come your way, and up to thirteen different hostile powers may create havoc on the borders you defend. Defeat tends to prompt rebellion amongst army commanders, and the Senate might be angered enough to stage a coup . . . If you fancy donning the purple and becoming Emperor for a while, then take a seat in the Senate in January next year . . .

Battlefield Germany simulates the frightening prospect of a full scale Warsaw Pact offensive on Western Europe. The player can take the side of either army and under the constant threat of nuclear escalation, must try and win the day. A traditional hex-based wargame, *Battlefield Germany* has many features including a facility to support a one or two player game, a large scrolling map and variable difficulty. It should be available in the shops by the time you read this, priced £12.95 on cassette or £17.95 on disk.

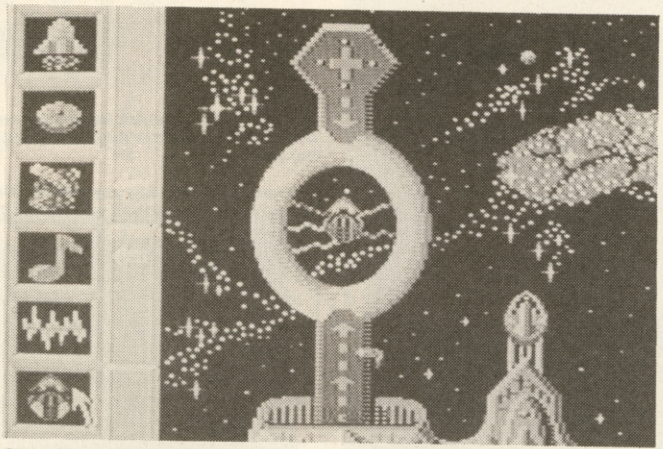


***Xevious*, US GOLD's vertically scrolling shoot em up arcade conversion is very near completion. There should be a review next month.**

MUTANTS AND DOUBLE TAKE

Two new **Denton Designs** games, soon to be released by **Ocean**, are very near completion. *Mutants* is being written by Colin Parrott (*Enigma Force*) and Stewart Fotheringham, ex-**Odin** graphic artist who worked on *Nodes*, *Arc of Yesod*, *Robin of the Wood* and *Mission AD*.

Mutants is a multi-directional scrolling shoot em up set in the depths of space — the object of the game is to journey through the many sections of a genetic dumping ground and destroy mutant life forms which have grown uncontrollably into huge amoeba-like structures. These creatures float about, changing form as portions of their structure are blasted away from them. Imagine a cross between *Asteroids*, *Psychedelia* and *Life* . . . you're getting near to *Mutants*. The game also features new style Fred Gray (*Shadowfire*, *Mission AD*) music — he's written some completely new music in a different style for *Mutants*. The game should be finished in the next few weeks, so keep your eyes peeled . . .



On the launching pad, being charged up in preparation for blast-off. Note the typically DENTON icons down the left hand side of the screen — the top one is used to send your rocket on its journey.

The other **Dentons** game, *Double Take*, is an arcade adventure set across two parallel universes — our own, and an anti-universe which is the mirror image of ours. An evil person has come to dominate the anti universe, and is now seeking to gain entry to ours through a wormhole in reality created by an experiment in a particle acceleration laboratory.

To restore normality you must travel between the two universes and collect the objects displaced by the particle experiments and place them in their rightful worlds. Just to make things difficult, the game constantly shifts between the two universes. Objects held in one universe flip to their mirror image when you travel between universes unless they've been 'fixed' by taking them through a sparkling cloud which floats randomly around. **Dentons** hope to have *Double Take* finished by January.

SANXION BUSTERS

Thalamus' second release is well on the way. *Delta*, written by *Sanxion* programmer Stavros Fasoulas, should be ready for review by next issue. *Delta* is a shoot em up based in the far flung future in Intergalactic space. Thalamus promises it should be something special, but then promises are nothing new. Tune in next month for more details.

AN EVER SO TINY CHAP

*Molecule Man, a new **Mastertronic** game should be hitting your local shops, newsagents and garages at this very moment. Featuring 3D forced perspective graphics, the game puts you in the role of the Molecule Man, a fellow who has been shrunk to the size of an atomic particle. To get back to his normal size he has to escape from the microscopic maze-like world in which he finds himself. Sixteen pieces of circuit board need to be collected and put in their rightful place. Throughout the mission, atomic radiation eats away at the miniscule hero's frail little body, and unless he regularly finds and eats special anti-radiation pills the poor fellow will die. It's not easy being a Molecule Man you know . . .*

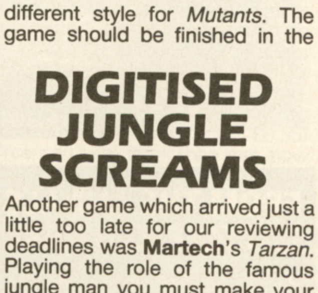
There's an extra bonus on the flip side of the cassette — a maze designer which allows you to construct your own molecular worlds. And the game comes at a microscopic price — £1.99. A full review next month. . . .

DIGITISED JUNGLE SCREAMS

Another game which arrived just a little too late for our reviewing deadlines was **Martech**'s *Tarzan*. Playing the role of the famous jungle man you must make your way through the foliage and find Jane, the love of your life, who's been kidnapped by the horrible natives.

Seven gemstones have been stolen from the native temple — if Tarzan doesn't find them in time, Jane will be fed to the chieftain's favourite panther. Loads of jungly screens have to be traversed as well as a large cave system (where Jane is being held) and a tribal village. Equipment, including ropes and torches, is vital to the rescue mission and handy items have to be found before they can be used.

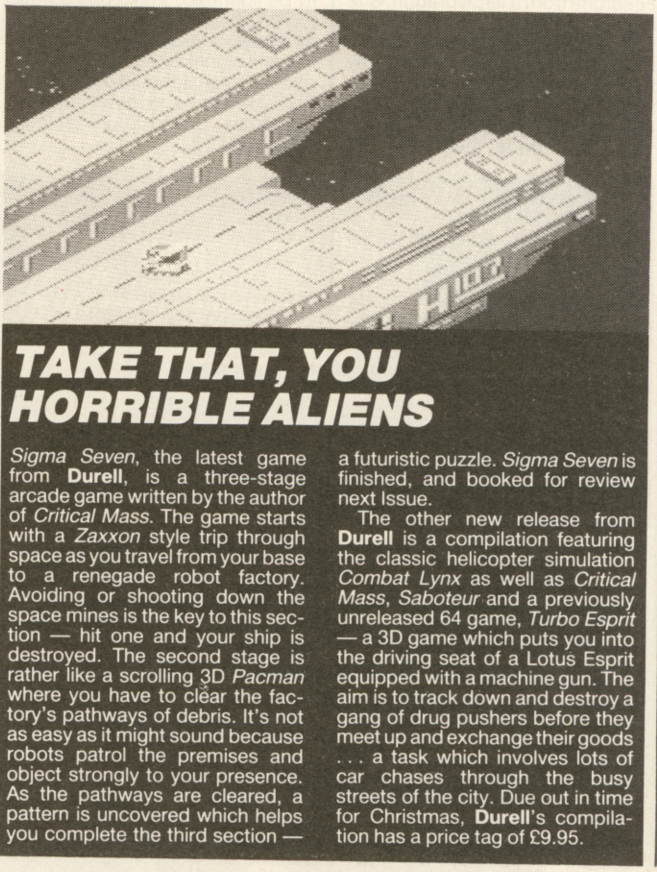
It's tough in the jungle. On his travels Tarzan has to battle evil natives, tigers, panthers, giant spiders and take care to avoid pools of quicksand and bottomless pits.



Amongst the features included in the game is a digitised tarzan yell and an incredibly atmospheric Rob Hubbard soundtrack. Keep your loincloths handy for the review next issue.

JUNIOR PUZZLER

Bought *Trivial Pursuit*? Thought the questions a little hard? No? Then go and read another part of the mag, this bit is all about the new *Young Players* addendum cassette for **Domark**'s computer version of the classic boardgame, *Trivial Pursuit*. The young players questions are suitable for ages of 7-12 and should keep a younger/brother sister quite happy over the Yuletide season. It could be responsible for a lot of fun . . . for £7.95 you get a cassette containing 3,000 new questions. Nothing trivial about that.



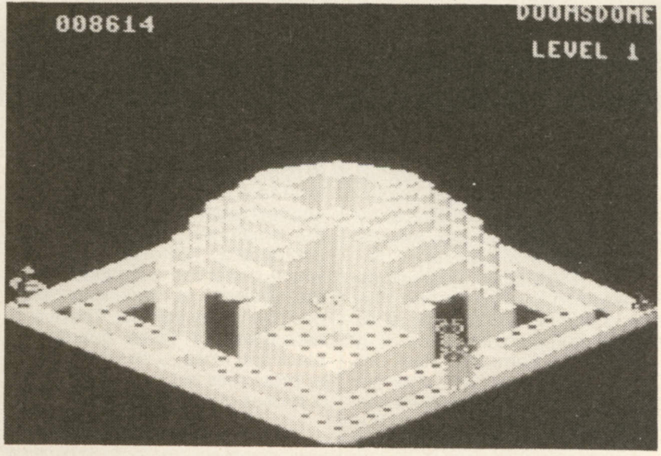
TAKE THAT, YOU HORRIBLE ALIENS

Sigma Seven, the latest game from **Durell**, is a three-stage arcade game written by the author of *Critical Mass*. The game starts with a *Zaxxon* style trip through space as you travel from your base to a renegade robot factory. Avoiding or shooting down the space mines is the key to this section — hit one and your ship is destroyed. The second stage is rather like a scrolling 3D *Pacman* where you have to clear the factory's pathways of debris. It's not as easy as it might sound because robots patrol the premises and object strongly to your presence. As the pathways are cleared, a pattern is uncovered which helps you complete the third section — a futuristic puzzle. *Sigma Seven* is finished, and booked for review next Issue.

The other new release from **Durell** is a compilation featuring the classic helicopter simulation *Combat Lynx* as well as *Critical Mass*, *Saboteur* and a previously unreleased 64 game, *Turbo Esprit* — a 3D game which puts you into the driving seat of a Lotus Esprit equipped with a machine gun. The aim is to track down and destroy a gang of drug pushers before they meet up and exchange their goods . . . a task which involves lots of car chases through the busy streets of the city. Due out in time for Christmas, **Durell**'s compilation has a price tag of £9.95.

CRYSTAL CASTLES

US Gold, £9.99 cass, £14.99 disk, joystick only

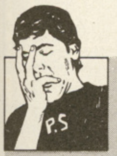


Poor old Bentley Bear. There he was, wandering about the wood in a complete daydream, when he inadvertently stumbled into the domain of the evil witch Berthilda. The hag cackled with glee at this cuddly bear's misfortune and thought of a horrible plan to mentally torture and confuse the fellow.

I love the arcade game, it requires a brilliant combination of technique and reflexes if you are to complete it. This conversion isn't lacking in any of those departments and plays identically to its arcade parent — you even have to use arcade tactics to complete the screens. I do think that the graphics and sound could have been a lot better though, and it's a bit of a shame that the cassette is a multi-load job. Nevertheless, every feature of the arcade original has been included in this version, and if you like the arcade game you ought to give it a go.

When he was brought before her she told him that she'd decided to give him the chance to earn his freedom. He could go free, simply by collecting all of the crystals from each of the rooms in her castle. Bentley thanked the witch and agreed to undertake the task, thinking that it would be a simple spring cleaning job. But little did the naive creature know what horrors lay in store for him . . .

You play poor old Bentley on his castle cleaning quest. Each room is laid out in forced perspective fashion and fills a screen. Bentley can run anywhere he likes, as long as a floor is present and walls or empty space aren't. He can also run behind objects in a room. Sometimes a room consists of several levels, each interconnected by lifts and ramps which the bear can use if he so desires. Our hero is an athletic chap and has the ability to jump, springing across the screen in a truly olympic fashion over whatever lays below.



Oh dear. This really isn't very good despite the relative neatness of the arcade game. Somehow this conversion has been terribly messed up. None of the magic that blessed the original been brought across at all. Unfavourable comparisons with the arcade version aside, Crystal Castles **isn't really up to budget standard, visually or audibly. The gameplay is awful as well, it bored me to tears. At £9.99** Crystal Castles **is something to be avoided.**

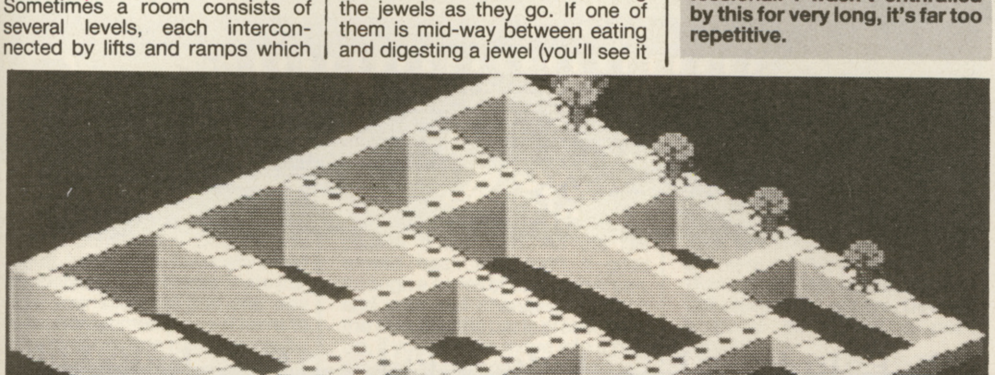
The floors in each of the rooms are jam-packed with crystals all of which have to be collected before Bentley is allowed to leave. To make matter worse, Berthilda's minions guard each screen, and she's deliberately forgotten to tell them not to harm Bentley — she thought it would be great sport to watch him desperately trying to collect the jewels **and** avoid the marauding horrors.

There are six types of horror — jewel gobblers, tree spirits, ghosts, skeletons, mad marbles and bees — and in some of the rooms even Berthilda can't resist dropping in to pour a little more misery into Bentley's troubled life. Jewel gobblers trundle about the place in a random manner, eating the jewels as they go. If one of them is mid-way between eating and digesting a jewel (you'll see it stuck in its neck), then Bentley can run through it, killing it and earning himself a points bonus into the bargain. Tree spirits and mad marbles pursue the bemused bear relentlessly and cause him real trouble, especially since they can't be destroyed. Bees appear if Bentley takes too long over a screen, and they give furious chase to the hapless fellow. On most of the screens there's a honey pot which, if collected, delay the bee's appearance for a while. The rest of the meanies slowly trudge about, generally being a nuisance and blocking the way — if Bentley comes into contact with any breed of horror he loses one of his lives.

There's one reprieve — if Bentley grabs the magic hat which sits on a screen (on later levels it tends to bounce around), he becomes invincible and can travel through the minions unharmed. Another nice bonus gained by wearing the hat is that if Berthilda appears on a screen, she can be made to go away if touched by the hat wearer. The bad news is that the hat's magic powers only last for a limited period of time, after that Bentley becomes a vulnerable bear again.

When a screen is cleared of all its jewels, Bentley moves on to the next one. A bonus is given if Bentley touches the last jewel, but if a jewel gobbler eats it then the bonus is lost. There are ten levels to the game, and as in the arcade version there are four different skill settings. There are also three secret 'warps' which can be used to skip certain screens.

Crystal Castles **is little more than a glorified** Pac Man, **only with trees that run around trying to kill you instead of ghosts. Ridiculous. Whether intentional or not there is a very nasty glitch type thing when your bear travels around the back of the building. Okay, so it might be there so you know where you are but it is very unpleasant, even unprofessional. I wasn't enthralled by this for very long, it's far too repetitive.**



PRESENTATION 71%
Two player option, four skill levels, practice mode and secret warps, but the multi-load is a pain.

GRAPHICS 56%
Garish colour schemes, chunky sprites and repetitive backdrops.

SOUND 36%
A few weak jingles and spot effects.

HOOKABILITY 51%
Simplistic gameplay gives some initial entertainment.

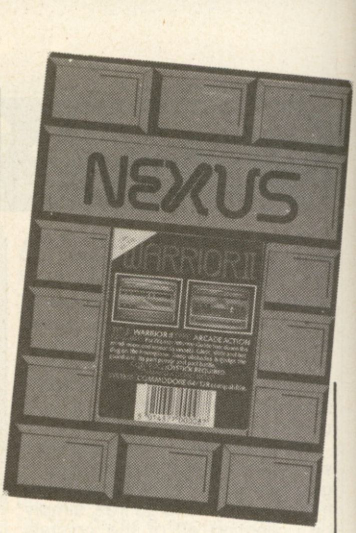
LASTABILITY 42%
Little variety to provide lasting interest.

VALUE 40%
Ten quid is a high price to pay for a glorified Pac Man.

OVERALL 45%
May appeal to fans of the arcade game, but it's doubtful that it will appeal to anyone else.

WARRIOR II

NEXUS, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk, joystick or keys



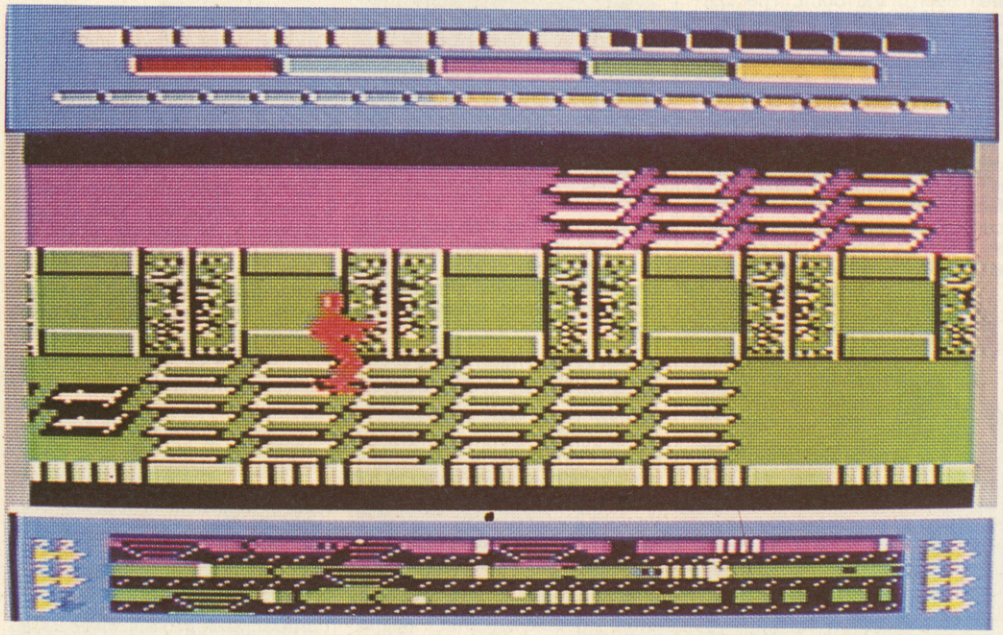
The Psi Warrior is a special breed of soldier, trained to do battle with the supernatural and paranormal. The story of his first mission has already been logged in the annals of history and recorded under the name **Psi Warrior**. Now his second mission, codenamed **Warrior II** is about to commence . . .

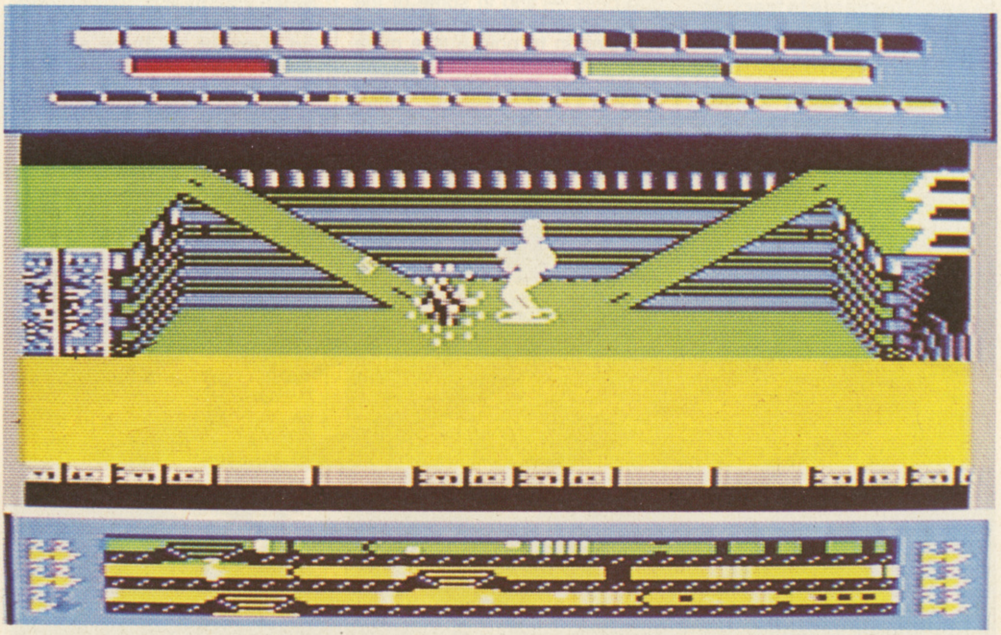
Scientists from the RadCom Corps have reported massive psychic activity deep beneath one of the ancient storehouses in the nuclear wastelands. After reading and analysing the reports, you have decided to take action and fly out to the bunker. Research has led you to believe that freak conditions have brought the ancient biological guardian computer back to life, consequently if the computer can be approached you will be able to find out exactly what's going on, and perhaps even learn some of the secrets of the ancients.

At long last the Psi Warrior returns in another weird arcade adventure. This game is very similar to its predecessor, but there are more puzzles to solve and lots more to discover and learn. The instructions are deliberately sparse and give hardly any indication of what is required, but this doesn't detract from the game — in fact it makes it more enjoyable to play. The graphics and sonics are very similar to the original, creating a brilliant atmosphere as you glide around the abandoned storehouse. The game is a bit strange and may not appeal to the majority of Commodore owners, but if you enjoyed the original then you should definitely check this one out.

Innocuous as it may seem, the mission is really quite dangerous. This is due to the fact that the Biocomp has been programmed to guard its secrets, so many hazards and traps have to be negotiated if you are to reach the bottom level of the storehouse — where the computer resides — without being killed in the process. There is no real evidence regarding the nature of the traps, so much of your mission will involve gleaning information through trial and error. Only one thing is known: each of the numerous levels of the storehouse is protected by a colour coded defence system, which spots any physical object of the wrong colour moving from one level to another. There is also an ethereal presence, strange ghost-like creatures generated by the computer's defence system, which patrol the warehouse with the object of revealing and destroying any intruder. There are two types of these guardians, black and white, both having similar properties but serving different purposes during the game.

You begin your mission armed with a Psi net gun and riding a hoverplane, which has similar properties as a skateboard, but it glides along on a cushion of hot air blown out from its base. It can be moved left and right at high speed (scrolling the screen as it does), and force extra air out in bursts to jump the rider over obstacles. A bar speed indicator is situated at the top of the screen and extends and retracts as you accelerate and





decelerate.

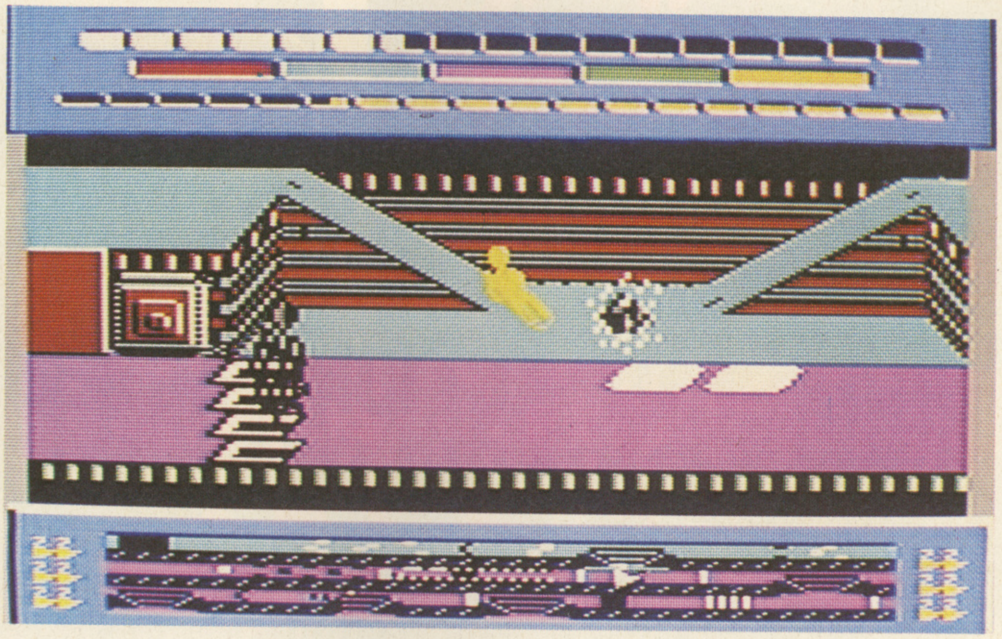
The hoverplane will be damaged if it hits an object at high speed. This damage appears on the speed indicator and stops it from reaching its maximum. The more hits sustained the more restricted the speed bar becomes, consequently if the 'plane is badly damaged you can only move along at low speed.

The levels of the storehouse are interconnected by a series of ramps, and each level contains many types of physical hazard designed to impede your progress. These include two types of neutron mat (dissolve you on contact), ricochet mats (bounce you about), jump mats (basically small trampolines), life restore mats (restore your six lives) and one way mats. Sometimes you will have to jump over neutron mats, or even a whole series of them, to reach a ramp which will take you down to the next level.

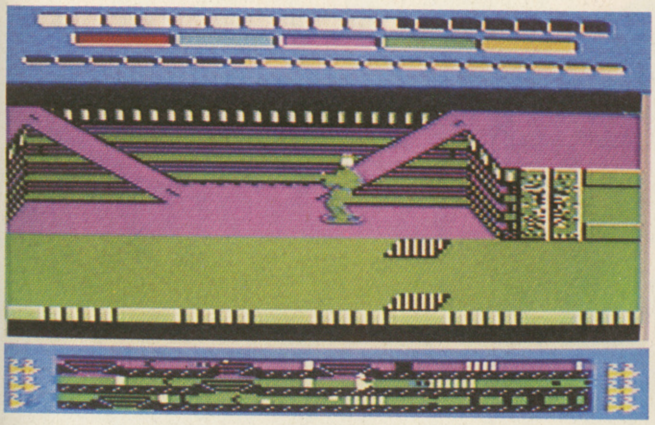
Going from one level to another is one of the trickiest parts of your mission. For example, level one is cyan and the next level is purple. You can only go from levels one to two if your suit is purple, otherwise the Biocomp will spot your presence and neutralise what it thinks to be an intruder, taking one of your six lives as it does so. To turn your suit purple you have to shoot one of the guardians which patrol the storehouse with your Psi net gun. Once a guardian is trapped, running into it absorbs its energy and affects the colour code bar at the top of the screen — absorb a white guardian and the bar will shift to the right, a black one causes a left shift. As the bar moves back and forth it goes through a series of coloured areas, and your suit changes to match the area that the bar is presently in. So, if you want to move into a purple area, shoot enough white guardians to move the bar to purple, and when it's there you can make the transition from cyan to purple. This tug of war effect plays a crucial part in the game, and you must be careful not to go around absorbing guardians willy-nilly, otherwise you might muck up your protective colouring and become exposed to the biocomp.

When you move from one level to another you become vulnerable and your suit flashes — hit a guardian now and you will die. To remedy the situation you have to absorb guardians so that your colour is different to that of the floor colour (if possible, change your colour to match the one on the next level).

If you manage to get all the way down to the bottom level you will meet the Biocomp, but before it's secrets can be learned you have to complete one more task. Unfortunately, nothing is known about this . . .



I've never played Psi Warrior **so I can't compare it with this. One thing's for sure though: if it was as good as this then it must have been a brilliant game for its time. What I like about this is the puzzle element — you really have to think about what you're going to do next. After you've gone down a few levels things start getting very tough indeed, and some very precise movements are required to dodge the antimatter squares. The atmosphere generated by this game is great, the sound complementing the graphics perfectly. I've got no hesitation in recommending this — it's ace.**



This is an unusual game which, like the original when it appeared two years ago, won't appeal to everyone who plays it. However, I must admit that Warrior II **isn't what I was expecting. I was hoping that the programmers, Voysey and Olowu, would expand upon the highly original and innovative ideas which made** Psi Warrior **such a classic, like invisibility, remote viewing and levitation. But they haven't, and the result is a disappointing step backwards. The simplistic but atmospheric graphics are now colourful and detailed but rather lifeless and detriment the superb sound effects. Most annoying. Fortunately,** Warrior II **is playable — quite frustrating at times, but highly absorbing to play, mainly because of the unique control method which makes the 'puzzles' (which are slightly harder but very similar to those in** Psi Warrior**) all the more difficult but enjoyable to solve. Overall, a good game but a poor sequel.**

PRESENTATION 79%
No title screen and deliberately sparse instructions, but the in-game presentation makes up for these deficiencies.

GRAPHICS 81%
Strange backdrops and sprites create a suitably mysterious atmosphere.

SOUND 81%
The superb spot effects create a suitable atmosphere.

HOOKABILITY 86%
Tricky to get into due to the lack of information.

LASTABILITY 89%
But once you get going it's difficult to put your joystick down.

VALUE 85%
A rather offbeat game, look before you hand over your tenner.

OVERALL 88%
A must for **Psi Warrior** fans.

A DUAL SALVO

OF ACTION PACKED STRATEGIC SIMULATIONS

Grim soldiers in the midst of combat. Tanks rumbling forward as howitzer shells erupt around them. The enemy is just over the next ridge. Your captain's voice crackles from the radio: "Your orders, sir?"

As a lieutenant colonel in charge of an entire armoured battalion, you must issue swift and concise commands. This decisiveness is especially critical in an exciting real-time tactical game like BATTALION COMMANDER. Here's your chance to match your wits against the computer in a series of conflicts designed to test your military prowess.

CBM 64/128

Cassette

£9.99

Disk

£14.99

ATARI

Disk **£14.99**

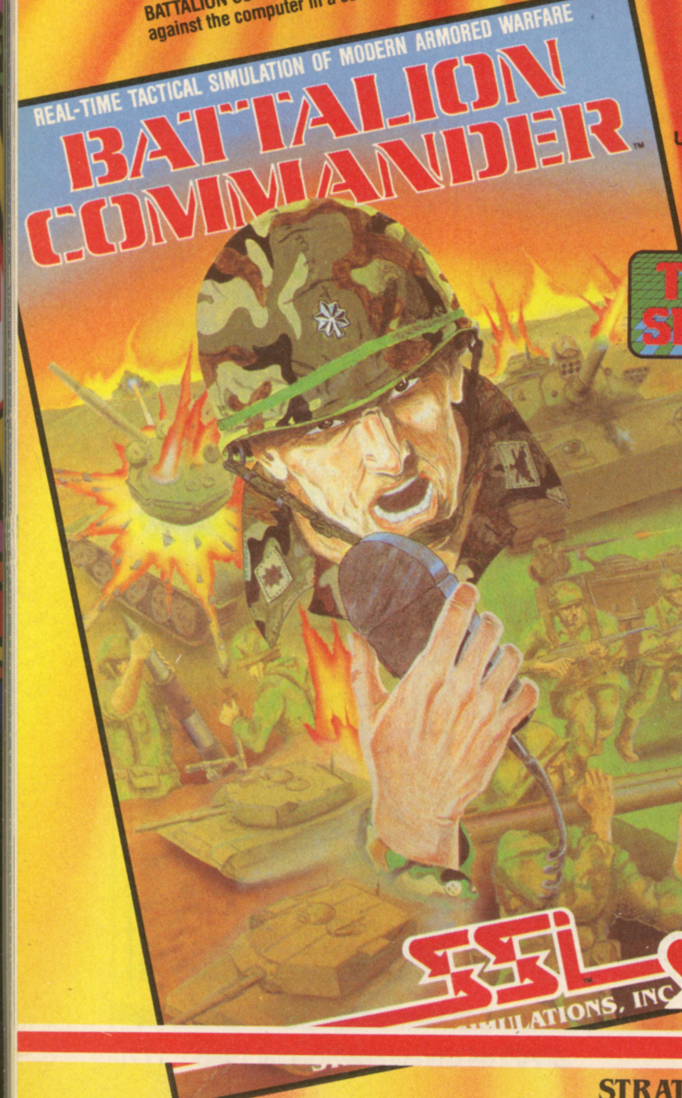
Transatlantic Simulations,
Units 2/3 Holford Way, Holford,
Birmingham B6 7AX.
Tel: 021 356 3388

Transatlantic SIMULATIONS

From the sands of North Africa and the beaches of Normandy to the bridges of the Roer and the forests of the Ardennes...

...you'll lead Easy Company into the crucial battles of World War II!

One of the finest fighting forces during World War II was Easy Company of the First Infantry Division. Now, FIELD OF FIRE, takes you back in time to assume command of these heroic men, retracing eight of their historical battles in North Africa and Europe.


REAL-TIME TACTICAL SIMULATION OF MODERN ARMORED WARFARE
BATTALION COMMANDER™

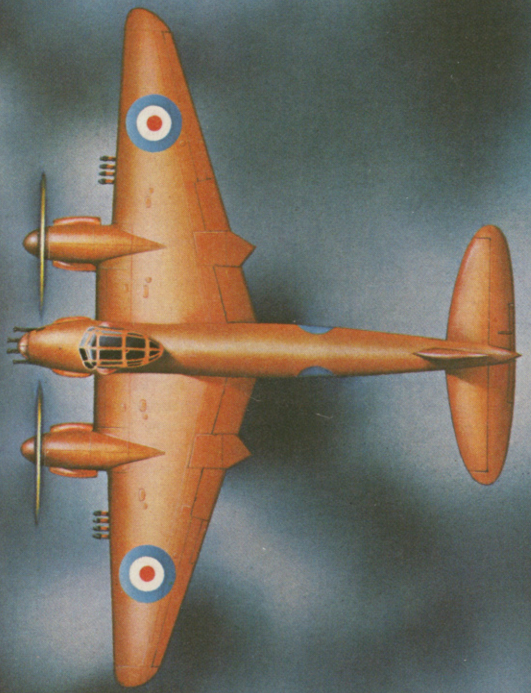
A TACTICAL GAME OF WORLD WAR II COMBAT
FIELD OF FIRE™

SSI

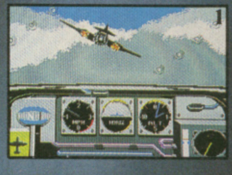
STRATEGIC SIMULATIONS INC

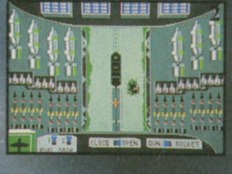
A Unique Opportunity to Experience the Magic of Flight and Exhibiliration of Aerial Combat

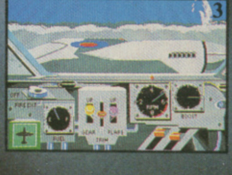
ACE of ACES



Can you deliver the Mosquito's sting to the heart of Germany







"No British aircraft will ever bomb Berlin", Luftwaffe chief Herman Goering had often boasted. But in the middle of a Nazi anniversary speech in January, 1943, his listeners duck for cover as a carefully timed raid of RAF Mosquitos strikes Berlin in broad daylight.

Ace of Aces captures the spirit and puts you in the cockpit of the Mosquito, maverick RAF fighter bomber of World War II. Down the Nazi bombers, sink the U-boats, outrun the V-1 rockets and stop the enemy trains. Choose your weapons and fuel wisely – once you're out on mission, there's no going back. To become Ace of Aces, you must complete all missions successfully.

1 From the moment you zoom through the clouds in a scrap with Nazi fighters to the heart-stopping second you spot the U-boats of Kiel, the defence of the Allied world is in your hands. Are you equal to the challenge?

2 Once you master a few flying tricks in your speed bomber, you tackle strategy: selecting the right number of machine guns, rockets and bombs to achieve your mission.

3 Your intercom flashes 'warning' on your starboard engine. An enemy fighter attack has left your Rolls Royce engine in flames. Cut back your boost and throttle. Hit the extinguisher before the fire spreads.

What does it take to be an Ace? From you, legendary British pride and guts. From US Gold, legendary playability. US Gold has done its part. The rest is up to you.

CBM 64/128	£9.99 Tape	Spectrum 48K	£8.99 Tape
	£14.99 Disk	Amstrad	£9.99 Tape
			£14.99 Disk

U.S. GOLD All American Software®

U.S. Gold Ltd., Units 2/3 Holford Way, Holford, Birmingham B6 7AX. Tel: 021 3563388

KETTLE

Alligata, £8.95 cass, joystick only

Of all the dumb household objects in the known universe you had to go and become a kettle. Not your run-of-the-mill kettle, not a boring one with just a lid and a spout, but a really well-crucial job with rotorblades that whizz around faster than a Kenwood Chef!

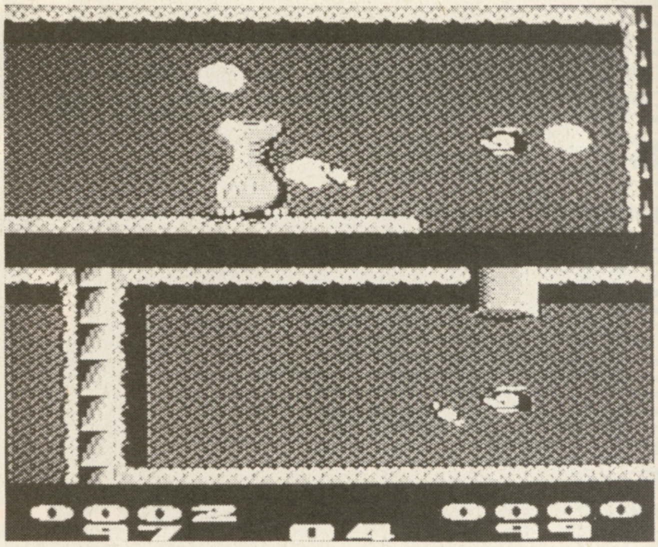
As an 'off the wall' kettle, you got a job as a freak to be exhibited at your local electricity shop (well — times ARE hard). People travelled from miles around to see your rotorblades spin into life — you were a star! (In fact you were in your element — sorry, couldn't resist that one). Fame is never easy though, and the other appliances in the shop grew to hate you, they were jealous of your popularity and teased you constantly; calling you names like 'old spinny head' and 'twitty twisty top'. One day the situation became so unbearable that the microwave started bombarding you with rays, you could feel your body getting so hot that you were beginning to singe. In a moment of sheer panic you made your escape through the ventilator shaft, flying on and on until you finally made it out. And found yourself trapped in an underground complex full of peculiar creatures. Oh dear. You must break free, and regain your fortitude if you are ever to make it back to the limelit world of fame and fortune.

An interesting game, but ultimately a pretty boring one. Flying around shooting the bowels is quite good fun at first, but once you've shot so many, boredom sets in. There's no real variety in the gameplay, even with two players, and excitement is also lacking. Even the backdrops are repetitive. The music isn't too bad, but there isn't enough in the game to keep you enthralled.

It took only a few plays to convince me that Kettle **is dull. The title screen music is neat, but the graphics are quite bland and match the gameplay, which is simple and repetitive.** Kettle **could so easily have been a superb game if there was more to it than simply flying around shooting bowels and avoiding the occasional nasty. Very tedious. Hopefully Tony's next game,** Moebius Strip **will have more to offer.**

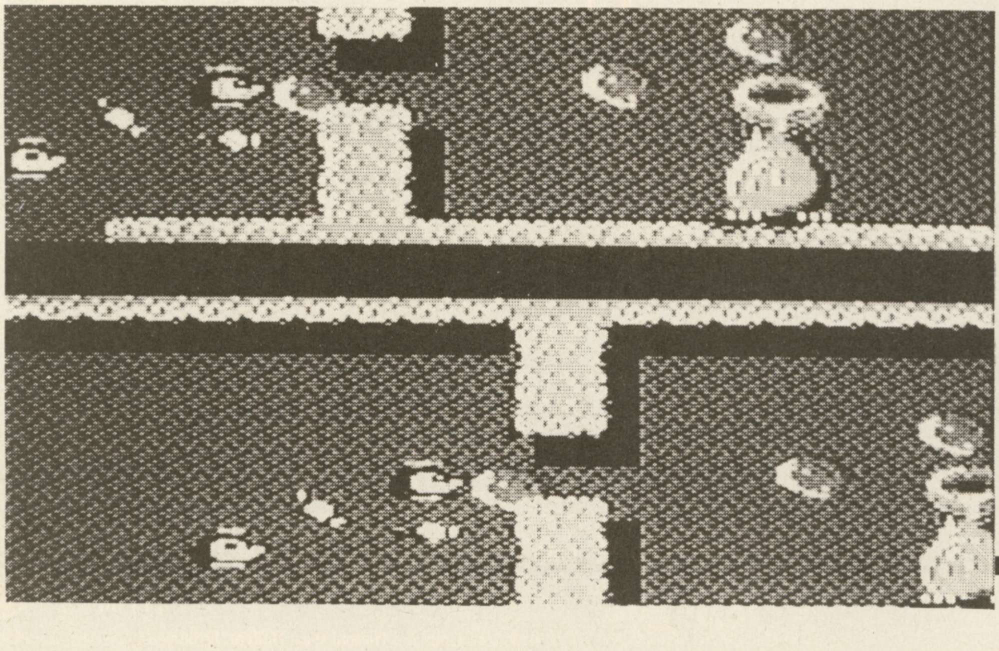
The cavernous complex consists of thirty intricate levels, each becoming more difficult as you progress. On loading, the title screen gives way to a varied option menu that works as if icon controlled — you just move your little pointy stick around until you reach the desired option. For kettles amongst you that feel a little adventurous, you can choose your own starting point (on either level one or, alternatively, on level four). If you manage to progress further than level four, then a third option will be displayed as your new starting point. And so off we go.

Down in the caverns Kettle has befriended a Crizza, a stupid lifeform, so stupid in fact that it can be persuaded, by a kettle, to become its personal bodyguard, and will go into any situation to make the way clear for him. To find his way out, Kettle must open all the linking valves between the caverns by using the can-openers which are, unfortunately, located inside bubble emitting bowels. Poor old fatty Kettle can't get inside these however, so he must send Crizza forward to smash them open — once he has rammed them ten times they break, allowing Kettle to get inside and whip the can-opener out. Armed with his trusty fellow kitchen appliance, Kettle can then proceed onto the valve which opens automatically, allowing him to continue his journey. However, there isn't a can-opener inside every bowel, sometimes they contain a nasty 'n' mean Kettle eating space monster (Bwah!). Of course trusty old Crizza simply steps forward, hits these another ten times and Kettle's way is clear once again.



There is an option to play a two player game. Here a split screen view is provided to allow you to monitor your opponent's progress and to help him, hinder him or just keep a watchful eye on him, so that when he's done all the work you can collect the goodies. The game finishes when Kettle bites the dust by scraping his bottom along the floor too much, or else of course if he escapes to freedom. So, everything should be fine as long as there are no power cuts, or no-one fancies a quick cuppa during the adventure . . .

Okay, fair enough, Mr Crowther's comment that 'You've never seen a game like this before' is quite true. I never have, and after this effort I don't think I want to again. The concept is there, it's just that it hasn't been developed to its full potential. Apart from the jazzed up 'Polly Put The Kettle On' music, it's basically a poor product and you wouldn't catch me splashing out nine quid on it.



PRESENTATION 69%
Simple title screen and several options.

GRAPHICS 42%
Lacking in variety and colour.

SOUND 78%
Competent rendition of 'Polly Put The Kettle On'. Reasonable in-game tune and spot FX.

HOOKABILITY 46%
Unusual, but quite tedious.

LASTABILITY 29%
Lots to explore but little to enthral.

VALUE 30%
Too repetitive to be worthwhile.

OVERALL 35%
A potentially exciting concept which has been poorly executed.

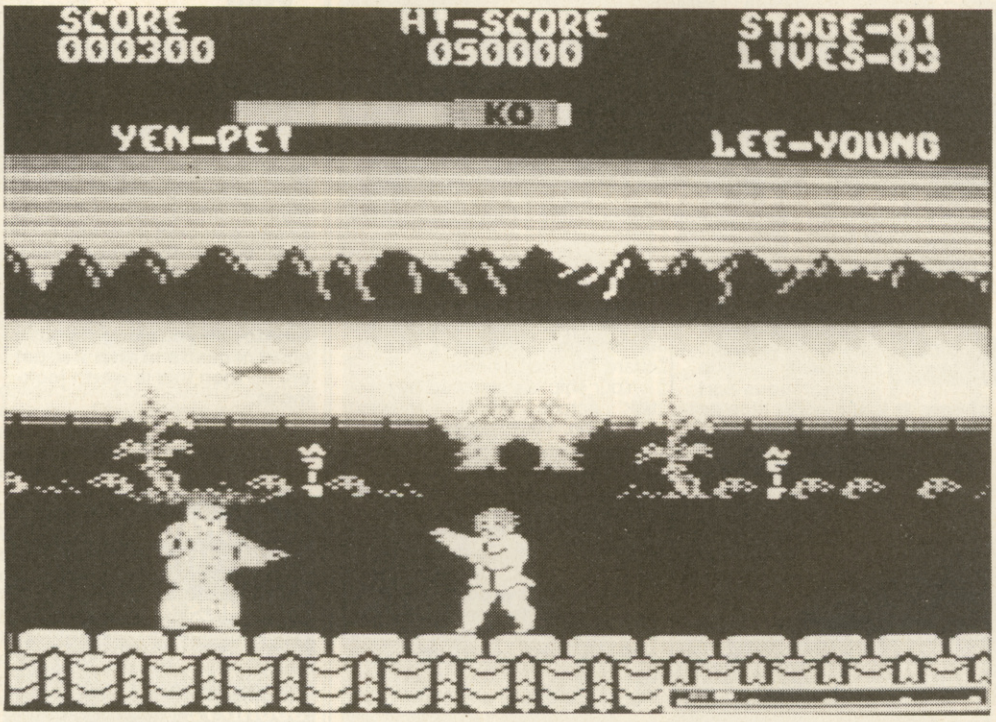
YIE AR KUNG-FU II

Imagine, £8.95 cass, joystick only

Many years ago, young Oolong salvaged the honour of his family by single-handedly taking on and beating the ten members of the evil Chop Suey gang. But one managed to escape, crawling away from the spilled blood and guts, and hiding out until Oolong had returned home. Yen Pei was the survivor's name and while he was counting how many teeth he had left in his pulped gums he vowed revenge.

Now, twenty years later, Yen Pei has assembled another motley crew of nasty oriental persons, all specialists in the art of maiming and killing, and they're after Oolong's blood. Imagine their disappointment when they find out that Oolong is dead. Even this news doesn't quell Yen Pei's desire for revenge however, and he decides to take out his revenge on the next best thing — Oolong's son, Young Lee.

This is where you come into the story. Taking the role of Young Lee, you must do battle with all eight members of the new gang one by one. Lee's not quite as adept at martial arts as his father was, but he's young, strong and has three basic offensive moves to use on his adversaries, a low kick, a mid punch and a high kick. He can also jump about the place, useful for vacating dangerous positions quickly.



Ho hum, another beat 'em up for the 64. This is no different from the rest and I soon became bored with it. The eight opponents are the toughest I've met in a computer game, and if it wasn't for Gary Sumpter finding a sort of 'cheat mode' by banging his head on the Commodore, then I doubt I would have got past the first opponent. Ho hum. If you liked Yie Ar Kung-Fu**, you're going to love this — it's a lot better, but nothing special.**

Young Lee begins the game on a screen seemingly devoid of any enemy. He can walk left onto another screen if he wants, and a display area at the bottom shows how many screens he has to walk through before he reaches the gang member he has to do battle with. After Lee has been on a screen leading to the adversary for a few seconds, midget attackers float in from either side of the screen. They come alone or in groups of three, and at three different heights. If one hits Lee it knocks a chunk off his energy bar, shown at the top of the screen, and if this bar reaches zero he loses one of his three lives.

The midgets aren't so bad though, if Lee destroys a full group he is awarded a tea leaf. If five tea leaves are gained a teacup appears and an Oolong Tea Power bonus is given — pressing the Commodore key at any time replenishes Young Lees energy bar. Up to three tea cups can be carried at once, so if you can dispose of the midget attackers without too much hassle it's worth hanging about to get the extra tea power.

If Lee manages to get through the required amount of screens he meets one of the deadly gang members, the first of which is Yen Pei himself. To beat one of the gang members, Lee has to reduce his opponents energy bar by repeatedly hitting or kicking him (or her), before his opponent does the same to him. As well as having the same fighting abilities as Lee, every member of the gang has a special weapon which he or she uses in their attempt to win. Yen Pei has iron pigtails which he swings around to try and hit Lee, Lang Fang throws deadly fans, Po Chin breathes fire and so on. On later levels, Lee has also to contend with lightning bolts and bombs.

The only way Lee can defend himself against these offensive weapons is if he manages to pick up a bowl of Chow Mein noodles, which appear occasionally for a few seconds. If Lee grabs one of these he gains Chow Mein Noodle Power which gives him temporary invulnerability from enemy aggression. After a few seconds he reverts back to his normal vulnerable self and has to do battle in the usual fashion.

The game also supports simultaneous two player action. One player taking the role of Lee while the other steps into the shoes of one of the baddies, the two then do battle over the best of three bouts.

This is a pretty enjoyable beat em up game, mainly because it's so stupid. The floating midgets on the screens leading up to the adversaries are really silly, but quite tricky to dispose of if you want to try and gain some tea bonus. The baddies themselves are funny too, the matey swinging his hair is a real laugh, and later on there's a woman in a mini skirt with high heels! Overall it's an enjoyable game, more difficult and challenging than the first, and well worth looking at if you liked its predecessor.

There is one positive thing that can be said about Yie Ar Kung-Fu II**: it's better than its predecessor. That said, the gameplay is still fairly run-of-the-mill with very few moves available. Bash 'em ups are getting a little trite nowadays, with playability separating the good from the bad.** Yie Ar Kung-Fu II **has pretty graphics and some nice tunes, but it lacks anything else that would make it a real winner.**

PRESENTATION 87%
Two player option and slick in-game presentation.

GRAPHICS 77%
Reasonable backdrops and the meanies are varied and well drawn.

SOUND 86%
Plenty of oriental style ditties and a pleasant title screen tune.

HOOKABILITY 83%
Straightforward controls and simple objectives give instant enjoyment.

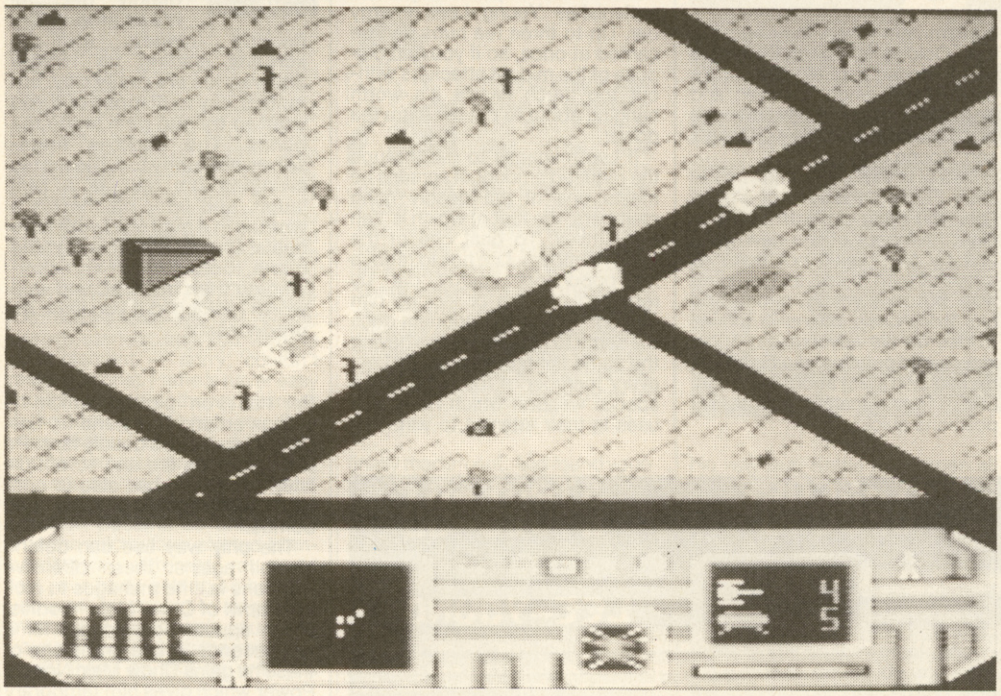
LASTABILITY 72%
Eight tough opponents to keep you busy.

VALUE 72%
A worthy purchase if like fighting games.

OVERALL 75%
Not bad at all, better than its predecessor.

PANTHER

Mastertronic, £1.99 cass, joystick only



To prove just how hard they are (on a truly intergalactic scale), the Phlegms from planet Bo-Gee have decided to invade earth — and they've started with the city of Xenon. Well they blew that place to bits, though luckily most of the population was evacuated first. Unluckily, not all of the population was evacuated, and still hiding in bunkers across the ravaged warscape there remain a few key military personnel. They need rescuing (rather badly really), and this is where Panther pops into view. The Panther is a new breed of deadly spacecraft that employs the cunning device of disguising itself as a huge Pilchard Tin in order to confuse the enemy. Guess who you have to play in this scenario then. No, not the aliens. No, not the trapped military personnel. No, not the alien's pet starcat. Yes, you've guessed it — you have to play the hero. A man who needs guts, nerves of steel, and a willingness to die. Don't shirk now, get that uniform on, c'mon get into the Pilchard Tin. That's better.

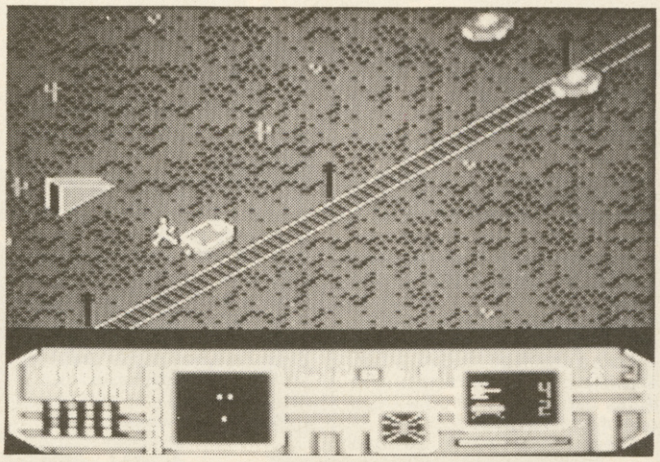
Your ship is controlled by joystick across a 3D scrolling backdrop. Your height is controlled by up and down movement, and your lateral position by left and right. With these simple controls, it's possible to manoeuvre the Pilchard Tin fighter in a large number of groovy ways. To defend yourself against the oncoming marauders you've got the Pilchard gun that emits deadly Pilchard rays in the Tuna frequency. It's really raunchy, one zap from this beauty amidst a crowd of oncoming saucers will obliterate them forever. Also, to help with alien encounters you've got a scanner that gives about three nanoseconds warning of impending battle — handy eh?

The poor unfortunates who need your help sit in little boxes waving at you (prats, imagine waving at a time like this — the wallies don't deserve rescuing!), the idea is to skillfully land your craft next to them. Seeing the welcoming Pilchard Tin before them, the military men run into the back of the craft. Once you've rescued as many men as possible, you have to get to the space port where they can be safely downloaded. Easy eh? Well no, actually it's not, as the alien resistance to your mightiness increases the further on you get. Never mind, no one ever said shooting hyper-intelligent Phlegms from a Pilchard Tin was going to be easy.

Though not highly original, Panther **is quite playable in a monotonous sort of way. It looks quite nice as well, and the whole shooting match jogs along quite nicely with boppy Dave Whittaker music. I can't help thinking though, that** Panther **would have been far more suited to Mastertronic's normal range rather than their new (and more pricey), Entertainment USA series. It's still worth a look though, and despite the extra quid I'm sure that quite a few of you will end up buying it.**

This ain't half bad. Okay so you might have misgivings about the overall look of the game but it offers plenty of playability. Your flying tin-can is relatively simple to control once you've sorted out the strange perspective. There's some incredibly funny touches in it too, like, um — like if you leave one of the little chaps behind he gets jolly batey and jumps up and down in frustration — poor little soul! For only two quid don't turn it down, it's worth the asking price, but no more.

This isn't a brilliant shoot em up, but it does provide a couple of hours entertainment as you try to pick up and deliver all the survivors. The game does have certain addictive qualities and I found myself coming back to it just to see if I could if I could go a little further. The graphics are a bit on the gaudy side and the sprites are somewhat unimaginative, but there's a decent tune to jolly you along. If you're short of cash and after a shoot em up then this is worth looking at.



PRESENTATION 71%
Not flawed but not exceptional either.

GRAPHICS 70%
Pleasant scrolling backdrops that really look quite nice. The sprites aren't bad either.

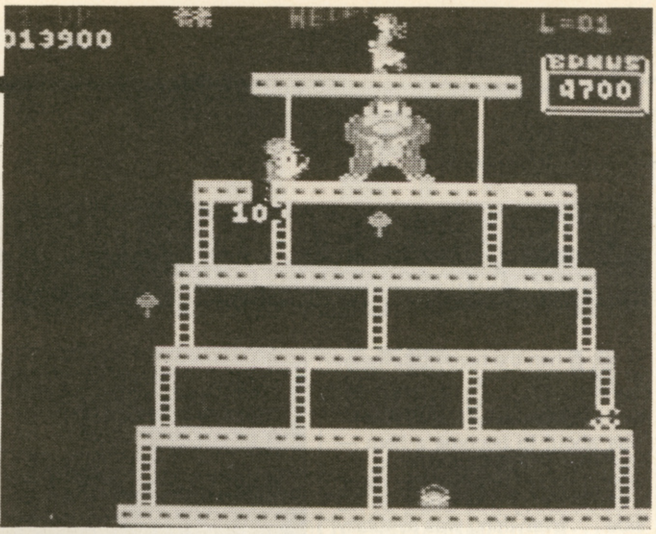
SOUND 72%
The effects aren't up to much, though the tune is good and adds a lot to the game.

HOOKABILITY 80%
Instantly playable.

LASTABILITY 69%
Boredom can quite easily creep into the proceedings after a fair bit of play, but it's fun 'til then.

VALUE 80%
Two quid isn't asking too much for such a simple shoot and pick 'em up.

OVERALL 73%
Nothing to sing and dance about — though it's nothing to slag off either. Have a look if you can.



DONKEY KONG

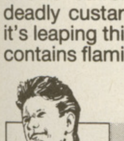
Imagine, £8.95 cass, joystick only

That dastardly gorilla, **Donkey Kong** has packed in munching bananas for a hobby, and much to everyone's annoyance he's taken up abducting young ladies. This has particularly annoyed one Mario, his nearest and dearest — the lovely Nicola — is one of the girlies that's been snatched. Mario is really hard, so he's decided to get after Kong, who's at this moment holed up at a nearby semi-completed building.

The building is split into four screens, all of which Mario must negotiate before he can get his girlfriend back. Each screen is divided into a number of platforms connected by ladders and other such stuff. Kong is always at the top and Mario must reach him to complete a screen.

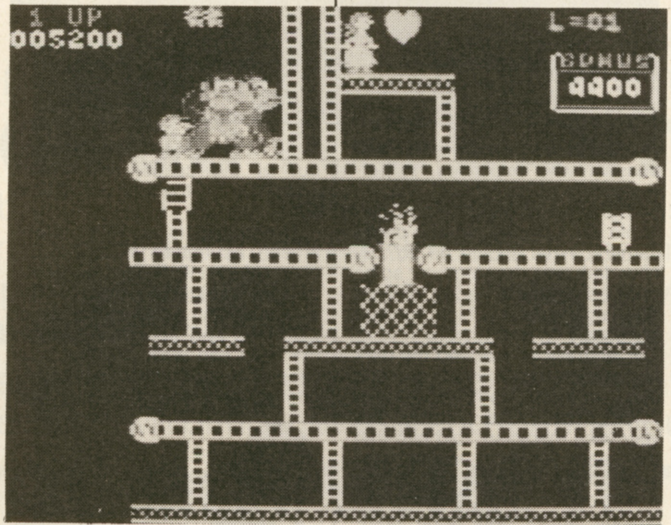
I really enjoyed playing this game but the bottom line is that there's no way I'd shell out nine quid for it. Ever. Kong's a very nice game indeed and fun to play. But nine quid? I don't think so. Even if you've never played Kong or a derivative of it, you'll probably get bored of this within a week. See if you can play it and then make up your own mind, but I'm sure you'll come to the same conclusion.

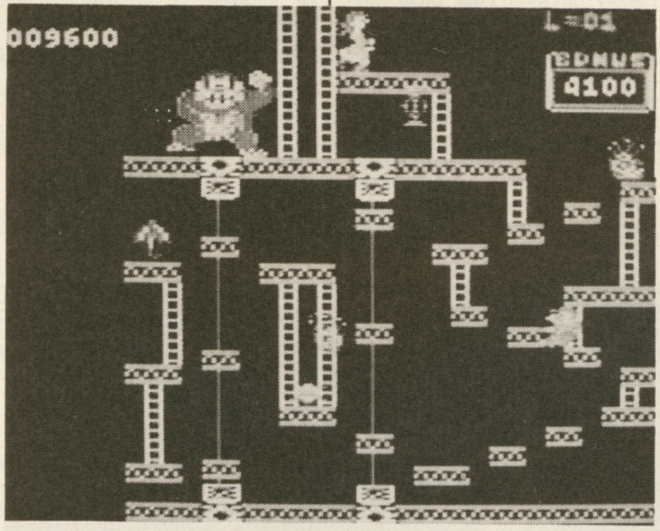
Mario is controlled by the classic left, right and jump method. With this he can scamper to the top of the screen and defeat the manic monkey. Each screen has it's own meanies to hamper and berate him. On the first, Kong throws barrels, the second has deadly custard pies, on the third it's leaping thingies and the fourth contains flaming nasties.

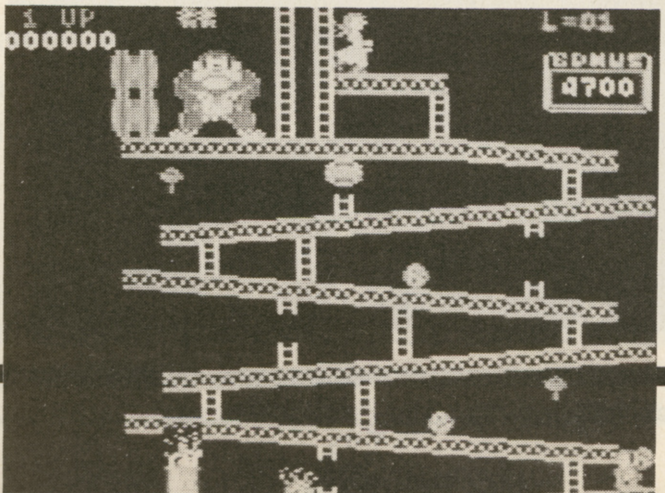


Donkey Kong games have plagued us since the beginning of time, but at last here is the real one, and it's a very pleasing conversion of the original arcade game. Okay, so it's not visually or aurally astounding, but it does have a great deal of playability and if you're a fan of the original, like me, you'll love this conversion. All your old favourites are there without the cover up names that so many other Kong games had to employ. If you want a Kong game, this is the one to buy.

On the fourth screen Mario's objective is slightly different, this time it's necessary for him to to weaken the structure of the building by running over and removing key-stones. Once all these key-stones have gone, Kong falls onto his grisly bonce and Mario is reunited with his beloved Nicola.







Right that's it, it has to be over now. Kong has fallen about a million miles and landed on his head, and our hero has got his girly back . . . Wrong! Somehow or other the loathsome gorilla lifts himself up, and while Mario's back is turned he grabs Nicola and off we go again — Aaaargh!

Although being a very accurate conversion, Donkey Kong **doesn't offer much in the way of new or exciting gameplay. It's fun having a couple of games and reminiscing about the good old days (in fact it's nearly six years ago since this first came out), but after that the game becomes very boring. There are only four screens of action and these become very repetitive once they've been played a couple of times. Graphically the game is quite jolly and the sound is almost identical to the arcade game, ie: pretty grotty. If you never played the original, or still love the game, you might want to check it out. Personally, I think it's a bit too pricey to be worth buying.**

PRESENTATION 72%
Bog standard arcade style presentation.

GRAPHICS 60%
Dated, but crisp and colourful.

SOUND 40%
Simple but suitable jingles and spot effects.

HOOKABILITY 74%
Addictive but not demanding or compulsive.

LASTABILITY 51%
Fun, although interest will no doubt wane once the game is completed.

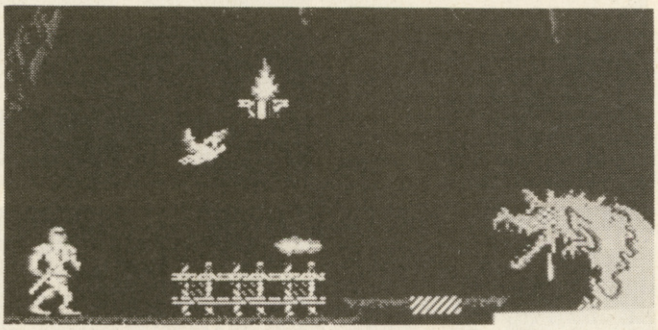
VALUE 49%
Overpriced for what it offers.

OVERALL 60%
A competent conversion of an old game which should have been considerably cheaper.

CAMELOT WARRIORS

Ariolasoft, £9.95 cass, joystick or keys

When the hero of **Camelot Warriors** went to bed everything was fine. In fact he didn't even realise that he was about to become a hero — Mummy had just tucked him in, the alarm clock was set for eight o'clock, teddy was sitting by his side . . . everything was all totally normal and hunky dory. Until he woke up that is. Gone was the bed, teddy and the clock. Gone were his Ah-Ha posters, his house, and the town he lived in. In fact it seemed that everything for miles around had disappeared and been replaced by trees, fields and leafy glades. His pyjamas had also done a runner, but luckily these had been replaced by a button bright suit of armour (a little uncomfortable to sleep in maybe, but dead handy in battle).



After musing for a while, the confused young chap got to his mail-clad feet and started to walk down a nearby dirt track. After strolling along for a while he met a peasant who explained, in between tugs of his forelock that, 'it be the times of good King Arthur, noble sir'. Oh dear, what a predicament. What should he do? By now dark was drawing near so he decided to make tracks towards the large castle which loomed ominously on the horizon.

Eventually he reached the dark and gloomy castle and discovered that it was inhabited by an ancient white wizard. The crumbly, but very wise magician, told him that the reason why he'd been spirited back to the times of King Arthur was because one of his more difficult spells had gone completely haywire. Four other elements had also been transported back from the twentieth century, the old magician went on, and the only way that the situation could possibly be reversed was if they were all collected and handed to the guardians of Camelot's four worlds: Aznaht, Druid of the forest; Kindo, King of the lake; Azornic, Dragon Lord of the caves; and King Arthur himself. So, after resting a while, our young disorientated hero took his leave, strolled out of the castle, and began searching for the four out of time elements.

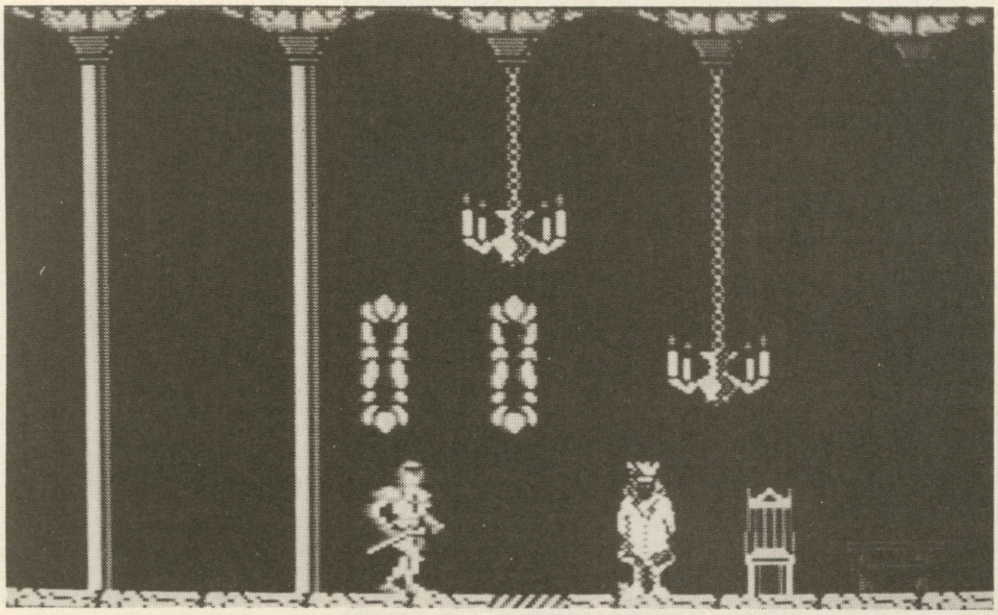
The game is a flick screen arcade adventure in which the player steps into the armour of the gadget-seeking knight. The worlds of King Arthur all consist of platforms and floors over which the hero can walk. He can also jump from platform to platform in one athletic bound — not bad when you consider that he's got a heavy suit of armour welded around his body. His biggest problem is that the place is infested with all manner of animals, both flying and crawling, which try their best to attack him. If a creature touches him he loses one of his five lives, but luckily he's armed with a sword which he can brandish with one press of the fire button, killing anything which gets in his way.

Our hero begins his quest in the forest and must find the 'fire which doesn't burn', ie: a lightbulb. Once it's in his possession (collected by running over it), it can be taken to the guardian of the wood, who, on presentation of the object, gives our hero the ability to go into the next world, in this case turning him into a frog so that he can enter the lake. The game continues in this fashion until all the objects have been delivered, whereupon the hero gains access to Camelot castle, and he can at last transport himself back to the present day.

Camelot Warriors **offers very little and the scenario isn't even very original. It's another of those 'wander around, collect the goodies and avoid the meanies games.' The sort of game that I get tired of very easily. Most of the time is spent idly wandering around nothing more than the programmer's self-indulgent maze. Yawn. There are, occasionally, remotely interesting pieces but don't expect to complete it quickly.**

Strangely reminiscent of Elidon, Camelot Warriors **is yet another bog standard arcade adventure. Why it's £9.95 is a complete mystery to me, nothing to do with it's quality that's for sure. It's a full price games pretending to be budget software. Simple, unrewarding gameplay, equally rubbish graphics, sound and packaging. Steer clear and stay happy.**

This arcade adventure offers little in the way of excitement and interest to a budding adventurer. The four tasks don't really involve much in the way of action, and all you have to do is collect the object and find the guardian. Occasionally you might have to avoid a nasty, but its not exactly adrenalin producing stuff. The program is badly designed too, and it's quite easy to get yourself into a position where you lose your lives without being able to do a thing about it — very annoying indeed. The graphics are quite nice, but sound is lacking, so are any addictive qualities. Avoid it.



PRESENTATION 74%
Pleasant title screen and joystick and keyboard option.

GRAPHICS 68%
'Pretty' backgrounds but the sprites lack detail.

SOUND 44%
Poor title screen tune and a few spot effects during the game.

HOOKABILITY 52%
Might be interesting to an adventureless arcade adventurer.

LASTABILITY 38%
Boredom soon sets in due to a lack of variety and action.

VALUE 39%
Expensive for what it offers.

OVERALL 44%
A simple arcade adventure lacking arcade action and adventure.

ocean

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Expansion in an exciting industry.

Continuing success and growth in home computer software creates further positions for personnel in program writing, development and management.

Ocean group markets software worldwide offering the most extensive publication of computer programs and producing maximum sales revenues.

HOW RICH DO YOU WANT TO BE?

You've probably heard a lot of claims and promises from software companies concerning payment for program code or design work but the fact is reward depends upon success and by linking into success you will achieve your maximum potential whichever way you choose to be paid.

If you have talent and dedication then Ocean with its resources and international connections will bring the fame and fortune you deserve.

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

We are looking for people to work in the fields of game design, graphic animation, program coding and related skills either directly as in-house personnel or on a freelance basis. Training and support will be offered; everything from equipment to friendly advice – we want to help you do a better job for both of us.

We are also looking to market finished software and will offer to translate original programs to every relevant micro format in order to increase the potential revenues to the creator.

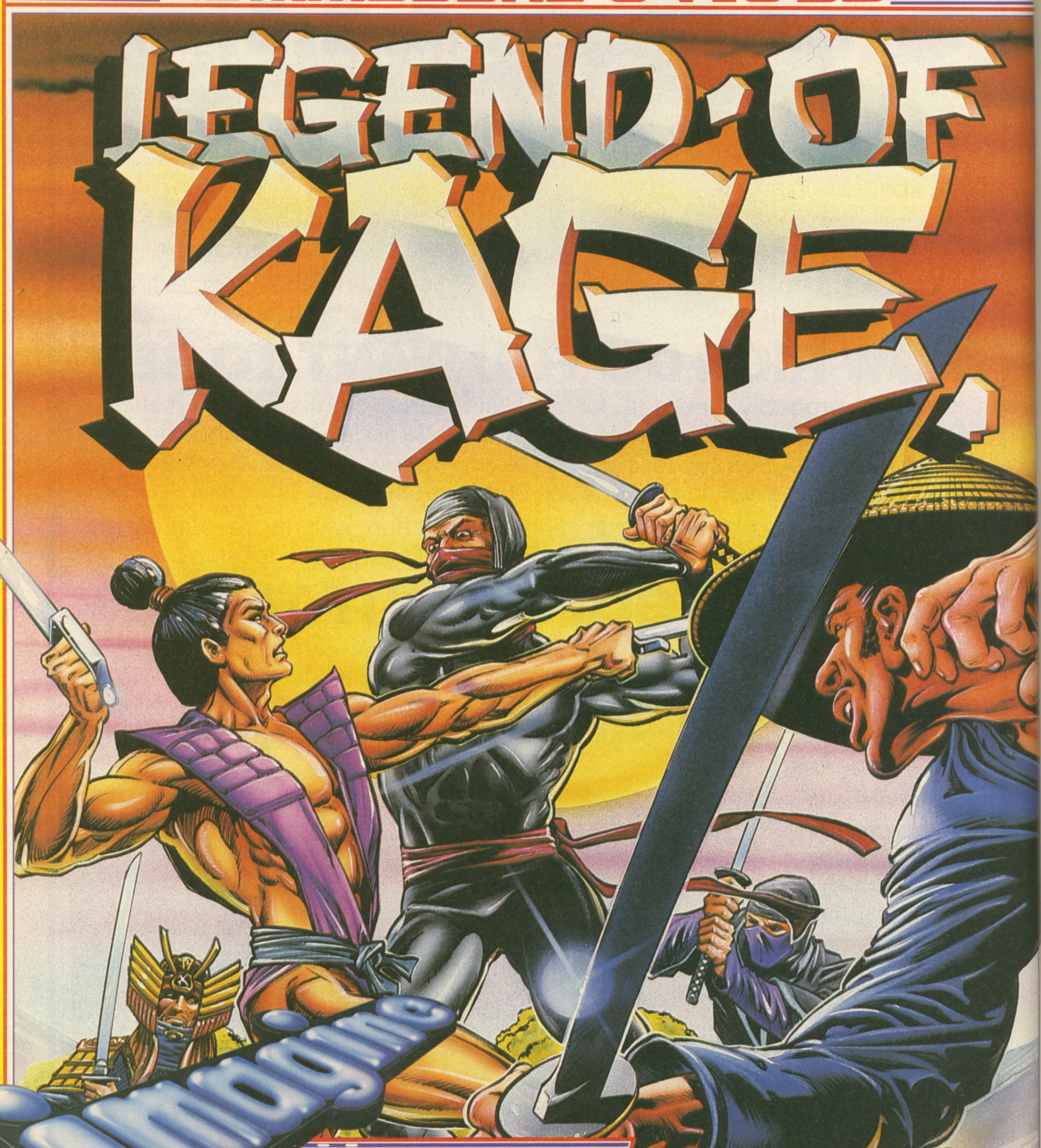
We work and publish in both 8 bit and 16 bit environments worldwide and no project is too large or too small for our consideration.

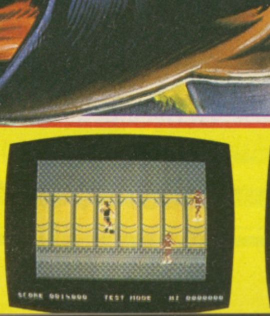
DON'T MISS THE BOAT

Contact us today in full confidence either by phone, telex, fax or write to:

Product Acquisition and Development,
Ocean Software Limited,
6 Central Street,
Manchester.
M2 5NS.
Telephone – 061-832 6633
Fax – 061-834 0650
Telex – 669977 OCEANS G.

AMSTRAD £8.95
ZX SPECTRUM £7.95
COMMODORE 64 £8.95

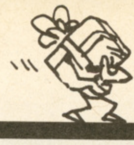

LEGEND OF KAGE.
Imagine
...the name of the game



LEGEND OF KAGE

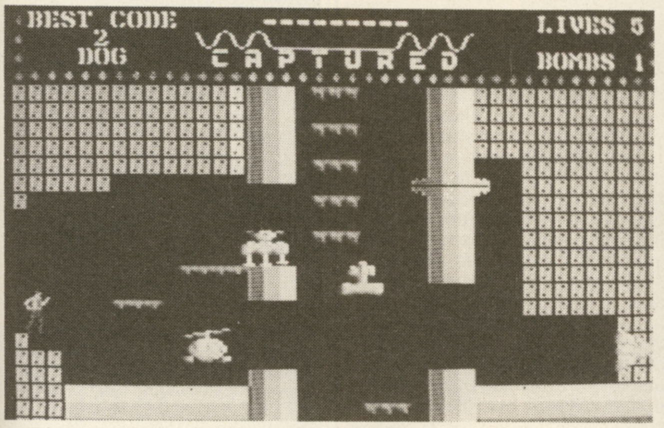
Imagine Software (1984) Limited
6 Central Street • Manchester M2 5NS •
Tel: 061 834 3939 • Telex: 669977

"Licensed from © Taito Corp., 1986, Programmed for (Amstrad, Spectrum, Commodore) by Imagine Software. Export outside Europe prohibited"



CAPTURED

American Action £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk, joystick only



Remember **Soldier One**, the hardest commando in the world? Last month he single-handedly raided the evil General's island, blowing up a fleet of ships, half an army, and an entire fortress in the process. This really annoyed the General so he vowed revenge. He drew up a plan to finish our hero for once and for all — late one night, when Soldier One was having a kip, two of the evil General's henchmen sneaked into his room and stuffed a load of chloroform up his nose. Poor old One was so taken by surprise, that he breathed it all in and slipped into a coma before he could even pull back his sheets. The henchmen wheeled him away and dumped him in the General's secret bunker . . .

Many hours later Soldier One woke up, his head still muzzy from the chloroform. Sitting up, he fumbled in his pocket and discovered a crumpled note which said 'find the security code to the door and escape, but beware of the beasts'.

Soldier One is back in yet another awful game. Captured **is terrible and would cost you £9.95 for the pleasure of finding that out. It isn't exactly a rip off of one particular product (unlike Soldier One) but it isn't original either. Just a run of the mill platform game cum arcade adventure, the sort that Mastertronic do in an infinitely superior way for a fifth of the price. Soldier One is just so unresponsive to control, and even the most apparently easy looking tasks become a real bind. The final kick in the head is the music, it's awful and just doesn't stop — unless you turn the volume right down.**

Platform games are nothing new under the sun, but usually they have something else going for them whether it be music, graphics or just damn good playability. Captured **has none of these qualities, it is a plain and simple jumping around game. And a fairly tricky one at that. Once you've mastered the layout of each room it becomes easy and downright dull. The graphics are nothing special, mostly consisting of uninspiring colours such as grey, brown and green which do little to enthuse. When it comes down to it,** Captured **is nothing more than an unoriginal platform game which will leave a lot of people unhappy.**

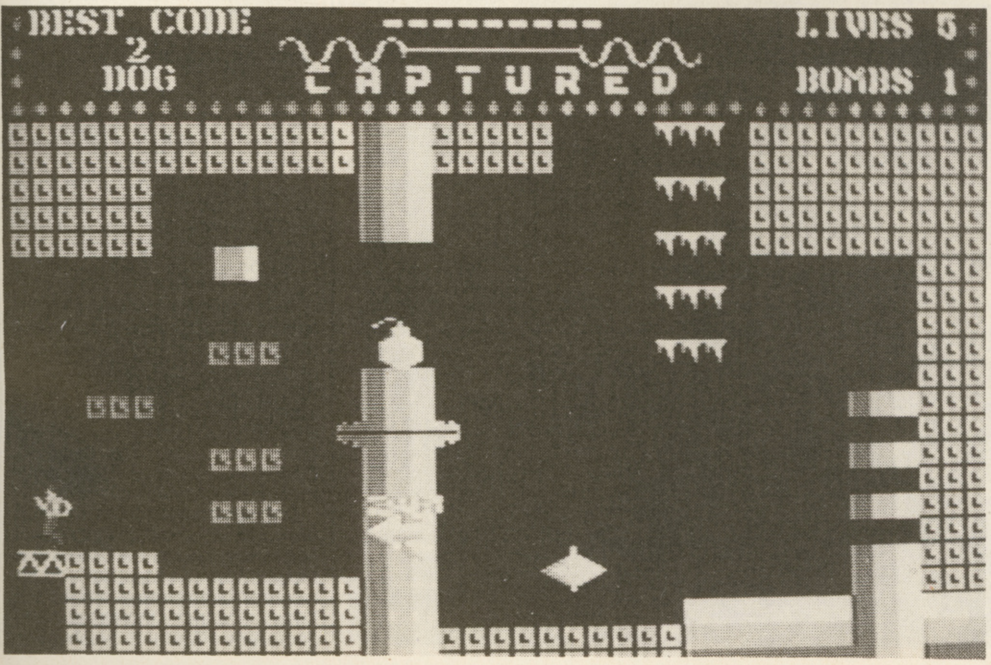
Stuffing the note back in his pocket, One began his quest to find the security code.

Captured is a flick screen arcade adventure in which you play the role of Soldier One. The bunker he's been thrown into is a strange place, full of platforms and horrible meanies which float about the place on preset courses. One can jump from platform to platform by pressing the fire button, and run left and right, logical movements of the joystick determining his direction.

When leaping about the place he may sometimes make a misjudgement and fall to the floor, but luckily he's so hard that he survives — no matter how far he falls. What he isn't protected against is the meanies — if he touches one of these he loses one of his five lives. His only defence against these dangerous marauding horrors is a laser weapon which destroys everything on screen. The drawback with this is that there are only three charges in the weapon. Don't fret too much though, extra charges and extra lives can be found littered around the complex.

To escape from the bunker, Soldier One has to find and pick up the nine different parts of the security code (each code is picked up automatically if touched). Having done this, all that remains is for him to find the exit and make good his escape — all in a days work for the world's hardest commando!

This is a really tacky platform game cum arcade adventure. Controlling Soldier One is a real pain as he slides about the place like he's treading on ice, and it's really annoying to see him career into a nasty, just because he didn't respond quickly enough to your joystick movement. The game itself is very dull, there are no original features or gimmicks to keep you glued to your Commodore. The graphics are pretty bland and the sound falls into the same category — don't waste your money on it.



PRESENTATION 41%
A reasonable title screen, but no extra frills or features.

GRAPHICS 38%
Poor sprites and bland backdrops.

SOUND 29%
Annoying tune plays throughout the game.

HOOKABILITY 37%
The main character is tricky to control and the game gets frustrating.

LASTABILITY 32%
Little to keep you coming back to your 64.

VALUE FOR MONEY 29%
A budget price tag would be more fitting for a game of this quality.

OVERALL 34%
A very poor platform game cum arcade adventure.

NUCLEAR EMBARGO

Micropool, £9.95 cass, £12.95 disk, joystick only

Following the severe fossilised fuel crises in the early 21st century man developed and perfected a new energy source — nuclear fission, obtained by processing Uranium 235. Even this rare mineral was eventually mined out, and man was forced to look to the stars for new sources of fuel. Eventually large Uranium deposits were discovered on the moons of Saturn, and a deal was drawn up with Saturn's premier, Rayol the First, so that the people of Earth could mine the fuel they so desperately needed.

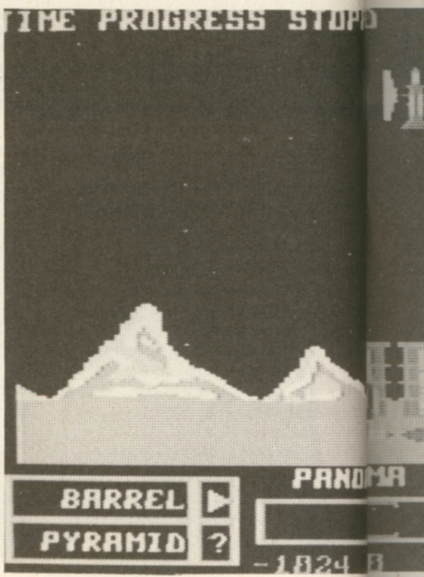
All went well for four centuries until Rayol the Perverse came to power. This horrible character decided that he wanted to create a zoo containing all of the different Earth races. He told Earth leaders that unless they supplied him with 1,000 people of his choice, he'd force an embargo on any further mining of Uranium. Earth refused to succumb to his diabolical demands and Rayol duly shut down the mines. Over the following months Earth's Uranium stockpiles diminished to molehills, and the heads of state became increasingly worried — running out of Uranium would cause billions of people to die of starvation. A crisis committee met and a solution was found: Earth would send one of its rockets out to Saturn's moons and obtain the Uranium by force, even if it meant sparking off an interstellar war.

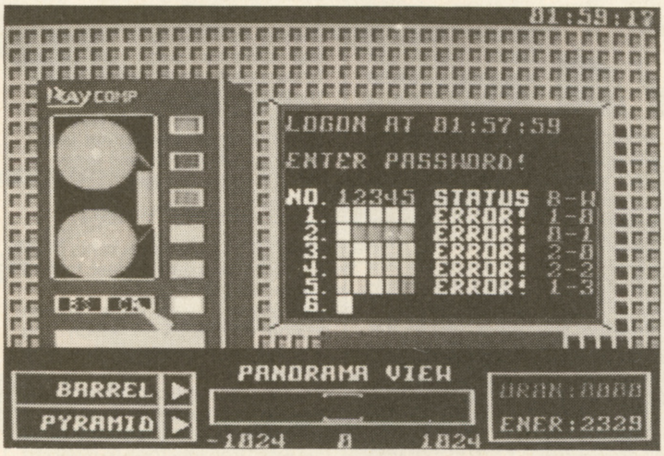
You, being the top gun of the space fleet, have to fly the mission. On board your warp rocket you have nine robots fitted with the latest mining equipment to help you take the Uranium. The game begins just after the ship has arrived in the vicinity of Saturn's moons, and a 10 x 10 astro chart can be accessed to show where exactly the ship is in relation to them. A cursor can be moved about the map by using the joystick, once positioned, pressing the fire button 'warps' the ship to whichever square the cursor is currently occupying. Whenever you warp, some of your ship's energy is lost, the amount depending on the distance travelled. Your ship's energy is displayed throughout the game in numerical form, so that you know exactly what sort of position you're in.

Ten of the squares on the astro chart contain circles, representing the ten moons of Saturn, and twenty contain little dots, representing pulsars. Whenever your energy is low you can warp to a sector containing a pulsar to re-energise your cells. When you arrive in a pulsar sector, the screen changes to show a 3D view of the starfield. Somewhere within this starfield is a flashing pulsar which, if shot by your twin lasers, gives you 100,000 units of energy.

When you warp to a moon sector you are automatically put into orbit. A view of the moon's surface can then be displayed by pressing F3. By using the joystick the screen can be made to scroll in any direction, and as your view scrolls by, you will see craters and ground installations. A satellite occasionally comes into view a few miles below you, and if it detects your presence, it relays your position to the ground installations which immediately start firing laser missiles at you. Luckily you too are armed and can fire back — destroying buildings by shooting their glowing outer regions.

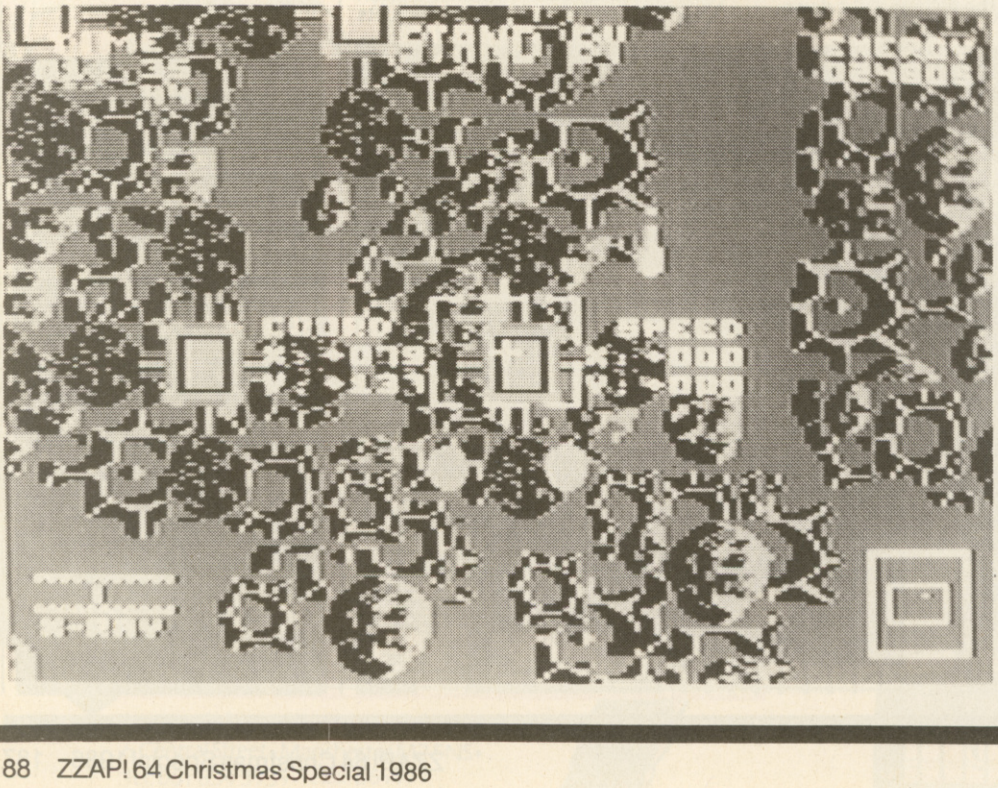
In the bottom left hand corner of the screen there is an X-ray scanner, which has to be used if the moon's Uranium deposit is to be located. As the screen scrolls, the X-ray scanner increases and decreases. When it reaches its

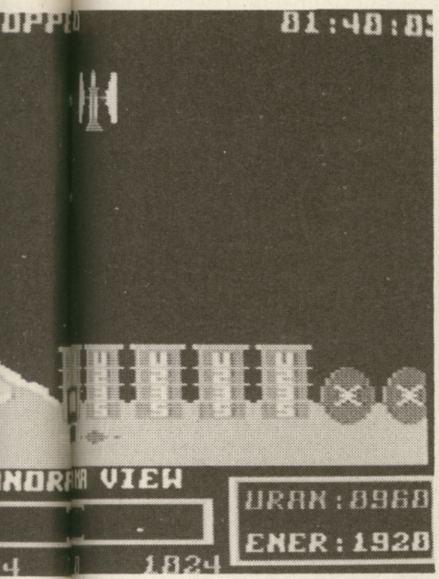


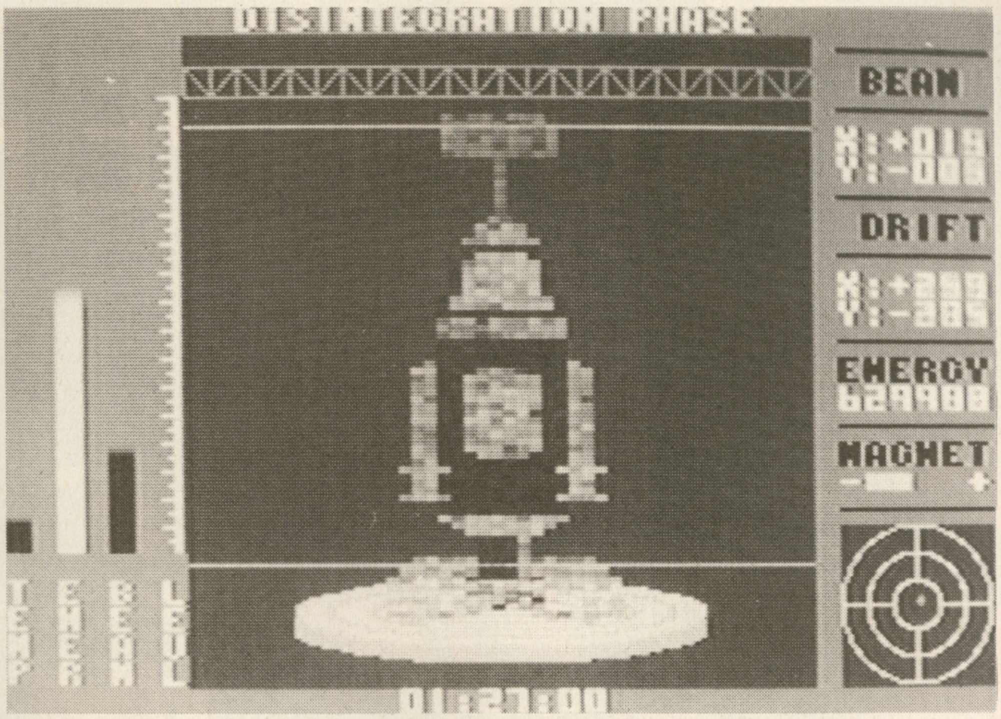


```
01:59:17
LOGON AT 01:57:59
ENTER PASSWORD!
NO. 12345 STATUS 8-W
 1.       ERROR!  1-8
 2.       ERROR!  8-1
 3.       ERROR!  2-8
 4.       ERROR!  2-2
 5.       ERROR!  1-3
 6.
URAN:0000
ENER:2329
```

Nuclear Embargo is strange. Unlike most modern releases it's more game than graphics and a very nice game it is too. Classing this game is tricky, it's an odd blend between strategy and arcade, something I haven't seen before. The presentation is great and both graphics and sound are fairly top rate making the whole thing trot along a bit better. I'm a little dubious about its £9.95 tag, a pound or two cheaper and my reception would have been even warmer. Still, the game is really nice and offers a welcome break from the run of the mill kill the aliens scenario and as such is fairly refreshing. Have a look first, it may well be your cup of tea.





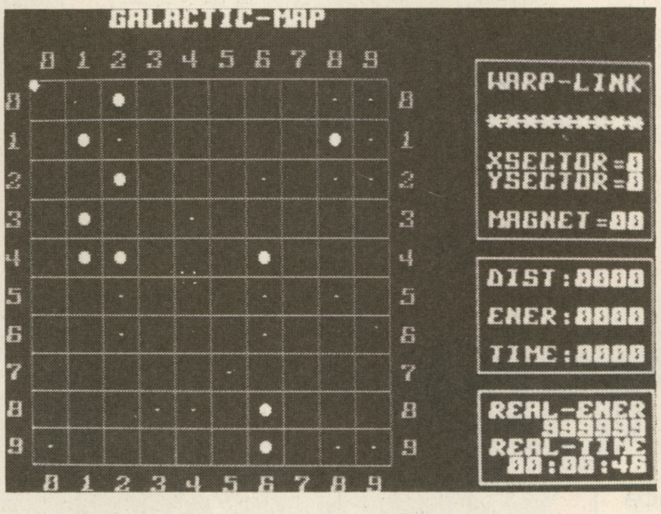


maximum you are directly over the Uranium stockpile and a robot can be sent down to mine it.

To beam a robot down to the surface you have to firstly access the transporter room, done by pressing F5. A robot is brought onto the transporting plinth, and it prepares itself for planetfall. When it's ready, pressing the fire button starts the transporting process. A target with a little dot in the middle is displayed in the bottom right-hand corner of the screen. As the robot is transported the dot begins to move out of the centre circle, so the player must keep it in the middle of the circle with movements of the joystick. If it moves out of the circle the transporter starts to overheat, and if it overheats before the robot completes the journey it is destroyed.

Nuclear Embargo **isn't an exceptional game but it's highly original and offers plenty of challenge. There are a few derivative features within the program, like the Mastermind style code cracking bit inside the pyramids, but I've never actually seen a game quite like it — which might explain why it took several plays to convince me of its qualities! This is the second quality release to appear from Micropool — hopefully they can keep it up.**

When the journey is successfully completed, the screen displays an elevation view of the robot and the moon surface, the robot can then move left or right across it losing energy all the time. If the robots energy is low it can be transported back to the ship (the reverse process of transporting down).



Once on the moon's surface, an arrow at the bottom of the screen shows which way the Uranium dump is. If the robot is standing in front of a dump, pushing forward on the joystick collects the Uranium. There are usually a number of Uranium filled containers on each of the moons, so it may take more than one journey to collect it all.

The moon isn't unguarded and there are three defences to watch out for — satellites which swoop and destroy the robot if it stands still too long, droids which fire missiles (a missile can be destroyed if the fire button is depressed just before it hits the robot) and radar dishes which flash, destroying the robot if it's in the vicinity at the time.

This is a really original program which has plenty in it too keep any player happy for quite some time. The different aspects of the game are all quite neat, the aerial view of the moon where you have to search for the Uranium is well done, and actually transporting a robot down to the moon's surface and searching the place out is really entertaining. The graphics aren't brilliant, but they suit the game nicely, and the sound, again not exceptional, fits the game well. If you're after something a little different take a look — it's not bad at all.

The defence system can be turned off if the robot enters one of the pyramids which are to be found on some of the moons. On entering, you are given access to a computer and can have a go at cracking a five digit colour code. You are given eleven attempts to crack the code and if you fail you lose a robot.

The game continues in this fashion until all the Uranium is collected, all of your robots are destroyed, or the craft runs out of fuel.

PRESENTATION 93%
Slick. The various screens all run together fluidly and the instruction are very helpful.

GRAPHICS 81%
Varied in quality, but on the whole very good.

SOUND 80%
No music, but plenty of imaginative spot effects.

HOOKABILITY 87%
Looks complicated to start with, but it only takes a few plays to get to grips with it.

LASTABILITY 82%
The ten moons will keep intrepid Uranium hunters occupied for quite some time.

VALUE 81%
Although a little expensive, the game has plenty to offer.

OVERALL 85%
Not a brilliant program, but very original and enjoyable to play.

STAR
SOLDIER
1000
CREDIT
AWARD
LOAD
SAVE
COMP
CBM 64
£8.95

A new breed of men – space mercenaries go anywhere for the right money. Revolutions, space pirates, you name it, no job is too tough. With 100 planets to choose from and a variety of mega-weapons, he is interested in only one thing, money – and he kills for it.

QUICKSILVA

Victory House
14 Leicester Place
London WC2H 7NB

BAZOOKA BILL

Melbourne House, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk, joystick only

General MacArthur has been kidnapped — Oh no! Some nasty revolutionary faction has whipped him away — Double oh no! But don't you worry none, we've got **Bazooka Bill** and he's harder than hard. He shaves with a blow torch, gargles tin tacks for breakfast, uses babies as basketballs and if anyone can rescue the General in distress it is him.

Such a dashing loveable-rogue is old Bazooky that he doesn't need any weapons! No! With his super Kraut bashing fist (they won both World War I and II) Bill will bash the blighters from here to tomorrow. Anyway, he will be able to pick up weapons along the way.

Bazooka Bill **is little more than a poor man's** Green Beret. **The graphics are crude, blocky and badly designed. Probably the most laughable occurrence is the point at which Bill's hand becomes disjointed from his wrist as he fires. It doesn't stop there — when holding a gun his hand swells to the size of his waist! There's no excuse for this shoddy workmanship. Graphics are so important in such a meagre shoot em as this. They can make or break a game. In this case I think** Bazooka Bill **needs some major surgery.**

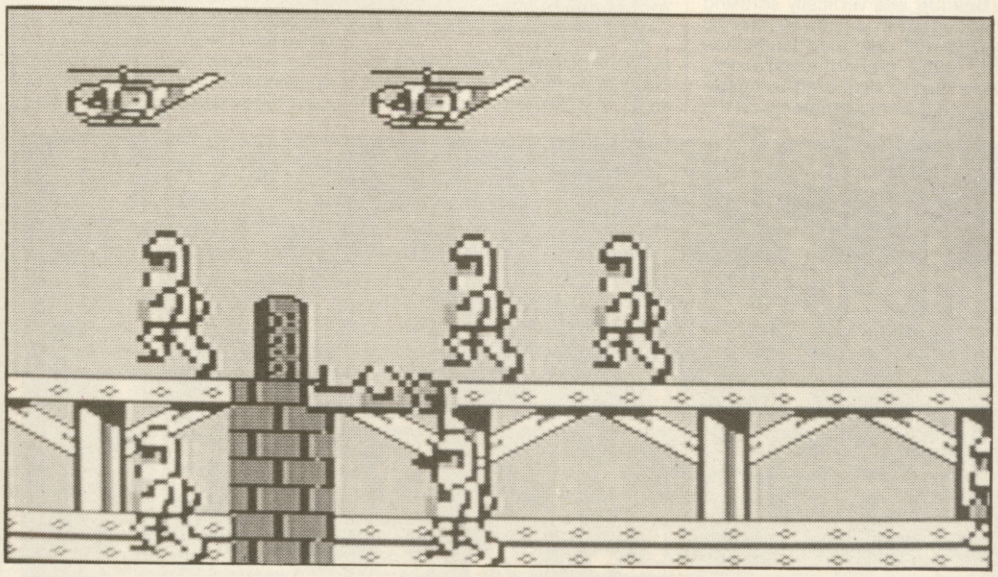
The dear old general is holed up on an island in the South Pacific, one of three islands actually. Dumped just outside of Clarke Airbase, Bazooka has got to get some transport to the South Pacific, and since it's an airbase it's going to have to be air transport. Clarke Airbase is a lovely place, it's got lots of lovely flowers, trees, rhythm and blue skies but what it's got the most of is enemy soldiers just waiting to let some lead loose in Bill's direction. Doesn't matter though, Bazooky's hard — he killed a man.

Lots of scenery scrolls by our Bill as he employs all of the gook killing tactics he picked up in 'nam. Split into different levels linked by ladders, Bill can leap, run and climb all over his environment once he is given the correct dexterous wiggle of the joystick.

Actually the ladders work rather oddly — even though they look dead normal, they possess very odd temporal and spacial properties. Going up or down a ladder can also take you round a corner even though there's absolutely zero indication of a change of location. Illogical it may be, but if you have plans on being **Bazooka Bill**, an understanding of this odd concept is integral if you are to play the game.

Throughout his travels through enemy territory, Bill is constantly assailed by nasty men with machine guns. But, as has been previously stated **Bazooka Bill** is HARD and it takes more than a few red hot slugs of lead penetrating his flesh to stop this one-man hurricane. What does stop Bill is his energy meter hitting zero. He has got five lives though, so that should seem him through.

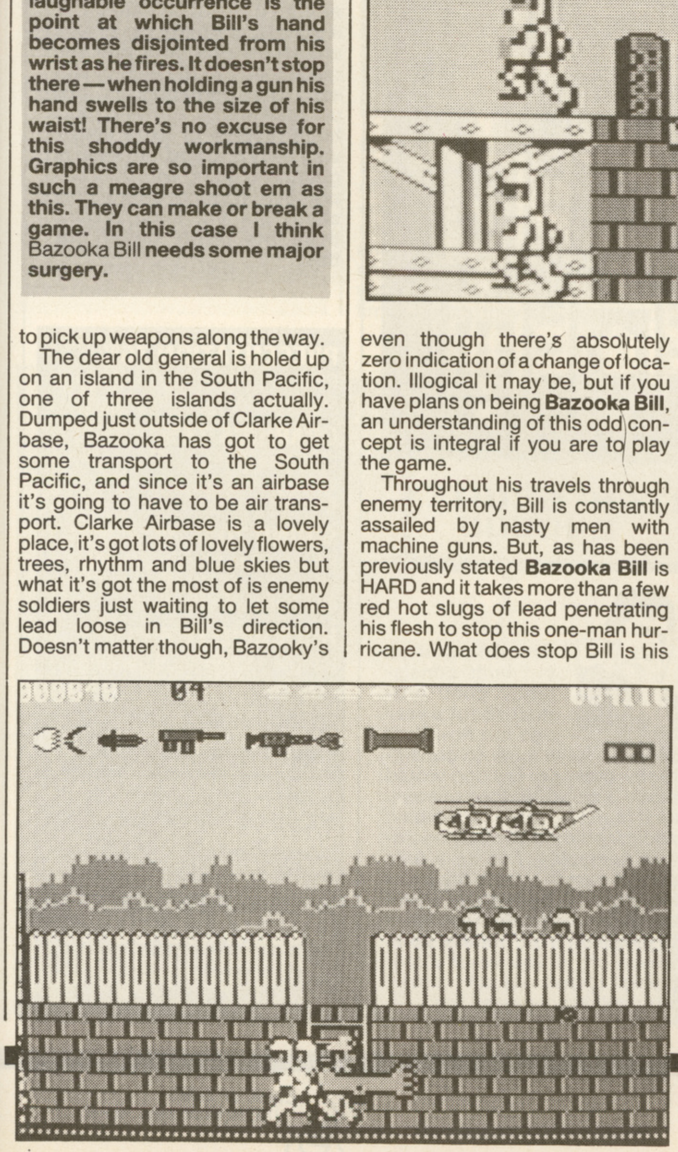
Also there to help Bill are the brill weapons lying about that become his once he runs over them. To add to hardman Bill's firepower are knives, machine guns, flame throwers and yes, BAZOOKA'S! Though the weapons are brilliant in their killability their stamina isn't up to much, and after a bit of gook killing they fade and die taking Bill back to ever dependable knuckle power.



To finish the game and rescue the General from his grisly fate, Bill needs to complete five levels. Each one is finished by finding the right position in the scrolling landscape. This is no easy task though, even for someone as hard as Bazooky, but a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do — and it's up to you to help.

Bazooka Bill **isn't the best game in the world and it isn't the worst. That's only because of** Robobolt**, that's the worse game in the world and it's lucky for Melbourne House that** Robobolt **came out, otherwise this comment would have started: 'Bazooka Bill is the worst game in the world'. The graphics are chunky and poorly defined and the music is dull — just like the gameplay which is incredibly repetetive and monotonous. Do yourself a favour — don't buy** Bazooka Bill**, just go to the computer shop and laugh at it.**

I'm not quite sure whether Melbourne House have released this as a joke, or whether they're serious. Whatever their motive there's one thing that's definite: Bazooka Bill **is awful. It's a clone of** Green Beret**, only it has pathetic graphics and doesn't play anywhere near as well. The graphics are truly awful — when he punches, his hand comes away from his body and his aeroplane looks like it's been designed by a three year old. The only thing that brings you back to play it is to find out whether things get worse. They do. Don't waste your money on it.**



PRESENTATION 65%
Adequate.

GRAPHICS 45%
Duplo Bill goes walkabout in Legoland — as built by a seven year old.

SOUND 56%
A few simple tunes assault the ears throughout the game.

HOOKABILITY 40%
Some initial compulsion to see if things get any better.

LASTABILITY 27%
But they don't, in fact things get worse.

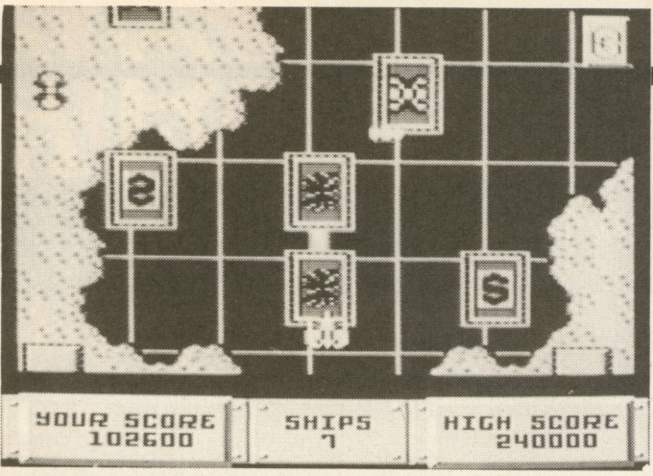
VALUE 28%
An inferior version of **Green Beret** for the same price.

OVERALL 30%
A poor first release from Arcade.

ZZAP! TEST

BULLDOG

Gremlin Graphics, £9.99 cass, joystick only



The evil Polon tribe have been causing a bit of a rumpus out on the eastern spiral arm of our beautiful galaxy. They've been bashing innocent civilizations, blowing up suns and overriding all of the space channels with horrible telly programs. The Powers That Be on good old Earth have decided that this has gone too far, and have sent a warship out there to give them their come-uppance. You play the warship's pilot, and it's your job to guide it through the extremely well armed Polon defence system.

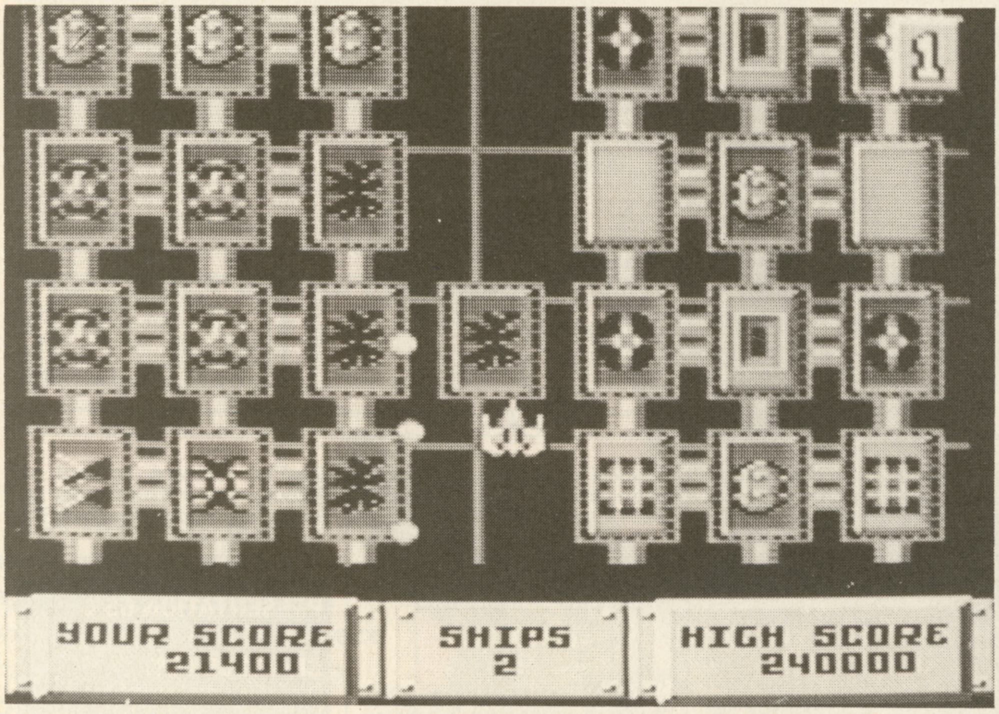
Bulldog is a vertically scrolling shoot em up in which you must fly over a well defended landscape and strafe ground installations. There are no alien craft to hassle you, but the emplacements on the surface of the planet hurl missiles and bombs in an attempt to bring you down. Six types of installation exist: the slow and fast trajectory types which fire bullets straight at you, shielders (which lob extra wide bullets down the screen), sprayers (which hurl bullets in all directions), straights (which fire two bullets, horizontally then vertically) and finally homers (which fire highly dangerous homing missiles). There are also four types of wall which can't be crossed and require varying amounts of shots to destroy them.

The warship can move anywhere on the screen. As you fly over the landscape you will see squares with letters inscribed upon them. If the ship is guided over one of these, it will change for better or for worse. For example, if an S is collected your ship will speed up, an F gives you extra firepower and a B gives bonus firepower and autorepeat (so you don't have to keep pressing the fire button to fire). Multiples of these letters can be collected to build your ship into a real force to reckoned with, the only problem is that all these powers, as well as one of your five lives, are lost if the warship is hit by a missile. Other special powers which can be collected include temporary indestructibility and the ability to clear the screen of enemy missiles (a sort of smart bomb effect). It is also possible to scroll the screen faster and reverse the scrolling to avoid hitting walls (or to go back for a second shot at the targets).

Some of the letter squares are best avoided — those with a backward S slow your ship down, a D drains your extra power, and a square with a horizontal arrow reduces your movement to left and right only.

If you manage to fly right over the defence system you will encounter a Polon Mothership, a big and beefy affair which scrolls down the screen towards your tiny little warship and then stops, spewing missiles and bombs. This can only be destroyed by shooting off its gun turrets. When they've all been destroyed, the mothership explodes and you're transported to the next (more hazardous) Polon defence system.

The game continues in this fashion with the ground emplacements getting more and more vicious and the motherships growing bigger and bigger. If all this seems a bit daunting, don't worry too much — you can earn extra lives at regular point intervals.



Coo, a scrolling game. In fact, a scrolling game with things to shoot at. Again. It does possess some interesting effects, such as when the ships disappear into a sparkle. However the pace of the game is, on the whole slow. It does get a bit faster further on, but not much. Bulldog **didn't enthuse me that greatly. It looks and sounds okay, but it's rather dull to play.**

It's a shame that there isn't more to this game — if there were alien ships swirling around it would be brilliant. As it stands, shooting the ground emplacements gets dull very quickly due to the lack of variety. The gameplay is also unchallenging, building up a huge reserve of extra lives is very easy and you can keep on going and going with very little practice. If you're after a good shoot em up, shop around, there are plenty better than this.

Gremlin started out with consistently good product about a year ago but now they seem to have sunk to consistently average. Bulldog **would make a good budget release, as it features some nice music and graphics and mildly addictive gameplay. But as a fully priced game — well, it's lacking. There is something about the game that makes you want to play it for a bit, but that soon wears off. If you want a fast paced shoot em up, then I wouldn't recommend this.**

PRESENTATION 76%
Pleasant title screen and high-score table, but little else.

GRAPHICS 78%
Good backdrops, but they're all very similar and get very repetitive.

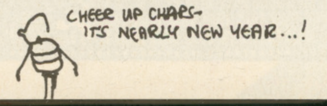
SOUND 70%
Reasonable title screen ditty, and the spot effects range from average to pretty good.

HOOKABILITY 69%
Simple and obvious blasting action mean that it's easy to get into.

LASTABILITY 57%
Repetitive and unrewarding gameplay soon gives way to boredom.

VALUE 55%
Not enough content to warrant such a high price tag.

OVERALL 60%
A simple blasting game which provides a couple of hours entertainment.



1942

Elite, £9.95 cass, £14.95 disk, joystick only

Dakkka, dakka — Boom! Boom! Neeeeeeeow . . . 'Command to Flight Eagle — come in Flight Eagle' 'Wizzo chaps, Flight Sparrow here. What's the problem?' 'Trouble in the Pacific. Annihilate cabbage crates over the briny and return to base . . .' 'You cads! Dame Vera's just come over the air waves! Duty calls though . . . Flight Chicken over and ayt'

So begins the perilous battle of 1942. Somewhere in the Pacific a mammoth battle is raging. The enemy's fleet and airforce are growing in strength. You, the heroic pilot of the plane Flight Eagle, have been assigned to invade enemy air space in an attempt to diminish their numbers. In a daring solo mission your carrier will take Flight Eagle to the edge of safe territory from where you must begin.

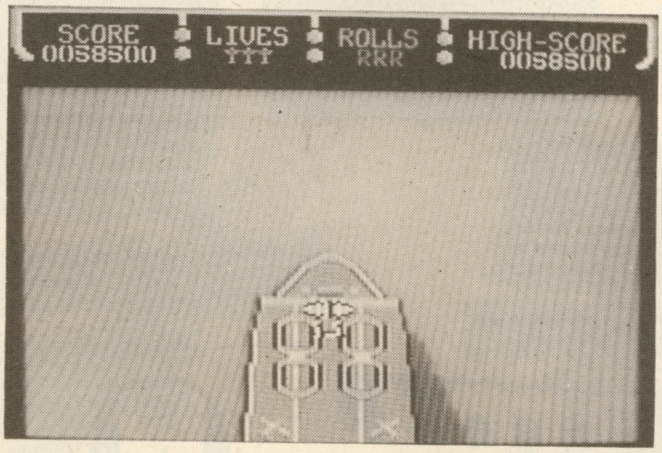
The engine splutters into life, the 633 squadron theme tune is rattling through your head, and you're off — all alone. The opposition consists mainly of simple, but deadly gunners. Get past them and the enemy will begin to worry and send a few bigger planes after you. These have to be shot several times before they are destroyed, unlike the gunners which can be blasted with one well placed shot. Some planes carry an unusual cargo in the form of 'POW'er capsules. When a complete squadron is shot down this cargo is ejected so you can retrieve it for extra fire power.

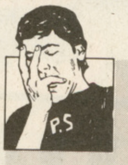
The mission is split into several sections, each becoming more difficult as you progress further into enemy territory. Huge bombers appear later in the game and must be shot many times to destroy them before they shoot you. Fortunately your plane can be rolled, done by pressing the space bar. This makes you invincible for a few seconds as your plane loops the loop. However, only three rolls are provided for each life.

Be prepared! Enemy gunners have their sights set on you, and their pilots are prepared to die to thwart your mission. The carrier at the end of enemy territory awaits your safe return — but will you make it?

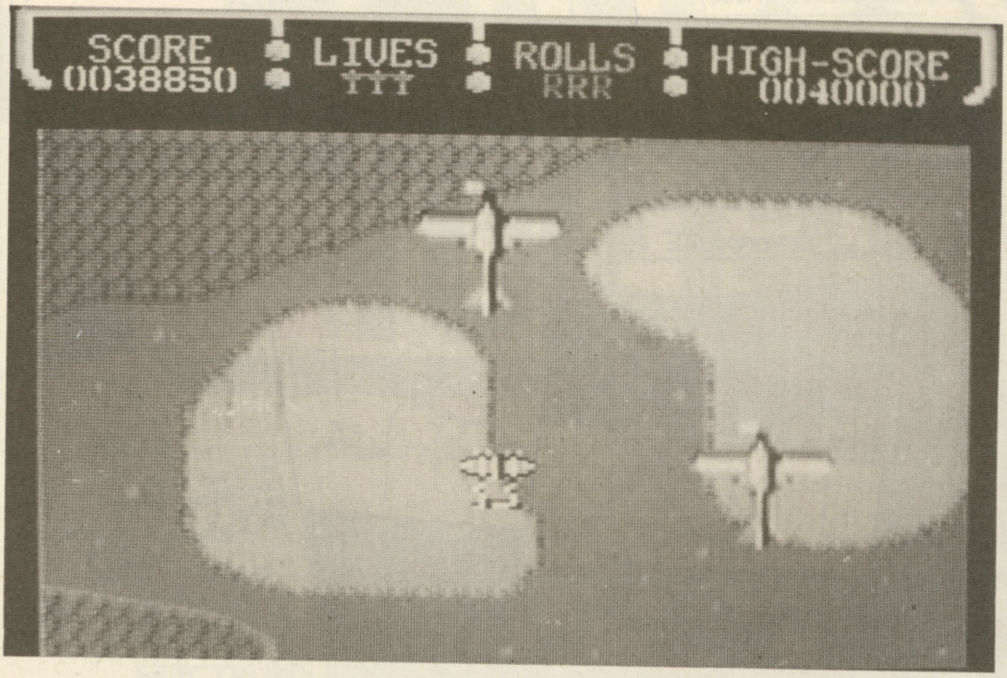
The trouble with 1942 is that it provides, literally, an hour's entertainment. The game seems great when you first load it up and play it — it seems tough and very addictive, but if you actually play for more than a couple of minutes you realise that it isn't. All the planes come in patterns, so once you've learned them you never have to die and the game gets really boring. There's no detail or variety in the backdrops either, apart from one or two volcano craters and green stretches of land (very uninspiring) and it all looks very samey. Even the music gets annoying after a while. Surprisingly the original arcade game isn't that old and when it was released I found it very dated. Just like this conversion really.

1942 has delivered what it originally set out to, but in reality it's just not enough. It appears quite fun to begin with, the first few waves are quite enjoyable. But then — well, it suddenly loses its appeal in one quick flash. There's very little here to hold your attention — mediocre graphics and uninspiring game play. The sound is reasonable but it won't be long before that begins to annoy — just like the game.





I must admit, I used to hate the arcade version of 1942. I just feel sorry for it now. It must be really embarassing to look so dire on the 64. 1942 **is a boring shoot em up and will only appeal to those who mindlessly rush out and buy arcade conversions. Everyone else ought to have a good look at it first. Why Elite bothered to convert such an aged shoot em up I don't know. As far as I'm concerned it's a waste of time and effort — and money.**



PRESENTATION 77%
Reasonable title screen and high-score table.

GRAPHICS 59%
Not very colourful, interesting or varied.

SOUND 61%
Simple tune which soon proves irritating.

HOOKABILITY 78%
Straightforward objective makes the game easy enough to get into.

LASTABILITY 57%
Quite playable but too repetitive to enthral.

VALUE 52%
Overpriced for such antiquated shoot em up action.

OVERALL 58%
An uninspiring conversion of a poor arcade game.

CONT ON PAGE 202 . . .

Ever get the feeling that comments and quotes that you read in magazines somehow don't quite reveal all the truth . . . are somehow incomplete, with the speaker cut off in his or her prime? Flipping through some ZZAP! backissues, we noticed that one or two things seemed to have been left unsaid. So maybe, now's the time to say them . . .

After over 18 months of referring to page 202 we finally get to print it, by sleight of page numbering. Just in case page 202 doesn't appear for a while longer, we include some continuations that should fit any slots for 1987 . . .

(cont from page 9, Issue 1)
. . . buying an expensive business computer, starting a magazine all about it and selling my Acorn shares in double-quick time. Now take a look at Alan Sugar, there's a man who really knows how to produce computers . . .

(cont from page 5, Issue 2)
. . . learn how to play it properly, and then ignore minor distractions as befits a serious game player and just keep on clocking up the points even if the cat's electrocuting itself in front of me.

(cont from page 8, Issue 2)
. . . haggis eater. Anyway, what's so great about kilts?

(cont from page 5, Issue 3)
. . . copy of Amstrad Action. The hypoCHRISy of it all, I ask you.

(cont from page 49, Issue 8)
. . . margin.

(cont from page 12, Issue 25)
. . . ser. Which all goes to show if you wield an axe you're bound to do some damage, and if you're a 'lettuce leaf' wimp you're likely to cut your own foot off.

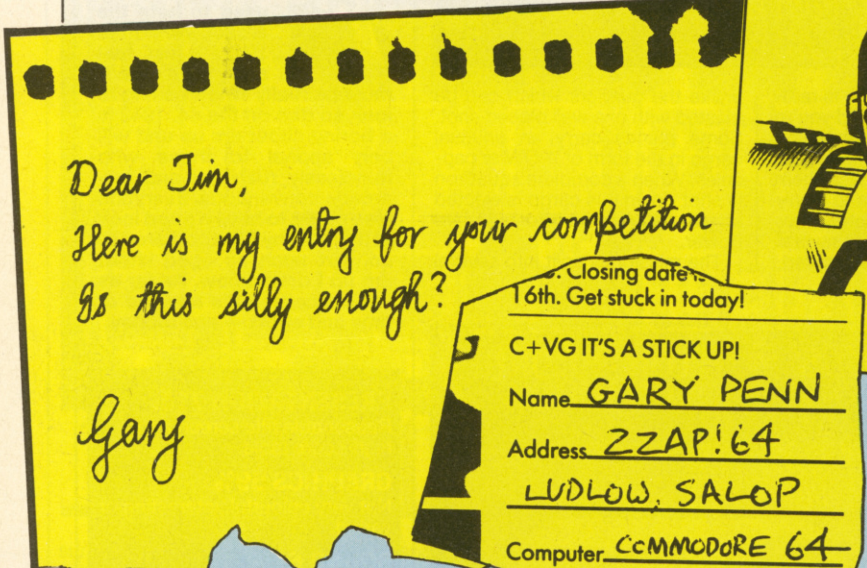
(cont from page 8, Issue 27)
. . . International. But then again, the whole point of being a member of Audit Bureau of Circulations is to have your circulation figure examined and published by an independent body. Four year old data is of no earthly use to anyone . . . but historians, or those wishing to reminisce about 'the good old days'.

(cont from page 13, Issue 10)
. . . margin (cont Page 404)

(cont from page 87, Issue 30)
. . . the latest arcade hit from the States. Of course, **I** have ALL the high-scores on the MY DOZEN arcade machines which **I** own thanks to all the words **I write in MY column for . . . (cont on page 88)**

(cont from page 69, Issue 31)
. . . this game is good it makes me want to diet.

(cont from page 88, Issue 30)
. . . MY own benifit.



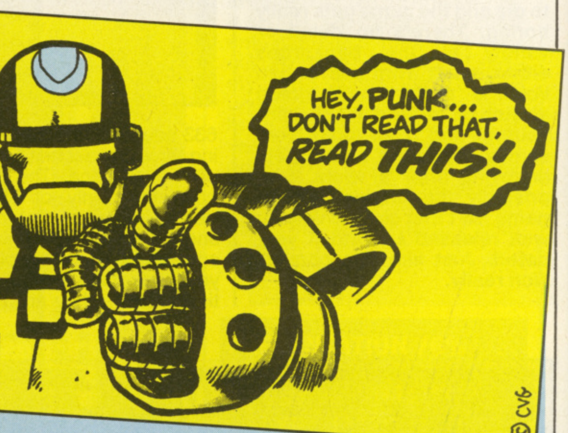
Dear Jim,
Here is my entry for your competition
Is this silly enough?

Gary

Closing date 16th. Get stuck in today!

C+VG IT'S A STICK UP!

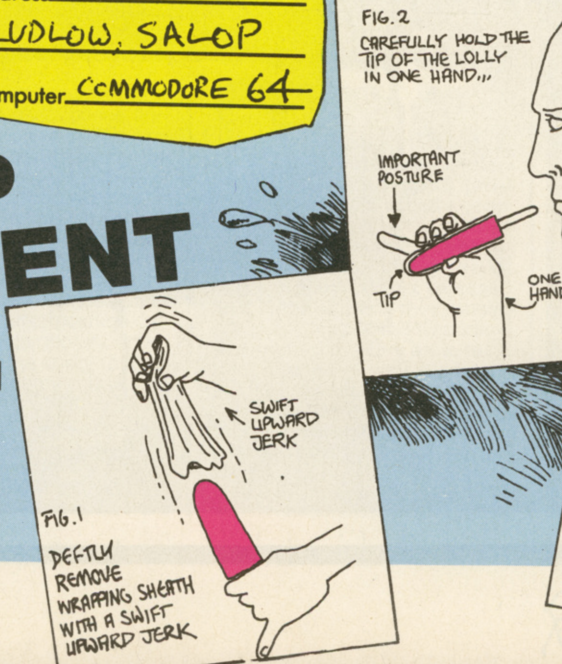
Name GARY PENN
Address ZZAP! 64
LUDLOW, SALOP
Computer COMMODORE 64


HEY, PUNK... DON'T READ THAT, READ THIS!
© CVG

LOLLIPOP SUPPLIMENT

The Quick Blow Method Of Wrapper Removal

SUCK
SUCK
SLURP!


SWIFT UPWARD JERK
FIG. 1
DEFTLY REMOVE WRAPPING SHEATH WITH A SWIFT UPWARD JERK

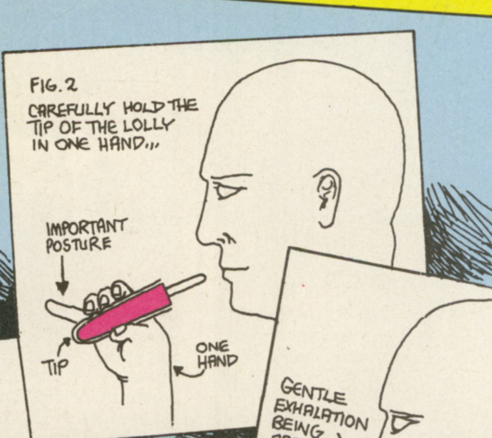
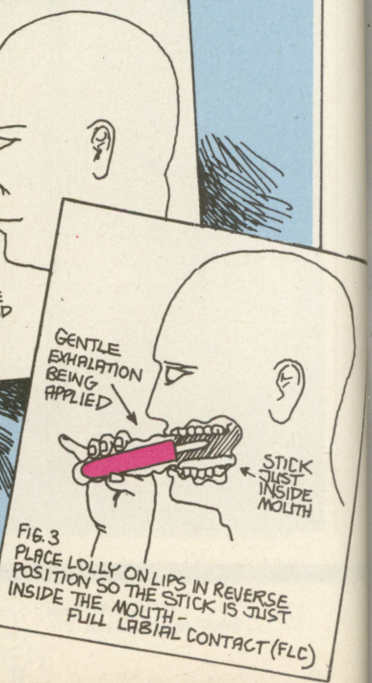
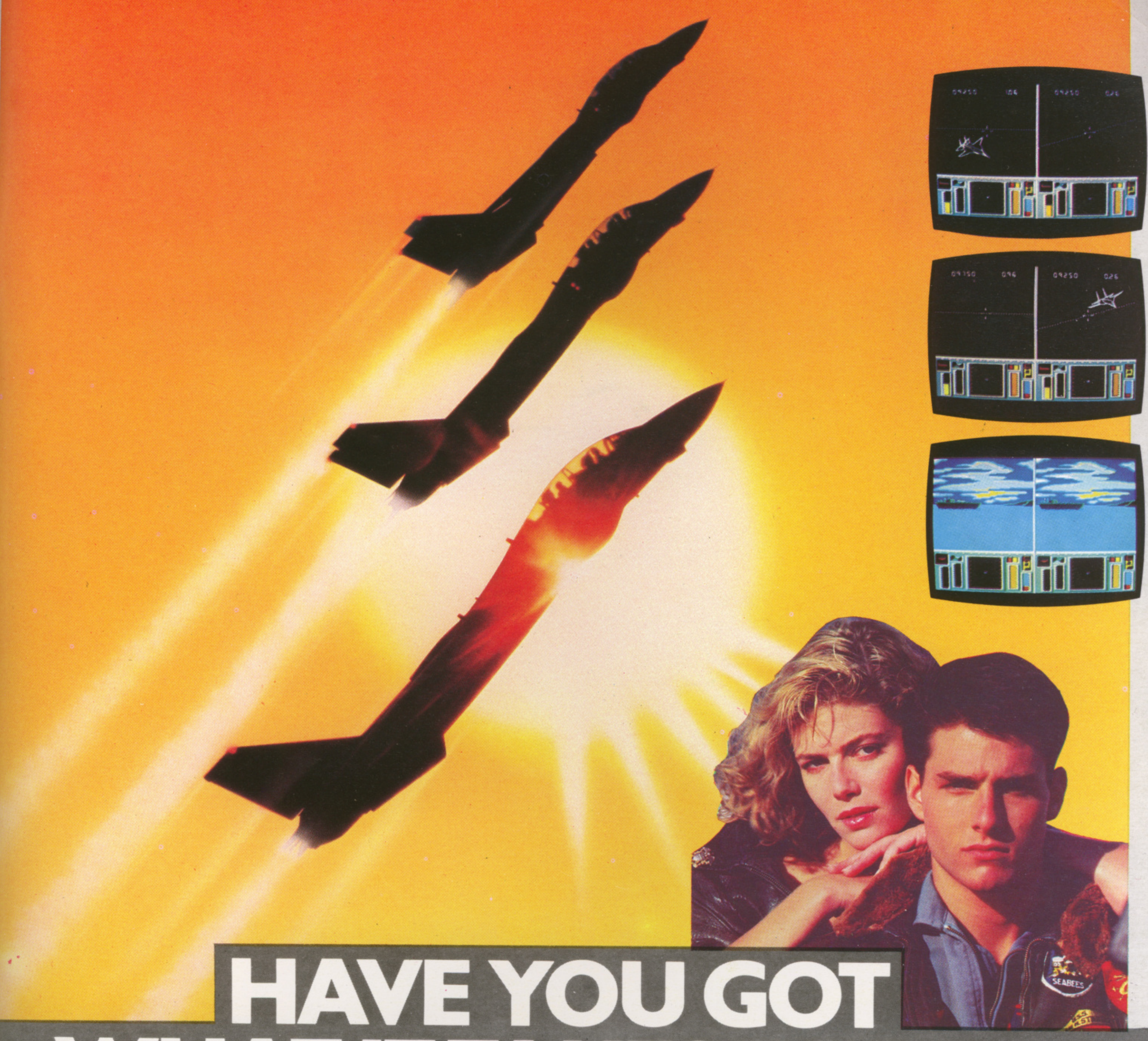


FIG. 2
CAREFULLY HOLD THE TIP OF THE LOLLY IN ONE HAND...
IMPORTANT POSTURE
TIP
ONE HAND


GENTLE EXHALATION BEING APPLIED
STICK JUST INSIDE MOUTH
FIG. 3
PLACE LOLLY ON LIPS IN REVERSE POSITION SO THE STICK IS JUST INSIDE THE MOUTH - FULL LABIAL CONTACT (FLC)



HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A

TOP GUN™

Top Gun puts you in the fighter pilot's seat of an F-14 Tomcat.

Vector graphics and a split screen allow 1 or 2 players to play head to head, or against the computer.

Your armaments in this nerve tingling aerial duel are heat seeking missiles and a 20mm rapid fire cannon.

Can you feel the force!

Top Gun mavericks! Enter the danger zone.

£7.95
SPECTRUM

ocean

£8.95
AMSTRAD/COMMODORE

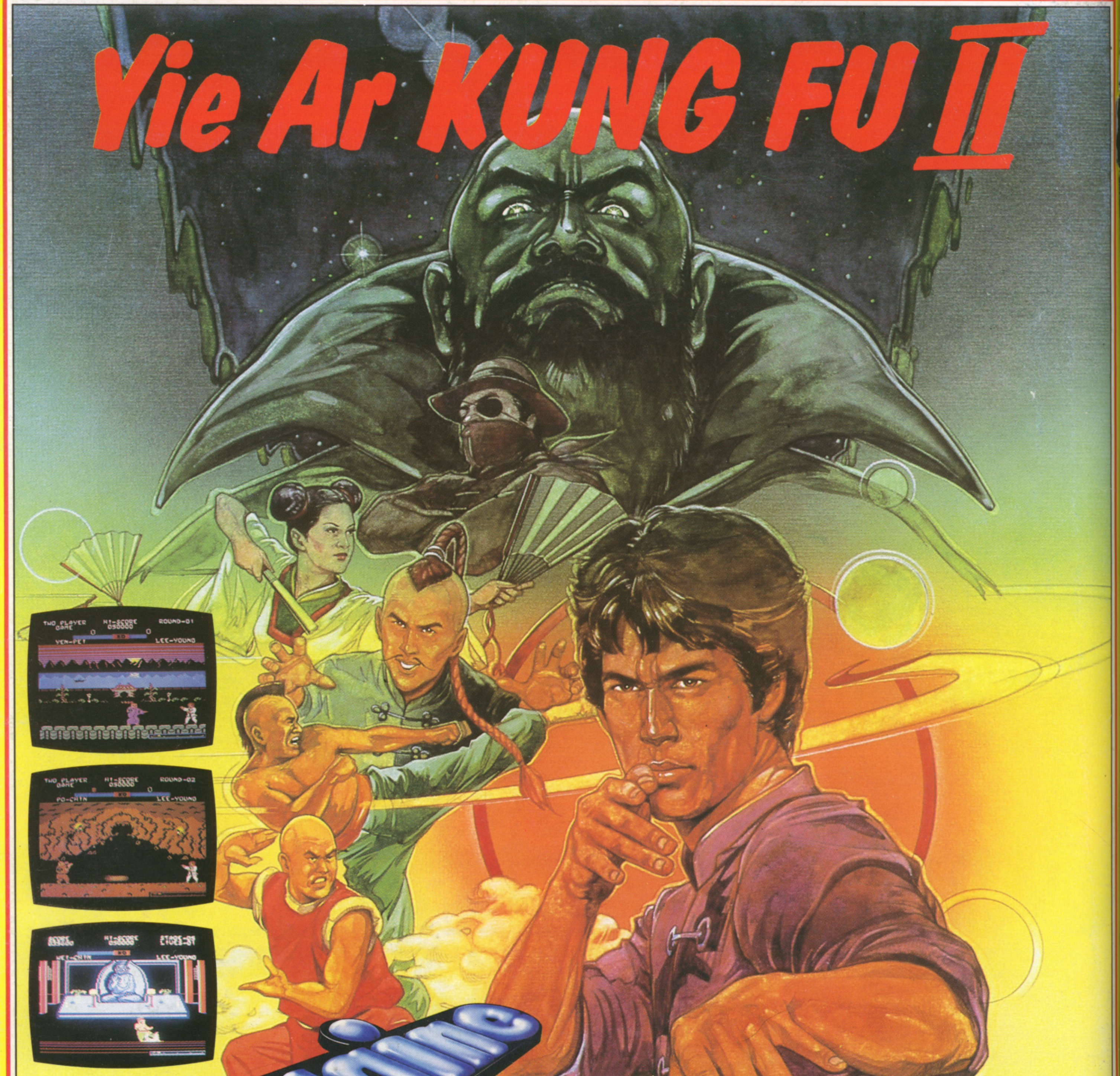
Ocean Software Ltd., 6 Central Street, Manchester M2 5NS. Telephone: 061-832 6633. Telex: 669977 OCEAN G.

Ocean Software: Distributed in France by Ocean France. Telephone: 93-42-7144. Distributed in Germany by Rushware. Telephone: 2101-70040.

TM & © 1986 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. TM. a trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

AMSTRAD £8·95
ZX SPECTRUM £7·95
COMMODORE 64 £8·95

Yie Ar KUNG FU II


Imagine
..the name of the game

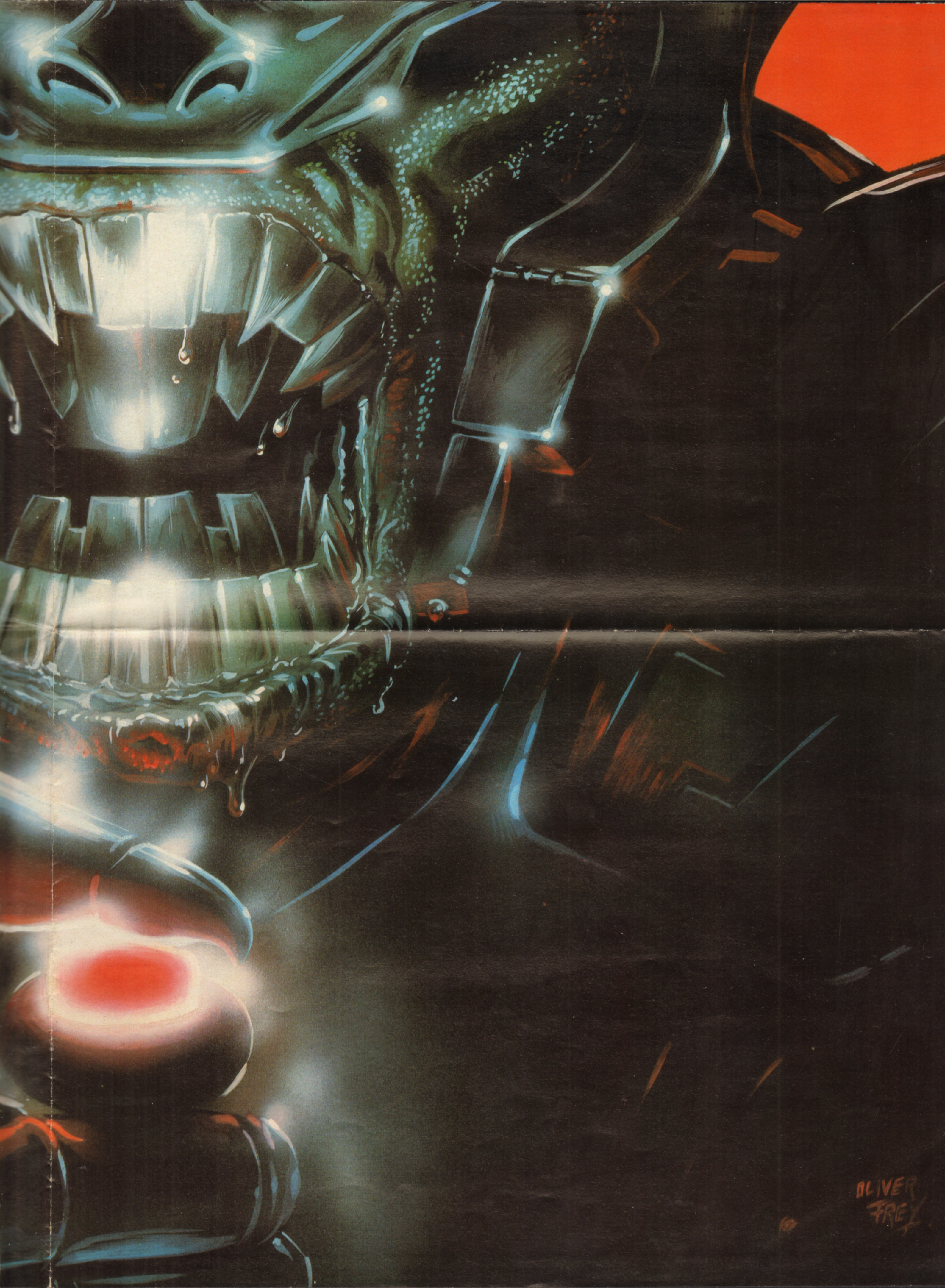
The officially endorsed game by
Konami®

Sequel to the hugely successful Kung Fu simulation.

Eight more deadly opponents to combat as you develop your karate skills and advance to become a black-belt master.

Authentic fighting moves with 4 different locations create an outstanding and realistic atmosphere.

Imagine Software (1984) Limited · 6 Central Street · Manchester · M2 5NS · Tel: 061 834 3939


OLIVER FREY

OLIVER FREY

© NEWSFIELD PUBLICATIONS 1985